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NOTES ON THE APPLICATION OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN TO MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY IN FRANCE.

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SEVRES.

Of all the Industrial Arts there is, perhaps, not one which can rival the Fictile Art in the harmonious combination of utility and beauty. Pottery, however viewed, is full of interest to the inquirer; the economist perceives that it bestows pecuniary value upon the dust which we tread beneath our feet; the chemist looks to it for the phenomena and results of heat in determining and fixing metallic colours, and for the many problems connected with vitrification and semi-vitrification; the historian finds antique vases to be among the best tests of the amount of civilization possessed by ancient races, and the Ethnologist, by comparing the style of the fictile productions of various races may reasonably hope to detect some of those delicate resemblances which afford a clue to discovering the parentage and affiliation of nations. The economic view of the Fictile Art is obviously the most important; but it would not be just to ourselves or to our readers were we wholly to lose sight of the many other considerations suggested to us by Ceramic productions: an exclusively utilitarian view, like everything else exclusive, derives weakness instead of strength from isolation.

Porcelain and glass exhibit the most marked triumph of scientific industry, from the original worthlessness of the materials on which that industry is exercised. The change wrought in clay, sand, and flint by the Ceramic and vitrifying processes is hardly less wondrous than that which the alchymists hoped to effect by the transmutation of metals; and yet these arts are of such remote antiquity, that their origin is lost in the night of time. Countless theories have been hazarded and hundreds of volumes written respecting the discovery of Pottery and Glass: but it is only when we stand in the midst of a collection, presenting these arts in the various stages of their progress, such as the Historical Museum of Fictile Productions at Sévres, that an analysis of known stages and gradations affords a basis for a sound theory respecting those early steps of advance on which we can obtain little information in a definite form, and for which we must, to a great extent, rely on conjectural evidence.

The exercise of plastic art in soft clay must belong to the very infancy of mankind; it would be naturally suggested by the impressions made by the feet or hands in the soil when moistened by a shower of rain. This conjecture is corroborated by our finding that the earliest fictile establishments were placed in the neighbourhood of rivers, more or less subject to periodical inundations; the Babylonians, the Egyptians, and the Etrurians became potters from their vicinity to the Euphrates, the Nile, and the rivers of Northern Italy. The discovery that the forms given to the moist clay might be rendered permanent by heat and pressure, was indicated by Nature herself whenever an inundation occurred; the soil become hardest where foot-prints had fallen. From the observation of this natural fact to its artificial imitation was a simple step; it was only necessary to press the clay more regularly and to expose it to the direct action of the solar heat. As population spread into the more temperate and colder zones, it was an obvious suggestion, that the diminished action of the sun should be compensated by the artificial heat of fire, and we deem it very probable, that the phenomena of vitrifaction were observed, and consequently something like glass discovered, in many different localities, quite independent of each other, as an imperfect glass was always liable to be produced from overburning the clays.

The earliest known piece of machinery is the Potter's wheel, which varies little in the present day from what it was in the age of Moses and the Pharaohs. Its oldest, and most simple form, was a piece of wood grasped in the hand by the middle and turned round inside a wall of clay built by the other hand, or by an assistant workman. The process is so simple, that it may have been discovered independently in a thousand different places; such inventions afford no evidence whatever of derivative character.

Looking attentively at the vast collection of vessels of capacity at Sévres, from the rude crock, or jar, to the most ornamental vase, it is easy to see that two principal distinct types or models were present to the imaginations of their producers. The type of the early and rude productions was the shell of a nut or the rind of some of the pumpkin tribe; and this to such an extent that those acquainted with the vegetable productions of different countries are generally able at a glance to identify their productions in pottery. Any one who has closely examined the Museum at Sévres will feel that the distinctive character of Asia, Africa, and America, is strongly marked on the potteries of the less civilised inhabitants of the three continents.

The second type, one that marks considerable progress, is the female bust, with sometimes an attempt to preserve its character as symbolic of abundance and fecundity. This graceful type is rudest amongst the Egyptians, most severe with the Etrurians, and carried to what may be deemed a voluptuous excess, very frequently, by the Greeks. We shall have to notice some other subordinate types such as shells, eggs, &c., as we proceed.

Such is our survey of the early Art of Pottery, limited to very simple materials and very simple forms; we have submitted it, however crude, to our readers, for the purpose of directing their attention to what we deem an important consideration: that there are two distinct lines of development in the progress of the art of Pottery—improvement in the substance or material for which the Chinese have been most conspicuous; and improvement in form, to which the attention of what may be called the classic nations, Etrurians, Greeks, Romans, &c., was mainly directed.

A much later, but more difficult, series of processes was the imparting of colour to fictile productions by means of metallic oxides and the use of glazes, not merely as ornament, but for the prevention of percolation. In this department of the art the chemist is predominant. There is no doubt that chemical geology may add largely to the number of substances capable of receiving the semi-vitrifaction which constitutes porcelain, and that such inquiries are very well worthy the attention of the very able men of practical science attached to the new Museum of Economic Geology; but the chemistry of metallic colours is a subject of greater interest, if not importance, for here alone do we find any tangible claim for the superiority demanded for French and German porcelain over our own.

A School of Design for the Potteries should be much more closely connected with the Museum of Economic Geology than with an Academy for the Fine Arts. In mere form we are equal to any of our continental competitors; in excellence of material we are certainly not inferior; but in mastery over the delicate shades of colouring, we fear that we could not produce specimens which could fairly compete with some of the exquisite vases of Dresden and Sévres.

The best route for a visitor to take who wishes to visit Sévres is by the railroad on the right bank of the Seine to St. Cloud. From the station he will have a better view of Paris than from any other point with which we are acquainted, not excepting the towers of Notre Dame or the heights of Montmartre. The road to Sévres runs through the Royal Park, and passes the Palace, with its beautiful waterworks, second only to those of Versailles, in extent and magnificence. The Museum is a plain substantial building, just outside the gate of the park, and the picturesque village of Sévres is chiefly tenanted by persons engaged in the works.

Sévres is at once a manufactory and a training school for manufacturers; it has a staff of instructors in mechanics, chemistry, and design, which are taught in harmonious combination, because all three are necessary to the education of a successful designer for the Potteries; and we must beg leave to dwell emphatically on this circumstance, because a project is on foot for establishing a School of Design in our Potteries; and we warn those who are engaged in it that if they do not make provision for the efficient teaching of physics, geology, and chemistry, in addition to modelling and drawing, their school will be not only a ridiculous failure, but a positive and expensive source of mischief.

Of all the aids to study provided at Sévres, the Museum is far the most important; it is at once historical and ethnographical: it contains specimens of all ages, and of nearly all nations; the arrangement, therefore, is both historical and geographical, and in both respects it almost daily receives valuable additions from the researches of antiquarians and the collections of voyagers and travellers. The only attempt to form anything like a similar establishment in England has been the purchase of Mr. Enoch Wood's collection, illustrating the progress of the Potteries of Staffordshire, by the directors of the Museum of Economic Geology. This we believe is destined to be the foundation of a collection for the analysis of the materials and proportions of materials suited to the manufacture of the best kinds of earthenware and pottery—a subject of great economic importance, and one which has been very extensively investigated by the chemists attached to the establishment at Sévres; but we want in addition, a collection of Pottery and Porcelain, illustrative of the history and geographical distribution of the manufacture, such as might easily and beneficially be added to the British Museum. A choice collection from chance contributors was exhibited at a meeting of the Archæological Institute some time ago, and we could not help lamenting that the collection should have been dispersed at the close of the meeting by the restoration of the pieces to their several owners.

The permeability of the ancient potteries took a long time to cure. The Etrurians, the Greeks, and the Romans sought a remedy in "compactness of body," and in imitating this composition, Wedgwood and Copeland and Garrett have been more successful than any modern manufacturers. From the time of the Romans until the middle of the fifteenth century, the potter's art seems to have attracted little attention in Europe. Its first impulse was derived from Tuscany, where the art of manufacturing the beautiful ware, called *Majolica*, was invented by Lucadella Robbia at Florence, and greatly extended by Orazzio Fontatano of Pezzaro, at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. We have not been able to satisfy ourselves whether or not the first manufacturers of *Majolica* derived any hints or suggestions from the Chinese porcelain, which began about the same time to become known in Europe, and the point, perhaps, is not worth laborious investigation. It is, however, sufficiently evident that Majolica is an earthenware, not a porcelain, and it is equally evident that it was susceptible of high decoration. The dukes of Tuscany, but more especially Gondobaldo de Rivera, patronized the new art by every means in their power. The best artists of the age were employed to furnish designs for form and patterns for ornament, and eminent painters were employed in the execution. Services of this ware were deemed suitable presents for crowned heads, and "the Italian porcelain," as it was called, for a time monopolized the admiration of Europe. It will be seen that in this case it was the discovery of *material* which gave an impulse to the art of Design, a lesson that should not be lost.

At the death of Gondobaldo the Italian porcelain was left to the ordinary patronage of trade, and consequently cheapness of production became more important than luxurious ornament. The artistic value of *Majolica* consequently declined, and at the same time the new manufacture was extended to several parts of Europe. What was lost in decoration was to some extent compensated by improved manipulation in the fabrication, and in the latter respect we prefer the work of Palissy, a French potter, to any of the specimens we have seen of the Italian school. The manufacture of porcelain, to imitate that of china, produced as great a sensation in Europe at the beginning of the eighteenth as the invention of Majolica at the commencement of the sixteenth century. The royal manufactures of Dresden and Sevres were established, and the china-works at Chelsea, though not supported by monarchs, produced splendid specimens, which are still highly appreciated by amateurs, and which well deserve to be so.

Wedgwood's Queen's Ware, was a discovery different from all of these; it was a ware of a fine and hard body, with more compact substance and more perfect glaze than the Majolica. In firmness, lightness, and impermeability, it was far superior to the Italian porcelain; but it was inferior in lustre, in richness of colour, and in susceptibility of decoration, not only to the porcelain of China, but even to that of Chelsea. The modern course of invention has almost exclusively been directed to improving the hardness and fineness of the body introduced by Wedgwood, so as to increase at once its lustre, its transparency, and its susceptibility of ornament.

We have made this retrospect, to point out the close alliance between decoration and material; an alliance of which there are people who do not suspect the existence. Teaching the drawing of patterns from books is a very dangerous source of error; designs suited to the dead colour on the ancient vases, are not fitted for glazed or polished surfaces; and some of the very finest designs on the *Majolicas* would be utter failures in modern porcelain. An artist, however, thoroughly acquainted with the capabilities of the material with which he had to deal, would adapt ingeniously where he could not imitate directly; and in fact, some very clever adaptations of the Italian designs have been produced by the Ridgways.

We shall now proceed to point out some of the most remarkable objects in the Ceramic Museum at Sévres, following as nearly as possible the order in which they have been classified by Brogniart, whose whole life has been devoted to the Fictile Art; but not confining our remarks within the special technicalities of class and order, but rather evolving the entire import of each object; a course obviously necessary, as we must necessarily take but a very small portion of a magnificent collection, so very varied and so very extensive.

Looking first to the soft-bodied specimens of the Fictile Art, that is to such as are unglazed, and may be scratched with a metal-point, we have to notice a fine Caryatid, in Terra Cotta, and several other architectural ornaments, such as cornices and friezes, produced by the Messrs. Krebent of Miremont, near Toulouse. The manufacture of Terra Cotta has recently received such an extension, both in France and in England, that we shall have to devote a special article to the subject. But there is a peculiarity in the productions of the Messrs. Krebent, which deserves particular notice. The exterior is composed of a fine white and compact argillaceous substance, which is about half-an-inch in thickness, the interior being filled with a much coarser, and therefore a much cheaper, clay. Now as all fictile productions shrink in the fire, it required very skilful management to secure the equal shrinking of the component parts, so that the external crust should not be broken on the one hand, nor an imperfect void be left in the interior on the other.

Some of the articles produced by the Messrs. Krebent have stood the test of exposure to the weather for several years; but in general Terra Cottas can only be applied to interior decorations. Many of our readers may have seen what is called the "Lantern of Diogenes," in the Park of St. Cloud, not far from the gate leading to Sévres. It was an exact copy of the Choragic Monument of Lysicraltes at Athens, and was executed by the brothers, Trabucci, celebrated workers in Terra Cotta, after the designs of the architect Molinos. It is not yet forty years since it was erected, and so far is it from realizing the boasted durability of Terra Cotta, that it is fast crumbling into ruins, and scarcely retains a trace of its original shape. On the other hand, we have been assured that some of the Terra Cotta monuments erected by the Messrs. Krebent at Toulouse, have stood an exposure of thirty years without suffering any alteration.

Viewed as an artistic design, the Caryatid we have copied is one of very great merit; the muscular development exhibits the strain and struggle natural to one who supports a burthen. It has been often remarked, among the multitudinous objections to the Caryatids attached to St. Pancras' Church, New Road, that the unfortunate females seem utterly unconscious of the heavy load to which they are subjected.

Analogous to the Terra Cottas in composition, are the light-coloured *fictilia*, varying from a whitish yellow to a deep red, which, as jars, crocks, and pans, are known in every quarter of the world. On these we need only remark, that the older specimens of every country are more usually decorated than those of later date, and that with few exceptions, whenever any new and improved material is introduced, the ornamentation of those of inferior value seems to have been abandoned. In England we may notice a similar tendency; the plain white ware of Wedgwood, or as it is called, the Queen's Ware, had deteriorated for several years in its decorations, as the English porcelain took its place in popular estimation, and it is only within the last few years that attention has been again directed to the decorating and improving of ordinary earthenware. On the continent, the deterioration has been infinitely worse; whatever may be the excellence of French and German porcelain, the earthenware (*Faïence*) all over the continent is perfectly detestable.

"He who has not seen Seville," says the Spanish proverb, "has yet to see a marvel." We are among those who are unhappy enough not to have seen the metropolis of Andalusia, and what we have to say of the Terra Cotta statues in its churches must rest on the authority of the notes of a friend. According to the statement furnished us, these statues of burned clay, of which Seville boasts as largely as any Italian city does of its marbles, have a sharpness and precision which mislead spectators so much that they are usually regarded as works of the chisel, and have been frequently described as such in catalogues and guide-books. They are found only in two of the churches, and are only in one used as sepulchral decorations. The most celebrated of the figures are representations of Saints; and the statue of St. James of Compostella has been injured by the ardour of its votaries, who have fairly kissed away a large portion of the feet. All the descriptions we have seen of these Terra Cottas unite in praising their close approximation to statuary, and as we have said, they have more than once been actually mistaken for statuary. It is, therefore, a little singular that there are no means of tracing their production. Who the artists were—where they resided—even when they lived—must ever be matter of conjecture, for these tombs of baked clay are without a date. It is to be observed that the permanence of the Terra-Cottas of Seville has not been tested by exposure to the action of the atmosphere; but we have been informed that there are Morisco ornaments of baked clay in the Alcasars of some Andalusian towns which have been found as enduring as stone, and the municipal authorities of Paris clearly believe in the permanency of the materials, for they have used Terra Cottas largely in the decorations of the new buildings erected for the civic administration of justice.

Of tender-bodied, opaque fictiles, the Egyptian, Etrurian, and Greek vases, are in every respect the most worthy of notice. In variety, if not in number, the Sévres collection is probably the richest in the world, so that the task of selection becomes more than usually difficult, when there is hardly one object which does not require and deserve comment.

The first jug to which our attention was directed, is supposed to be anterior to the Etrurian age; the colour is an imperfect black, but is well brought out by mechanical polishing. The ornaments are engraved with some sharp-pointed instrument, and, although not coloured, are both spirited and distinct. The trifoliated lip appears to have been an experiment, for it is rare in productions of so early an age, and the ansation is more bold than in the ordinary run of Etrurian flagons. It is on the whole a very effective production; the swell from the base is a daring sweep, which at once contrasts and corresponds with the graceful tapering of the neck—one of the most difficult

effects to produce in the management of curves. But its greatest merit, certainly, is the management of the *ansa*, or handle, which springs from a continuous insertion, and finds what appears to be its natural termination, in the extremity of the lip. It is clearly a production which refutes the common idea, that a jug or flagon should be treated as a one-handled vase, for it asserts and maintains a perfectly distinctive character.

As that which we have just examined shows that the flagon and vase were originally distinct,

the very ancient cup we have here engraved, shows that this utensil also had a character of its own. Our attention was first drawn to it by the boldness of the ansation. The sweep of the handles, indeed, has a vigour about it which could not easily be surpassed, and which would have been an unpardonable eccentricity but for the insertion being placed so low that the handles seem to be a means of support in continuance of the base. This thought is much more apparent in the original than any engraving can represent, and, indeed, is so striking, that it is scarcely possible to avoid the conclusion that it was present to the mind of the designer. It is evident that there is a want of decision and determinate purpose in the termination of the handles at the brim of the goblet. Prehension is so manifestly the dominant idea of the ansation that we almost instinctively seek for the ending of the handles in some claw or other grasping device. The figures on the bowl are two monstrous quadrupeds, kept face to face by fetters—a symbolic representation of which it is hopeless to seek any explanation. The flutings and mouldings round the rim and on the edge of the handles are equally beautiful and simple. It is a very fine specimen of the most ancient black ware, which appears to have been the first of the fictile compounds to which it was found possible to give so compact a body as to render it nearly impermeable.

In contrast with this we place a plain cup of the Italo-Grecian age and school, to which the alcaline silicate in the composition of its body gives the appearance of having been slightly glazed. It is less ambitious, though not less graceful in its forms, and is one of many objects which lead us to suspect that when artists begin to calculate upon effects from lustre, they become less daring in the origination of contour and outline. We must not be understood, however, to hazard this as a theory, because much evidence could be adduced on the opposite side. But we believe it to be a general law of decorative invention that for a time mechanical facilities of ornamentation have a tendency to discourage new conception and originality.

Returning to what, for want of a better name, we must call the pottery of dull surface, having only

appearances of mechanical polish, and no trace whatever of glaze, we find reason to suspect that many of what are called the old Etrurian cups were used as sockets or saucers for the support of vases that ended in a tapering point, or in a bulb, as many of the old Etruscan unquestionably did. As in the former instance, it will be seen that the ansation springs from and is an apparent continuation of the base. In the second of these cups or sockets, which is very imperfectly burned, specks of mica may be discerned by a careful observer. It is marked in the catalogue as one of

the objects discovered in the tombs of Chiusi, when they were first opened in 1828.

It is not easy in all cases to determine whether the artist designed the handle to commence at the rim and terminate in the base, or whether he looked upon the handles as springing upward from the base, in order to afford additional support. Both systems of ansation may be found in ancient vases, perfectly marked and distinct; but in the older Etrurian cups, and particularly in those which were probably designed to serve as saucers or sockets, the point of origination is more or less clearly fixed in the base. The tendency in the vases of the Medicean school is directly the opposite, and this we deem one of the many reasons why the classic reproductions of France are decidedly inferior to those of England, and felt to be so, even when it is hardly possible to point out any of the peculiarities in which the inferiority consists.

It has been so generally asserted that the Romans derived all their industrial arts from the Etrurians or the Greeks, that we felt some interest in discovering that the most ancient Roman potteries at Sévres had a distinct character of their own, both in material and form. The body of the ware is of a yellowish brown, and the shape is

turbinated, as are also the small handles. An anonymous writer, alluding to similar antiquarian remains preserved at Rome, insists that in Europe shells were among the earliest models of vessels of capacity, and were as influential as pumpkins, gourds, and calibashes in Asia. There is some truth in the theory, but the use of shells as models, appears to us to have been exceedingly limited, and we certainly should not claim them as the archetype for all turbinated forms.

The theory of the author to whom we refer, appears to us, however, of great ethnographical value. If we had a collection of the earthen vessels of the islands of the Pacific, and could approximate to the natural archetypes from which their forms were taken, there would be some evidence to prove that the cradle of the race must be sought in the countries where those archetypes are produced. No forms appear to be more permanent than those of articles in domestic use; the vessels now used by the Copts of Egypt are almost identical in shape with those that are found in the tombs of the Pharaohs. Should this subject meet the attention which we think it merits, we should hope that some of our enterprising manufacturers would produce in some cheap material, such as bisque, or even clay, a series of articles illustrating the geographical distribution of forms, and the national varieties of decoration. Such a series would be of great value to every School of Design, and to every enlightened student of Art.

Productions in pottery are the most attainable, and perhaps the most striking illustrations of national taste, and of the influence of such circumstances, as climate, soil, vegetable, or animal life, peculiar habits and customs, &c. in modifying taste. We may reasonably expect to find the forms of vessels of capacity taken in some instances from the German use of the horns of the urus, or the Scandinavian custom of drinking mead from the skulls of enemies.

A vessel, apparently used as a water-cooler, from the Philippine islands, may serve in some degree

to illustrate the preceding remarks. The body is of a sombre vermilion colour, and the fluting of the sides is executed with great neatness; but what chiefly merits remark, is the band, of what we may call lace-work, which constitutes its principal ornament. It is painted in white, the colour *not* being fixed by fire, and this, together with the high polish mechanically given to the entire article, may be taken as a proof that it was never intended to be used for boiling water, though the shape very obviously suggests such an application. The pottery of the Indian Archipelago, is really worthy of greater attention than has been bestowed upon it. It displays three distinct types, Arab, Malay, and Chinese, not unfrequently combined with whimsical incongruity in the same article; Japan, however, seems to have a nationality of its own. We have already digressed so far into Ethnography that we shall leave the deductions which this article suggests to be drawn by those who feel an interest in the subject.

A Mexican jar, or crock, made by the natives shortly after the Spanish conquest, and brought to

Europe, we believe by that most enterprising of travellers, Baron Taylor, affords some proof of the readiness with which the Mexican Indians would have adopted European ideas had they been fairly treated by the inhuman successors of Cortez. The outline is essentially the same as that of the large earthern vessels constructed previous to the Conquest; but instead of the old deities, we find two imperial eagles very cleverly introduced into the ansation, and however grossly executed, certainly conceived with great ingenuity and artistic spirit. The ornamentation is Mexican in its general character, but thoroughly European in its details. The forms of buds introduced as handles were very rare in Europe when this crock—perhaps we may be allowed to call it vase—was produced, and we can find no evidence of such a form being used in Spanish ware. If then, as the evidence seems to show, the design emanated from a Mexican artist, he has shown most creditable skill in the management and treatment of foreign forms.

As we must necessarily be desultory in our remarks on a collection so vast and varied as that of Sévres, we may be permitted to remark, that this coarse Mexican vessel offers some valuable suggestions for the fabrication of articles of superior materials. The treatment of the eagles is excellent; the forms are sufficiently subdued as to be suggestive, and yet not so distinct as to indicate imitation. As such, they would be most appropriate to any cup or vase produced to commemorate a victory. We suggest, that a Waterloo cup with cowering eagles would not even now be too late as a memorial of the deliverance of Europe by British prowess.

Turning now to those very interesting vases which are usually called Etruscan, but which modern scholars believe should be more properly termed Greek or Pelasgic, we shall first begin by noticing what may be called their generic characters. The *body*, or substance of the ware, is generally homogeneous but rather loose in its texture, more so than the generality of the earliest dull-bodied vases, and they do not give clean fractures when broken. The sound they emit when struck is duller than that of the most common earthenware. The surface is slightly lustrous, from a very thin alcaliferous glaze, sometimes of a reddish brown and sometimes of a beautiful black. Without entering minutely into proportions, the composition of the body may be described as consisting of siliceous and aluminous earths with some admixture of ferruginous and cretaceous matter. None of them that we have ever seen appear to have been cast or baked "in slip;" they appear to have been formed by the wheel or mould, and to have been baked slowly at a pretty moderate temperature. The ornamental decorations are limited to a small assortment of colours, being generally yellowish, reddish, or of an impure gray.

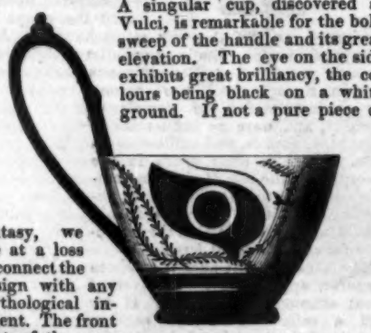
From a close examination of these vases, and a comparison of them with others, we are led to conclude that the potter's wheel by which they were formed must have been a very ingenious piece of machinery, capable of being combined with the mandril and the other tools belonging to the turner's lathe. There does not, however, appear to have been any attempt to use eccentric chucks, nor indeed, as far as we know, have these contrivances been ever superadded to the wheel. Another inference to which we were led is, that some process similar to stencilling was practised in painting patterns on the vases, and that this accounts for the many repetitions of the same design. There is even stronger reason for suspecting that stamps were used in producing small prominent ornaments.

The Cantharus we have copied is remarkable for the beautiful regularity of its handles, and, were it possible to give clay such tenacity as to allow it to be drawn like wire through a perforated plate, we should be inclined to assert that the pencil, to be afterwards formed into a handle, was thus formed. The curvature was obviously given by the hand of the workman, and it deserves to be remarked, that the joinings of the *ansæ* to the vase are stronger than the substance of either; for, in the multitude of broken vases brought under our notice, we have not found a single example of fracture at a joint.

A fluted goblet *(Crateriscus)* of great beauty has the singular peculiarity of knots on the

handle, and though to say so may seem fanciful, the impression produced is that the knot was a sudden whim or caprice of the workman. The band of vine leaves decorating the top has every appearance of being wrought by a stencilling process, as the "repeats" are regularly perfect, more so than we think it likely could have been produced by the hand. The glaze on this vase has been chipped in a few places, and this enables us to see that the glaze was vitreous and very thin; and further leads us to suspect that the vase after being formed was very slightly baked, then decorated with colour, which was allowed to dry, after which it was slightly covered with the glaze, more probably by immersion than aspersion, and then a second time submitted to the action of the fire.

A singular cup, discovered at Vulci, is remarkable for the bold sweep of the handle and its great elevation. The eye on the side exhibits great brilliancy, the colours being black on a white ground. If not a pure piece of



fantasy, we are at a loss to connect the design with any mythological incident. The front part of the cup, (not seen in our engraving), exhibits a very respectable old man, with a long beard, probably Silenus, mounted on a mule, and attended by two satyrs. If the phrase "a drop in the eye" could be traced to a classic source, we should say that it was hinted at in this drinking cup. There are several specimens of this eye-pattern in the Etrurian room of the British Museum, and we have seen so many others in private collections that we are led to believe the design to have had some mystic signification. In the Hindû mythology, and probably in the Egyptian, the Eye was the symbol of Superintending Providence in its capacity. It would lead us too far from our subject to investigate the probability of such a notion having been entertained either by Etrurians or Pelasgians. Though the ansation is disproportionately large, and has the obvious defect of being very liable to accident, the entire effect is pleasing, and the design would, we think, be very telling, if produced in a drinking vessel of silver or any of its imitations.

The glazed tender ware was supposed to be the best for wine, and was, therefore, very sedulously worked out in such forms as might render it appropriate to luxurious banquets. The annexed flagon *(Oinochoé)* is very remarkable for the simple elegance of its flutings and the soft lustre of its glaze. The insertion of the handle as a continuation of one of the flutings is very artistically continued, as is also its junction with the brim. That this part of the manufacturing process was deemed very important appears from our finding it richly engraved on a cornelian in the Vatican, a copy of which has been published by Maissonneuve.

We take another flagon *(Oinochoé)*, because it is one in which an egg has clearly been the archetype; all directness of imitation being avoided by the fluting. It will be observed that the ansation of this, instead of being concealed, as in the former instance, is ostentatiously set forth for separate consideration, an effect which we think unpleasing. From a combination of the two flagons, we should think that a very good model for a claret-jug might be derived by some of our glass manufacturers. The first flagon is so constructed as to admit of a stopper without any deterioration of its general effect. In the second no stopper would be admissible which rose conspicuously above the edges.

The mention of bottles and stoppers, lead us to introduce here a very graceful Turkish jar or bottle, from the manufacture of Tchanakale, that is to say, "Pottery Castle," on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. The upper insertion of the ansation is bad, being harsh, abrupt, and crooked, but the lower insertion is easy and graceful. The general outline is in very pure taste, and superior to any of the celebrated *Hydrocerames* of Cairo or Constantinople, at least to any which we have had an opportunity of seeing. It may also be remarked, that the body of the ware produced in Tchanakale, of which there is a very good, though not large, collection at Sevres, is very close and firm in its texture, and that the metallic colouring with which they are rather rudely adorned, is both extremely rich and lustrous.

Sévres can boast a very extensive and varied collection of Majolicas; some of which illustrate

the strange and fanciful Capriccios which gave rise to form in the age of the revival. It is related, that the Marshal de Bassompierre, when about to return from his embassy to Switzerland, called his friends together, that he might drink to their health in a parting cup. The cup that was brought him appearing too small, he pulled off one of his military boots, filled it with wine, and drained it to the bottom before he parted from the company. To commemorate this exploit, the Swiss potters manufactured a vast number of cups in the form of military boots, to the great perplexity of such collectors of antique earthenware, as happen never to have heard the explanatory anecdote. The imitation by the Germans, of a helmet in a water-jug, is said to have had a similar origin, but the name of the hero is disputed. It is enough, perhaps, to say that the helmet-jug which we have copied, is much more pleasing and effective than could have been anticipated from the adoption of so strange an archetype. The decorations are in blue, and belong to the style prevalent in the end of the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth century. The glory of the Majolica had then begun to fade away, and the Italian pieces of that period appear decidedly inferior to those of France, Germany, and Switzerland. The manufacturer of the helmet-jug is not known; it forms part of a collection of Majolicas, purchased by M. Brogniart on the part of the French Government, in Munich and Nuremberg.

Among the Italian Majolicas in this collection, we find part of a series of Neapolitan vases, on which were depicted the principal scenes in the life and passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. They probably belong to the seventeenth century. The interlaced handles rising from masks, are very beautifully wrought, and the colours, lightish blue on a white ground, are rich and vivid. They are ornamental only on one side, whence we may conclude that they were merely designed for ornament. There is not much novelty in the general design, which is the common oval, but the treatment on the whole is skilful, and the adaptation of the parts harmonious.

Specimens of the Spanish Majolicas are so rare in England, that we have been induced to copy a pretty ornamental vase, brought from Seville. The material has more definitely the appearance of enamelled earthenware, than in any specimens which have come under our notice, and the body seems to be of a coarse and loose texture. The ansation is novel, but not near so pleasing in the article as it looks in this picture. This article is in much purer taste than any other of the Andalusian productions in the collection. But we were informed by a Spanish gentleman whom we met in the Museum, that the best productions of the potteries of Seville still remain in Spain.

Holland has contributed very moderately to the collection, either in extent or excellence. One of the best of the Dutch pieces, is that which we have copied, it is a stand for bouquets, consisting of two cornucopiæ, rather gracefully intertwined, supported by two marine monsters, intended for dolphins, but which might just as readily be taken for whales. What either whales or dolphins have to do with the support of flowers, it would puzzle a conjuror to explain. Horace, to be sure, sportively alludes to an artist who painted dolphins in the woods, and we can testify that the ill-used fish is a very common ornament of chimney-pieces, where it figures in all manner of absurd and unnatural positions. Still, we must confess, that we never saw dolphins so preposterously grotesque, as those which a truly Dutch taste has given to support horns of abundance.

The specimens of the Chelsea china, in the Museum of Sévres, are not equal to those which are to be found in many private collections in England; and we have not copied any. Indeed, we should feel ashamed at being obliged to confess that for a history of one of our most important national manufactures, we should be forced to have recourse to a foreign museum.

France can boast a very beautiful and peculiar variety of Majolica, which bears the name of Henry the Second's Ware, (*Faience fine d' Henri II*); it is of such rarity that not more than forty pieces are known to exist, and what is more singular, there are no means of ascertaining the name of the manufacturers nor the place of manufacture. All we could learn is that the greater part of the specimens came from the South-East of France, and expecially from Thouars. The ornaments appear like incrustations and have been superadded to the main body in successive layers; as is very apparent in the beautiful cup which we have copied. On this ware also appears for the first time the rich pink, in which English

manufacturers surpass all their continental contemporaries.

The last article to which we shall refer is a flower-pot, very probably known already to many

of our readers. A copy of this flower-pot was sent from Paris to an English gentleman in the year 1842 as a proof of the superiority of French taste in these minor articles, and as such was exhibited, admired, and applauded. We recognized the object as an old acquaintance, and wishing to know something of its history turned to the Catalogue and found it marked "an English flower-pot, brought by Baron Taylor from London, in 1837." Verily, if design is to flourish in this country, we must educate those by whom it is to be appreciated, as well as its producers.

Here we must pause for the present; the collection of Sévres cannot be dismissed in a single article; indeed it would require a very long series to show only a few of the respects in which such a collection is valuable; but we cannot forbear saying, that while England has opportunities for establishing a richer, better, and more extensive collection, it is neither creditable to our national taste or national common sense that the attempt has never been made in the country.

The Ethnographical Room recently attached to the British Museum exhibits a creditable anxiety to remedy this deficiency, for the works of pottery of different nations appear to have received careful attention. But we must still complain that there is no definite plan or design in the collection. The Museum takes what chance brings or generosity proffers, but no care is taken to make a collection having an intelligible purpose. Mexico and Peru are represented, but there is not yet shown any specimens from our own empire in India, from what we know to exist, the relics of ancient pottery in Guiana and Demerara, or from the isles of the Indian Archipelago, which we abandoned in a fit of romantic generosity to the Dutch, and from which the Dutch are now striving to shut us out in a spirit of the most unromantic exclusiveness.

ANCIENT CARRIAGES.

By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.

In the course of an artist's study, it frequently becomes a matter of importance to him that he should have a correct knowledge of the various accessories of civilised life, which go toward making up a historical picture. He knows that he must not now despise small things; that even chairs, tables, and household stuff, must be in correct accordance with the age in which the subject he depicts occurred. No Elizabethan chairs and tables will ever again be allowed to stand in Saxon halls; and no familiar article of use be suffered to appear centuries before it was invented. Such errors do exist in the works of by-gone artists; but they are now felt as an eye-sore, and would certainly not be attempted in the present day. Every artist is now anxious to represent as truthfully as he can the historic event or pictured circumstance he chooses for his subject; and it is sometimes a source of great inconvenience and trouble to many to obtain the necessary authorities. In some degree to lighten so unprofitable a labour, I now commence a series of papers intended as supplementary to those on costume which have appeared in this Journal—the first of which will illustrate locomotion in the Middle Ages, beginning with carriages for travel and ending with shipping.

The war-chariot may be considered as the prototype of the pleasure carriage, as necessity first constructs that which luxury accommodates to its own use. The earliest war-chariots were constructed to contain only one soldier,—afterward increased to two, the business of one being chiefly confined to the management of the rein. Such chariots are seen on the very earliest monuments of antiquity—the paintings and sculpture of Ancient Egypt, and an extraordinary similarity of form pervades those in general use among the other ancient nations, the result of the similar applicability to a certain purpose which has made the wheel universal and never to be superseded; that learned artist Strutt, tells us in his Chronicle of England, that "the war-chariots of the Britons were of three sorts, all different; as the Covinus, the Rheda, and the Essedum. The first of these was armed with hooks and scythes; this is thought to have been a light kind of chariot, made upon such a construction, as only to contain the charioteer; for their principal use depended upon their force and rapidity, as all the execution was done with the sharp hooks and scythes, which were made fast about it: the others, the Rheda and the Essedum, are supposed to have been larger than the Covinus, and without hooks; these, besides the charioteer, contained some few warriors, armed with lances, which they threw at the enemy with great skill as the chariots passed rapidly by. The charioteers would drive upon their opponents, and by the sudden shock break the ranks, and put an army into confusion; when they were entangled amongst a troop of horse, the warriors, leaping from their chariots, would fight on foot; meantime the charioteer, watching diligently all their motions, placed himself to such advantage that if they should be oppressed by numbers, they might reserve their retreat to the chariots, and elude the pursuits of the foe. We may easily conceive, that the number of war-chariots in Britain must have been immense, when we consider that Cassibellanus, after he had disbanded the greater part of his army, retained still four thousand of them; and at the same time we may observe, that the use of them was universal amongst all the nations of the Britons."

Of these early British chariots it need scarcely be said, that we possess no actual representations. The description of Roman writers being our only authorities. It is true that upon the earliest British coinage we have rude chariots delineated, each holding a single rider; but these are only barbaric copies, each worse than its predecessor, of the coins of Philip of Macedon, and resembling, as they also do, the equally rude Gaulish, and other coins of northern nations—can only be received, at the utmost, as proofs of the universality of chariot riding, and not as particular types of any one nation's peculiar chariot. Before we take even coins or ancient monuments as authorities for the usages of any one nation, we must be sure that they are the genuine products of that nation, uninfluenced by foreign conventionalities.

The Roman war-chariot was, doubtless, well-known in Britain after its subjugation by that powerful people; and, indeed, we may see it rudely imitated in the Saxon chariot which forms the fifth of our series of illustrations. The Anglo-Saxons had, however, a peculiar travelling or pleasure carriage of their own, unlike anything of the kind in use by the classic nations, and which has been sometimes termed a *wheel-bed*, from its resemblance to a hammock. Strutt, in the work just quoted, has clearly described the wheel-carriages of the Anglo-Saxons, saying—"The most common method of travelling amongst the Anglo-Saxon nobility was on horseback, though it is certain that chariots were not unknown to them even during the Heptarchy. Eddius, in his life of Wilfrid, tells us, that the Queen of Northumberland travelled 'from place to place in her *chariot*.' The form of those carriages at that early period cannot so easily be known, but during the monarchy we meet with them delineated in the ancient manuscripts, where they appear chiefly to be of two sorts, the first only fit for the reception of one person, which, in its shape, is not at all unlike the light carts made use of by the farmers in the country at this present day: this carriage had only two wheels, and was drawn by two horses abreast. The other was larger and more capacious: it was also drawn by two horses abreast. The body of the carriage consists of a hammock suspended by two hooks fastened to upright posts, one at the front, and the other at the back of the carriage. These sort of carriages seem to have been made larger or smaller as occasion required, for some of them contained only one person, and others five or six. There is another kind of carriage, much more simple than any of the former, which appears in the ancient delineations, consisting of a large, long, flat board made fast on an axletree supported by two wheels. The driver stands upon this board to manage the horses or oxen, which are put one on each side the pole, and fastened with the chain that is there seen at the end of it."

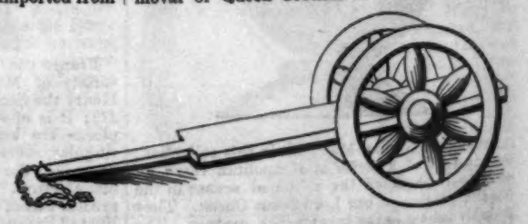
The engravings which illustrate this paper depict the whole of these carriages as described by Strutt, and are copied from early Saxon manuscripts, without any attempt at improvements in drawing. Thus an extremely large body appears in the hammock of our first cut, which may be described as habited in the ordinary Saxon tunic, with its wrinkled sleeves; of the lower part of the body "further this deponent saith not." It is copied from the Pentateuch among the Cottonian MSS., Claudius B. 4, executed in the tenth century, by Elfricus, Abbot of Malmsbury. The second cut, also from the same manuscript, shows the ordinary waggon used for travelling, and in which Jacob is journeying towards Joseph. The ladies travelled on horseback sideways, as shown in the third cut, holding in their hands a peculiarly-formed three-corded whip, with formidable knots. The fourth cut shows the carriage last described in the above quotation from Strutt, and occurs in Cottonian MSS., Tiberius, B. 5. The fifth, from the same collection, Cleopatra, C. 6, exhibits a lady in an ornamental chariot, rudely copied from the Biga of classic antiquity: like that, it is open behind, but is wanting in the gracefulness of curve and elegance of form to be seen in its prototype.

Covered carriages of any kind were of later use in England, and appear to have been unknown before the Norman invasion. Mr. Markland, in a paper on the early use of carriages printed in the twentieth volume of the Archæologia, says:—"Before treating of wheeled-carriages, we may notice a mode of conveyance which was long used, especially by females of rank, on occasions of ceremony, and by the rich. This was the horse-litter, of which mention is made at very early periods of our history, and which was unquestionably imported from the luxurious climes of the South. It was also employed in carrying the dead. William of Malmsbury tells us, that the body of William Rufus was placed upon a *rheda caballaria*, a kind of horse chariot; or, as Fabian translates it, horse-litter; and King John, (according to Matthew of Westminster) was conveyed from Swineshead *in lectica equestri* (*i. e.* the horse-litter). This custom originated in Bithynia, and was introduced at Rome, where the litter was borne by slaves." Such litters continued to be used, both in England and on the continent, after the introduction of coaches. Mr. Markland continues:—"In the account given of the reception of Katherine of Spain in London, when she came over to marry Prince Arthur, in 1501, we find them coupled with *Chares*; whether the latter were covered or not, or in what respect they differed from the litter does not appear. I

am, however, inclined to think that they generally had a roof, as they are frequently termed *closse-chares*. Perhaps the chief distinction between a horse-litter and a chare, in point of construction, consisted in the former being without wheels." The term chare appears to be the Anglo-Saxon

Chær, or chariot, and the various articles used for locomotion in the middle ages took the names of chares, cars, chariots, caroches, and whirlicotes. Of the horse-litter our sixth cut exhibits an excellent example. It is copied from a MS. History of

the Kings of France, written at the commencement of the fourteenth century, and now preserved among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum (No. 16. G. 6). The subject represented is the removal of Queen Crotilde in her last illness to



Tours, where she died. The litter is square, containing a bed and cushions; the curtains give it altogether an ark-like form; they are of yellow

striped with red. Such a mode of conveyance must have been occasionally rough and disagreeable. They were used only in cases of sickness, or by ladies, the Norman knights, who prided themselves on their horsemanship, considering them as disgracefully effeminate. The waggon or chare used on state occasions by royalty, or as a travelling vehicle, may be seen in our next cut, as it is represented in the very curious *Roman du Roy Meliadus*, executed towards the end of the fourteenth century, recently added to the manuscript department of the British Museum. In it sits the king, whose helmet is placed beside him; a cushion is placed to lean on behind, and the vehicle is studded with stars. It does not differ much from an ordinary carrier's cart, its only beauty being in its wheel, which is really deserving of attention, inasmuch as it shows how susceptible of elegance in construction the most common place articles of utility are. The driver sits upon the horse, and bears a whip similar to that carried by the Saxons.

In this century the travelling waggon, when used by persons of high rank was frequently richly decorated, and the most interesting example with which I am acquainted forms our eighth illustration. It is copied from an illumination in the famous Psalter executed for Sir Geoffrey Louttrell, who died in 1345. It is drawn by five horses, fastened together by ropes in a primitive fashion, who are guided by two riders, carrying whips of various lengths. The chariot contains coronetted dames, one of whom, seated in front, has a squirrel placed on her shoulder; another behind receives a pet dog from a mounted horseman. A framework supports a tilt or awning, richly embroidered, and a portion of which forms a movable curtain to the side windows. The way in which the longitudinal beams of the framework terminate in richly sculptured bosses, representing grotesque heads, the sculptured birds in front and rear, and the panels on the sides, will be noticed, as well as the iron-bound chest which hangs from the axletree, so faithfully guarded by the old English Talbot, who trots beside it. Such carriages were fitted up with cushions and couches, and call to mind the curious passage in the metrical romance of "The Squire of Low Degree," in which the King of Hungary promises his daughter that she shall ride in a chare.

> "——covered with velvet red,
> And cloths of fine gold all about your head,
> With damask white and azure blue,
> Well-diapered with lilies new.
> Your pomelles shall be ended with gold,
> Your chains enamelled many a fold;
> Your mantle of rich degree,
> Purple pall, and ermine free;
> Jennets of Spain that be so white,
> Trapped to the ground with velvet bright."

Stow, speaking of Wat Tyler's rebellion, in 1380, states that Richard the Second, "being threatened by the rebels of Kent, rode from the Tower of London to Mile-end, and with him his mother, because she was sick and weak, in a whirlicote of old times." He adds, "coaches were not known in this island; but chariots, or whirlicotes, then so called; and they only used of princes, or men of great estates, such as had their footmen about them." After remarking that in the following year Richard married Anne of Bohemia, who introduced the fashion, he says, of riding upon side saddles, he adds, —"and so was the riding in these whirlicotes and chariots, forsaken, except at coronations and such-like spectacles." But here our venerable antiquary is mistaken, as our readers may see, for riding on side-saddles was in use by ladies in England during the Saxon times, and of which we engrave an example, and that this fashion was continuous is shown by the seal of Joanna de Stuteville, appended to a document, dated 1227, who is represented riding in a similar manner. It is engraved in the first volume of the "Journal of the British Archæological Association," p. 145.

Mr. Wright, in a paper on the early use of carriages in England, published in the "Archæological Album," is inclined to consider their use in this country to have been limited before the reign of Richard the Second. He grounds the opinion on a passage in the curious Latin poem by Richard Maidstone, on the reconciliation between King Richard the Second and the citizens of London, when the queen in her ceremonious entrance with her husband into the capital is described as having two carriages containing ladies following in her train. Owing to some unlucky accident, the writer tells us one of them was overturned: and as he tells the tale rather exultingly, and is inclined to look upon the accident as a punishment for their adopting this article of luxury; it may thence be inferred that the use of such chariots was then looked upon as a new or extravagant fashion in an island. On the continent we find them in apparently common use at an earlier period. The treatise on the miracles of Saint Liudgar, quoted by Ducange, speaks of a lady and her daughter as going to the church in a chariot; and in 1293, by an ordonnance of Philip de Bel, it was forbidden to the wives of citizens to use a chariot.

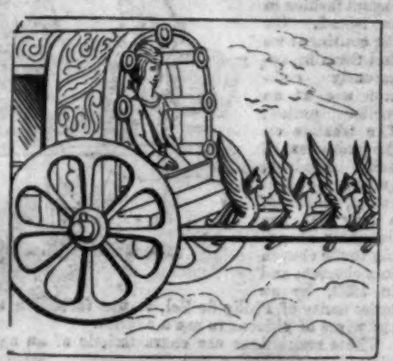
These restrictions are characteristic of an age when liberty of action was a very different thing from what it is now understood to be. Sumptuary laws were continually enacted in order that royalty and nobility might be distinctly recognized by its outward appearance; and the commonalty, however rich, were thus disallowed all rivalry. The noblemen and gentlemen of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and even sixteenth centuries constantly appeared on horseback, and their ladies not unfrequently rode behind them. Persons of the first rank, Beckman tells us, in his History of Inventions, frequently sat behind their equerry, and the horse was often led by servants. When Charles the Sixth of France wished to see, incognito, the entrace of the queen into Paris, he placed himself on horseback behind Savoisy, who was his confidant, with whom, however, he was much incommoded in the crowd. When Louis, Duke of Orleans, that prince's brother, was assassinated in 1407, the two *ecuyers* who accompanied him rode both upon the same horse. Ladies also frequently appeared on horseback, upon occasions of public solemnity; and as late as 1550 there was in Paris but three coaches, one belonging to the queen, another to the king's mistress, Diana of Poitiers, and the third to a corpulent nobleman, René de Laval, Lord of Bois-Dauphin. So that at that period there would be a distinction in riding in one of these carriages which could never be mistaken, and would always mark the rank of the person using it, for although carriages were used at a very early period in France, it appears from all authorities that they were by no means common, and were seldom used even by the nobility. This remark will apply equally to our own country.

Mr. Markland, whose excellent paper I again quote, observes that, on the departure of Queen Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., to Scotland, she is described as riding on a "faire palfrey;" but after her was "conveyed by two footmen, one very rich litter, borne by two coursers very nobly drest, in the which litter the said queen was borne in the entering of the good tounes, or otherwise, at her good pleasure. Behind came a *chare*, richly drest, with sixe faire horsys, led and convayd by thre men, in the which were four ladyes." The whirlicote and chair, he adds, were very similar in point of construction; but if the former was an improvement, it did not supplant the use of the latter, as we have the following proof of the chair being used, in 1432, by the Queen Mother, Joan de Navarre, the second wife of Henry IV.; and instances may be given of this vehicle having been employed at a much later period. In a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of York and Durham, and the High Treasurer, dated 13th July, 10th Henry VI., the King says—"And because we suppose the Queen Joan will soon remove from the place where she is now, that ye ordain her also horses for two chares, and let her remove thence into whatever place within our realm that she list."

The way in which ladies in the fifteenth century rode behind the gentleman may be seen in a drawing of that period in the Royal Library at Paris, which is here copied. The heavy chariot of the same period appears in the next cut, which in the original is intended as a serious representation of the Car of Venus, drawn by doves, and occurs in the celebrated Harleian MS., No. 4425 (the Romanæ of the Rose). The very unimaginative ideas of our ancestors could never be more fully shown; they had no idea of depicting anything but that which met their eye, and the lumbering carriage that would rival a broad-wheeled waggon in clumsiness, becomes most ridiculous when it is dragged over the clouds by doves, with the Queen of Beauty in the last new fashion of the day, stiffly seated in front.

The ordinary litters used on state occasions is seen in our last cut, copied from the illuminations to "Froissart's Chronicles," which represents the entry into Paris of Queen Isabella, in June, 1399. Froissart says—"The litter of the Queen was led by the Dukes of Touraine and Bourbon at the head; the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy were at the centre; and the Lord Peter de Navarre and the Count de Ostrevant behind the litter, which was open, and beautifully ornamented." Pages ride on the horses, whose trappings are emblazoned with the queen's arms. She was followed by other ladies and damsels, in covered chariots, or on palfreys led by their knights. It should be observed that the drawing was executed in the middle of the fifteenth century, but that it was no doubt accurate in its delineation, as similar chariots or litters were in use at earlier and later periods. Thus Mr. Markland observes:—"At the coronation of some of our monarchs, prior to

Elizabeth, we find carriages in use, however rarely employed by them upon other occasions. "Chariotts, covered, with ladies therein," followed the litter of Katherine, on her coronation with Henry VIII., and likewise accompanied Anna Boleyn, when triumphantly conveyed through London. Queen Mary rode through London to Westminster,



in 1553, "sitting in a chariot of cloth of tissue, drawn with six horses," Sir Edward Hastings, immediately afterwards, leading her horse in his hand; and then followed another chariot, with cloth of silver, and six horses, containing the Princess Elizabeth and Anne of Cleves. Queen Elizabeth also used a chariot in proceeding to Westminster, upon the day of her coronation.

The more modern form of carriage—the coach—was introduced into this country about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, and in our next paper we shall introduce the Virgin Queen in the coach she usually appeared in; but as this formed an era in the shape and make of such conveyances, we have confined this paper to such modes of transit as were used for public and private occasions, before *coaches*, in the strict sense of the word, had appeared; and the reader who glances over our illustrations will see how very inartificially our ancestors travelled for centuries; and how limited were their ideas, when lightness and elegance were concerned; the most ordinary waggon differed only from the royal chariot in the absence of decoration, the embroidered tapestry merely usurping the place of its tilt of sackcloth. Splendour of appearance, painting, and gilding might be lavished on these early conveyances, but no improvement in comfort, or lightness of construction appears to have been studied, or even cared for. Even royalty submitted to rougher riding than would now be endured by the lowest commoner, and a sort of resignation to what may be termed an uncomfortable fate was tacitly submitted to by all travellers, from king to peasant.

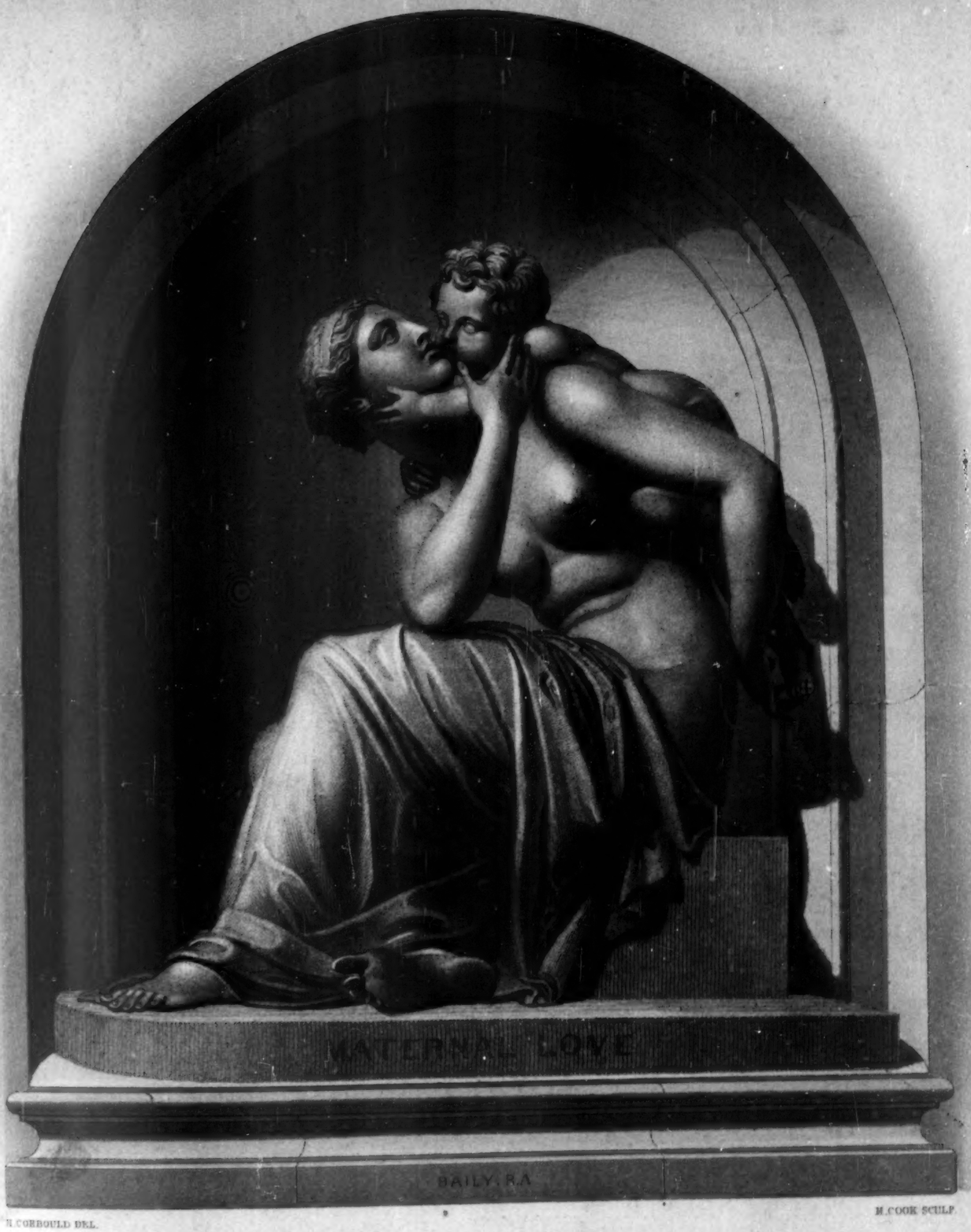
MATERNAL LOVE.

BAILY.

This is engraved from a very beautiful composition which was exhibited by Mr. Baily, in the plaster, in the year 1823. He received no commission for the first marble work that was executed from it in the following year, but brought it forward as a speculation. Not being, however, successful in effecting a sale, it was offered for disposal by lottery, with another smaller work; the prices of the two amounting to one thousand guineas. Not more than half of the numbers were taken, but the lottery was, nevertheless, determined, when the smaller work became the property of the Duke of Buccleugh; and the larger, as remaining allotted among the undrawn numbers, was still the property of the sculptor; he then announced a determination to sell the work for three hundred and fifty pounds, which being made known to Mr. Neeld, he purchased it. The group was repeated in marble for the late Earl of Egremont, who will long be remembered as a liberal patron of art. In proportions, the figures are what is called small life size: the mother, if erect, would stand about five feet in height.

Mr. Baily has produced works which, in poetical sensibility and the best attributes of sculpture, have reached the highest standard of the art. His style is distinguished by all the emphasis of classicality, without the slightest tendency to that obtrusion of unimportant parts, which is the besetting sin of many of the modern schools of sculpture. He seizes the sentiment, dwells upon it, renders everything in his composition contributive to it. This group is not of the high order of subject to which others by this artist belong, as, for instance, his 'Eve;' but it is, nevertheless, treated with the utmost dignity of the art; thus, the Mother is a figure, which, otherwise disposed, might be a Venus. The engraving presents the best idea of the work which could have been afforded, as fully showing the remarkable beauty of the composition from either side of which the eye is led round the whole by an admirable adjustment of diversified lines. The extraordinary amount of labour necessary to the execution of a group like this, can only be understood by a more extended knowledge of the niceties of the art, than is to be acquired from visiting exhibitions. A very little consideration, however, will suggest some conception of the incalculable difficulties to be encountered in carving from a solid block, even one figure.

It is much to be regretted that poetical sculpture is not more supported among us than it is—it can never be urged that there is a want of talent—this country has produced the most brilliant genius that has ever lived since the days of Phidias, one who has even outdone the Greeks in their own art; and yet he was not known, and may be said to live only in sketches and unexecuted designs, in which he shines a twin star with Homer. In bust-making and portrait-painting, our sculptors and painters take precedence of those of all other existing schools, because there has been a greater demand for portraiture than poetical compositions. We have not arrived at a crisis similar to that in ancient Rome, when a public statue was a public mockery; although we have some public statues, which neither exalt the persons they are intended to celebrate, nor do honour to the sculptors by whom they were conceived. The causes of this we could again explain, as we have already done, were it necessary. We believe that Mr. Baily has never received a single commission to execute an original poetical subject! Flaxman is better known on the continent than in England. When foreigners visit us, they inquire for the works of Flaxman, but nobody knows whither to refer them. They at length have visited Rundell and Bridge's, and have learned that the poetry of sculpture becomes only respectable among us, when it derives value from gold and silver. Of smaller compositions, we have to remark, that they in any material would be more popular than life-sized productions. The popularisation of sculpture is progressing on the continent through statuettes and cabinet-sized groups, which are readily disposable in houses of ordinary size; and if these were more common among ourselves, the public estimation of sculpture would be enhanced, and commissions for sculptural design would not be limited to compositions for monumental works and presentation plate.



H.CORBOULD DEL.

H.COOK SCULP.

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LETTERS ON LANDSCAPE.

By J. B. Pyne.

LETTER VII.

To —— ——, Esq., Denbighshire.

Dear Sir,—I most willingly accede to the desire that I "drop you a few lines on water." I shall with much pleasure pour out all the little I may know on the subject, and hope it may at any rate appear clear to you, and palatable.

Water is not involved in the same obscurity with atmosphere and colour, and the laws which regulate its appearances may be soon learnt; and those appearances are all, or nearly so, with which the painter has to busy himself.

Its three principal states are perfect transparency, perfect opacity, and a state between the two—semi-transparency.

1. In the first, it is capable of receiving perfect reflections, and incapable of receiving any shadows.

2. In the last it is capable of receiving perfect shadows, and incapable of receiving any reflections.

3. In the middle state it is capable of receiving both reflections and shadows, but neither of them perfect—that is, but at half their natural force.

I feel that to go through a number of other intermediate states would be only to state that which is obvious, and to waste time; therefore, speaking of the power to receive reflections and shadows, it can do perfectly but one at one time and in one state.

Where it loses the power of receiving the one, it gains the power of receiving the other; the loss and gain bearing an exact ratio. In this manner water, under a loss of one-fourth of its transparency, loses one-fourth of its power to reflect: receives a shadow of one-fourth, and a reflection of three-fourths, of their natural force; and so on in perfectly just proportions.

Water, to be perfectly clear, must be perfectly colourless (not that it at all follows that perfectly colourless water is perfectly clear, as it is perfectly colourless when suffused with chalk); and, though some waters holding colouring matter in solution may be of an admirable clearness, they are, notwithstanding, deprived of part of their clearness, and work accordingly some serious changes upon the reflections received in them.

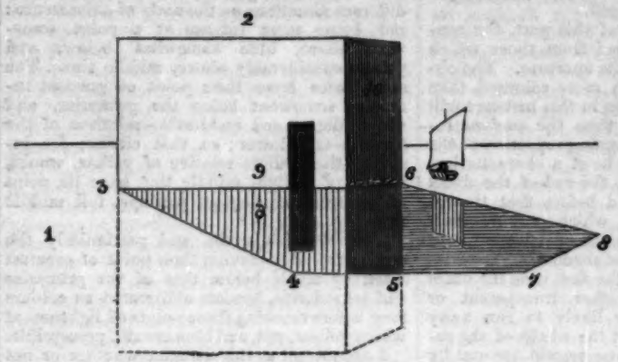
Semi-opaque water, that is, water holding in suffusion — not solution — any light opaque matter, such as chalk or light-coloured mud, presents some appearances quite distinct from anything that may occur under any circumstances to water holding transparent colouring matter in solution only.

Water under this last state—transparent and coloured—is little, if at all, affected by sunlight; whether it be under a full blaze of light, or, on the contrary, under dense shadow, it continues to reflect objects with the same precision in both cases.

I am at present speaking of water in a perfectly undisturbed state, for a sharp wind-ripple on its surface would of course at once alter the case, and render it capable of receiving shadows nearly as sharp and distinct as would a turnpike road.

A river, charged with this light colouring matter up to the point of semi-opacity, comes, when in shadow, under the state marked 3; and possesses its powers of receiving both reflections and shadows up to 50 per cent. of their actual force. But when under full and intense sunlight—and this circumstance is one which in an eminent degree proves the opaciating influence of light—it is at once thrown into, or very nearly into, the state marked 2, and necessarily refuses any reflections.

If the banks, hills, or other objects forming one side of the river, were to throw their shadows on its surface, half-reflections would be received up to the limits of the line of shadow, and no further; and should any shadows extend further than any objects which would, under other circumstances, reflect, the shadows themselves would be distinctly marked.



A slight diagram will save me some writing, and perhaps explain more fully what I mean, though it be not a river with its banks, which might be a little too complicated for a letter-sketch.

Suppose 1 a piece of water under the last-described circumstances, suffused with light colouring matter up to the point of semi-opacity; and 2 an object rising out of it, with the sun before you to the left. As far as the shadow of this object extends on the water, it will be semi-transparent, and receive modified, or what may be very properly called half reflections of anything falling within the optical conditions regulating reflections. The dotted line indicates the general form of that reflection which would occur in clear water; 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 6, the general form of the shadow left upon the water by the object 2; 3, 4, 5, 6, that portion of it only which would be occupied by its reflection; and 5, 7, 8, 6, that part of the shadow which, falling beyond the reflecting limits of the object, becomes a flat and even piece of shadow. Suppose the boat to the right to have a thin white sail, which, under the circumstance of the sun shining through it, would become a brilliant light; this again would be reflected within the limits of the shadow.

Now, having settled the linear part of the subject, it will be easy to explain the other circumstances which govern the appearances of the shadows and reflections of such objects. They are three. The amount of opacity of the water, its colour, and its depth.

Charge your mind, firstly, with these generals affecting opaque reflecting mediums, whether water or anything else, liquid or solid.

If the object reflecting be darker than the local depth of the water, the reflection must be, and always is, lighter than the object; and if the object be lighter than the water, the reflection will be darker.

If the object be more transparent than the water, which is frequently the case, the reflection will be more opaque than the object, and, *vice versa*, when the object is more opaque than the water, the reflection necessarily becomes more transparent than the object. You can, I am quite certain, go through the coloured conditions of opaque waters yourself, but two minutes' writing will explain it. When, therefore, the reflecting object happens to be more coloured than the local character of the water, the reflection is less coloured than the object; and when the water possesses more colour than the object, the reflection becomes charged with the colour of the water itself. And occasionally all three conditions operate on the reflection of an object at the same time.

Thus a reflection may be either more transparent, dark, and coloured, or more opaque, light, and colourless, than the object causing it.

This is without reference to the many motions and consequent forms incident to an element so liquid and exquisitely mobile as water, and which, without entirely upsetting the foregoing laws of still water, modify them in a great many ways, and to an extent not perhaps to be dreamt of by a person who, for the first time in his life, sits down—under the shadow of an old wall—before a cow-pond, an elder-tree, and a piece of broken paling, with a piece of Watman's paper in a quarter imperial folio on his knees! But to the point again.

I will carry out for you this little diagram somewhat further before quitting the water.

We must fix upon its depth—I mean not its "profond," but its amount of darkness. Let it be, for simplicity's sake, exactly middle tint. Its colour? Let that be, I was about saying, drab; that is unpleasant: stone colour, that is dull: mud; that is indefinite, as are the other two: let it be the colour of cork; that is of a pleasant character as regards colour, and its associations are pleasant also—it is not to be forgotten as the others are; it is the colour of the Severn, the Avon, the Tiber, and many other warm-coloured muddy rivers, which have more beauties in them than are generally allowed by the lovers of clear water, and have been described by the poets as golden, amber-coloured, yellow, mellow, roseate, &c., as—one may suppose—the rhyme may require.

Let the side of the object marked 9 be a pure white; so that, notwithstanding its being in shade, its *apparent* local depth may be still much lighter than the *actual* local depth of the water. This would be the case in nature, if the sky at your back were white, instead of clear blue or dark, clouds. Locally white itself, and lighted by the bright and colourless sky behind, this face of the object would be very light although in shadow, and tolerably free from colour. Its reflection, on the contrary, received in water of the colour of cork, and of the depth of middle tint, would be of a light cork colour, or, of what may be more specifically named, a quarter tint of cork colour. Nothing in shadow can be perfectly opaque; but the face 9, itself locally white and strongly reflected on from clouds of its own colour, though not quite opaque, would be so nearly so as to present a very wide distinction between the opacity of itself and the semi-transparency of the water. The character, then, of this part of the reflection as regards transparency would be somewhat more than a quarter transparency, or somewhat less than a three-quarter opacity. The reflection here then is, in broad terms, darker, more coloured, and more transparent than its object.

The aperture to the right of 9, let us suppose, for the sake of explicit and easy terms, to be black and perfectly transparent. The reflection under these circumstances—that is, full shade and perfect transparency, received in half shade and semi-transparency—would be three-quarter transparent, or a quarter opaque. As regards depth it would be dark middle tint; and as regards colour it would be, like face 9, more coloured than its object.

The reflection of face 9 differed from its object in being darker, more transparent, and more coloured. This last reflection differs from its object in being lighter, less transparent, and more coloured.

Let the end 10 be deep vermilion in colour,

so that, allowing for reflection from the same sky which lighted the face 9, its depth shall be just middle tint. The reflection of this part as regards depth will not be distinguishable from its object; for middle tint of any colour, received in middle tint of any other colour, will experience no alteration in depth.

As regards the colour of this part, the conditions are quite changed from those which regulated the face 9 and its aperture. The object in this case is much more coloured than the water. The reflection in this instance will be much less coloured than the surface reflected, and in just the same proportion as the colour of the water may be of a character less positive and active than the red of the object reflected. I think I said before that the remainder of the shadow, which projects itself to the right beyond the limits of reflection, will be a perfectly flat piece of shadow.

A person noticing for the first time the effect of coloured water—whether transparent or opaque—would be very likely to run away with the impression that the whole of the reflections are tinged to one certain amount by the colour of the water—that is, that they receive a certain per-centage of such colour, let the objects reflected be ever so varied. This, however, is not the case; and it very frequently happens that, not until after some failures in representing such effects, and going back to Nature frequently for fresh authority in close studies, the discovery is made that various colours are variously affected—tinged by variously-coloured waters. A great deal of unnecessary confusion thus disturbs one's progress to truthful representation, all to be the more lamented when the truth happens to be a beauty as well; and, as regards water, its truths and constantly-changing characteristics have in them a greater proportion of beauties out of any given number of effects or states, than anything else I know of in Nature, sky not excepted.

I will give you an instance as regards myself, and that will perhaps reconcile you to what I feel myself to be somewhat *petite* and wearisome in thus particularizing on so small a scale of incident, and at the same time prove how necessary it is to well know Nature before you can go to her, palette on thumb, with anything like a chance of success in any but a very slight hand-gallop style of Art.

Early in my painting life, I sat down to a piece of green-coloured nearly transparent water, tranquil enough to receive perfect reflections as to form, and coloured enough to at once strike me forcibly with the beauty of its chromatic phenomena, in the great difference between the colour of the objects themselves and their reflections.

Finding the reds, and particularly those which were dark, lost more of their force and purity than any other colours, an impression set itself up that red, from some cause or other, might be a colour not easily reflected.

With this imperfect impression of the partial or inefficient reflectibility of red, I fell across a piece of reddish golden-coloured water, in which the reds were reflected perfectly, as were the orange and yellow-coloured objects; upon which the laws regulating coloured reflections, in both transparent and turbid coloured waters, opened upon me at once.

They operate in this manner:—All waters, of whatsoever colour they may be, reflect those colours most perfectly which are first identical, and next those which most closely affinitize, with the colour of the water itself; and least perfectly those colours which are diametrically opposed to the colour of the water.

With this broad principle, and a knowledge of Field's (the chromatist) diagrams of relative and opposing colours, you may at once pronounce what would be the exact amount of colour reflected in any coloured water from any coloured object.

If you ask for instances, they may be made to fill a volume of any size that may be named: as colour is a matter of gradation, commencing with the greatest fulness, and terminating in infinite attenuation, each colour again having for its point of greatest fulness or intensity different situations on the scale of chiaroscuro: red being most intense at a point somewhat above, blue somewhat below, and yellow considerably above, middle tint. The secondaries have their point of greatest intensity somewhat below the primaries, and the tertiaries and quadrates—relatives of the former—still lower; so that citrine, for instance, the mediate relative of yellow, would, instead of at light middle tint, have its point of greatest intensity at, perhaps, full middle tint.

The tertiaries again, and particularly the quadrates, while having their point of greatest intensity much below that of the primaries and secondaries, become obliterated as colours long before reaching those points of lightness at which yellow, red, and blue are still perceptible.

I cannot tell at this distance whether or not you thoroughly understand me without something more palpable than words, or such a form of them as I am able only to put together: my little diagram will, perhaps, help you to my meaning.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Mr. D. R. Hay, of Edinburgh, upon whose "painting and decorating" the great room in the Adelphi we commented some two months ago, requires the insertion of the following communication, made to him by the Secretary of the Society of Arts. We insert it, although we cannot avoid thinking we might better occupy our space. We believe the Secretary will be at issue on this subject, not only with the public generally, but with all sound and intelligent critics. If Mr. Hay's "decoration" has any meaning, we cannot find it out: beautiful it certainly is not; it may be in strict accordance with his own theories and views, but we trust it will never be accepted as a guide for decoration elsewhere. We cannot discover a single principle upon which it may be defended or recommended; and we believe that to this conclusion will arrive ninety-nine out of every hundred by whom the work may be examined. It is not without much regret we record this opinion. Mr. Hay is a gentleman largely respected in Edinburgh; he has long been the friend and liberal patron of the artists of his country; he has laboured—if not always wisely, always heartily—in the cause of Art; and no man in Scotland is more esteemed for amiable qualities and generous conduct. Indeed, to deface the great room of the Society of Arts, he made a large sacrifice of time and money; but he must not complain if his public works are subject to comments and strictures: ours have been offered very reluctantly; but, we believe, satisfaction, in reference to this affair, has been expressed only by Mr. Scott Russell, as the organ of the "Council"; we may speak from our own knowledge, if we assert that the recorded opinion is by no means that of the Council—unanimous. With these remarks we insert the letter—which, we presume, Mr. Hay considers sufficient to set the question at rest, and compensate him for the very general condemnation his work has received.

"Society of Arts, Adelphi, London,
Feb. 12, 1847.

"Sir,—I have the honour to communicate to you the thanks of the Council of the Society of Arts for your valuable services in the painting and decoration of their great room. They are satisfied that your labours have greatly improved the general appearance of the apartment; more especially, they are satisfied that you have done what they chiefly desired,—that you have not detracted, by your style of decoration, from the effect of the large historical paintings by Barry, which hang on the walls; but the decoration has enhanced the effect of the paintings, and united them in one harmony.

"They have also satisfied themselves, and fortified their opinion by the evidence of eminent authorities, that you have judiciously and successfully removed from the pictures the dust and soot which formerly obscured them, without injury to the pictures themselves.

"I am, therefore, now desired to communicate to you their thanks for the manner in which you have fulfilled what you undertook; and, as some slight acknowledgment of the esteem in which they hold your services (which so much exceed in value the amount for which you undertook the work), to request, on behalf of the Society, that you will accept the accompanying copy of Mr. Barry's etchings of his pictures.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
(Signed) "J. Scott Russell, Secretary.
"D. R. Hay, Esq."

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES.

THE COLLECTION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD ASHBURTON, BATH-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

We have much gratification in publishing a descriptive account of the very important collection which forms the subject of the present number. The lovers of ancient Art have long been cognisant of its formation, and Fame has resounded with lavish praises of many of its specimens—which have been either occasionally lent to the Exhibition of Old Masters at the British Institution, or written upon by various authors upon Art, when they have adorned celebrated and earlier galleries, since dispersed. In the possession of Lord Ashburton they have never received any further notice than a very slight one by Dr. Waagen, who viewed the collection some ten years ago, and wrote some cursory remarks in high admiration of many of the capital works it embraces.

It has been entirely made by his Lordship, formerly Alexander Baring, Esq., who is well known as the principal of the great commercial establishment bearing that honoured name. To the possession of large wealth his Lordship unites the most ardent love of the Arts, combining a perfect understanding with a thorough appreciation of their high qualities; and in the gathering together of an unsurpassed series of fine works he has probably expended larger sums than any other collector.

The collection is not wanting in several fine pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools, all of great excellence; but it is in the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Dutch and Flemish schools, so peculiarly rich, that it competes in that class of Art for supremacy of quality with the early-formed collection of the same school belonging to H. T. Hope, Esq., and with the contemporaneously formed one of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. The task would be invidious to make comparisons of these three great collections, as each possesses superlative and matchless works, of some one of the great family of Dutch painters, in which the others are not so rich.

We have said the Spanish and Italian pictures are of high class; this will readily be conceded when we state that many of them were purchased from the Count de Survilliers (the ex-King of Spain), and from General Sebastiani, both of whom enjoyed favourable opportunities of possessing themselves of famous works of Art. It appears that such opportunities as the convulsions of political changes and the chances of war gave, were not allowed to slip by many of the celebrated persons who took prominent parts in the events of the epochs; and thus some of the finest pictures existing, which would otherwise have been unattainable, have been gathered by the wealth of English families to grace their private collections.

The Dutch and Flemish pictures were principally obtained by Lord Ashburton from the very select cabinet of Prince Talleyrand. This collection contained so large a proportion of first-class works, considering its number, that we think a slight account of its formation will prove of interest to the general reader. To Monsieur Le Brun, one of the most intelligent connoisseurs of the French capital, was confided the task of selecting the various objects it contained. Pictures were purchased with the greatest liberality at any price, and chosen with the most refined taste from the several collections of the King of Sardinia, the Hesse Cassel, the Malmaison, Prince de Conti, Duc de Valentinois, Duc d'Alva, Duc de Choiseuil, Duc d'Alberg, Poulain, Randon de Boisset, Tolozan, Van Leyden, Schmidt, Clos, Solirène, Robit, &c. The pictures were forty-six in number, and hung in the grand saloon of the hotel of the Prince Talleyrand at Paris in the year 1814. Here they were all seen by the many illustrious persons and the

Ministers of the great Powers who were assembled at that period in Paris, on the signing of the memorable Treaty of Peace which took place in the very apartment adorned with these choice performances of ancient Art. Now, by one of those mutations which enrich our country with the products of foreign genius, they are become the glorious ornaments of the Saloons of the Pacificator of Great Britain with our brethren of the United States.

In the year 1817, Monsieur de Talleyrand, having determined to convert his collection into *argent comptant*, concluded an engagement, after a few diplomatic proceedings, with Mr. Buchanan to part with the collection intact, as it then stood, of the forty-six pictures, for the sum of 320,000 francs. With the exception of two pictures which were ceded to the Duc de Berri, two also to Monsieur Eynard, and one to Monsieur Bonnemaison, all the other fine works were brought to England. A considerable portion of them were immediately engaged by Lord Ashburton, most of the others were secured by E. Gray, Esq., of Harringay House, Hornsey, and John Webb, Esq. These two latter parts have since been dispersed, and Lord Ashburton has continued to add other fine works from the same celebrated Talleyrand collection, as occasions have subsequently arisen; so that his Lordship now possesses the principal of that very rare and choice cabinet.

Bath House, in Piccadilly, was originally the town residence of Sir William Pulteney, Bart. Lord Ashburton purchased it, and, having razed the old mansion to the ground, erected the present capacious and superb structure on the site. Externally, it presents a bold façade of considerable extent, fronting the Green Park, but of the most rigid architectural simplicity. On entering the house a broad staircase of great width, and of a single flight of steps, leads to a large landing-place, decorated with columns; a single picture by Hondekoeter, of fowls and other birds, is almost its only ornament. On the right hand a doorway leads into the hall, which occupies the whole centre of the block of building to the roof; the doors of the principal apartments open into this hall. A gallery runs round the upper part, and doors from it open into the chambers devoted to domestic repose. A balustrade, with richly gilt ornaments and of exquisite pattern, completes the gallery: the roof is dome-shaped, filled with embossed glass; the flooring is parqueted with polished oak, and the walls of the hall, as well as those of the staircase and entrance, are painted with graceful light forms of Pompeian design. On pedestals in the hall are placed some fine antique busts and some modern statues in marble, of great consequence. One is a group of 'Cupid and Psyche,' by Finelli of Rome; a statue of 'Hebe' by Thorwaldsen; and also the celebrated statue, by the same great artist, of 'Mercury as the Slayer of Argus.' Dr. Waagen, speaking of this statue, says that, when he was at Rome, Thorwaldsen informed him how the first idea of it had arisen. As he one day told a man, who was sitting to him as a model for other purposes, to rest a little, he accidentally put himself into the attitude of Mercury. A look which Thorwaldsen happened to cast upon him aroused his fancy; he ordered the model to remain as he was, and formed after it his highly extolled work. It is a pity that Dr. Waagen should have been so profuse in an endeavour to display an exquisite critical knowledge of the subject he wrote upon, as it has led him upon many occasions into gross error, and necessarily invalidates his authority as a historian of the works he describes. In the present case he ventures a doubt, or rather insinuates, that the statue here placed is but a facsimile of the original work; but Lord Ashburton could have no better proof of its identity than having purchased it of Thorwaldsen himself when his Lordship was in Rome, and having also seen the sculptor at work upon it there.

From the Hall, a door in the south-east angle opens into the first of the suite of apartments, looking ever the Green Park. The description of the *ameublement*, &c., would be a prodigality of laudatory words: it is what may be expected where abundant resources have been guided by refined and cultivated taste. This first grand apartment is called the Library: the books, not numerous, are contained in dwarf presses.

Beginning near the window, on the western side, the first picture is by Murillo. The head of Christ looking up in prayer.

Albert Durer. 'The portrait of a Gentleman attired in armour.' The figure is a half length, and of small size, but a capital example of the master.

A. Ostade. 'The Interior of a Cottage.' A peasant and his wife are sitting by the chimney-place, while three children are playing near a window. In the Choiseul Gallery it has been engraved; it afterwards passed into the Beaujon Cabinet. This is a picture of supreme excellence and purity of colour.

Rembrandt. 'Portrait of Jansen,' life size, treated in a fine golden manner, and brilliantly luminous. As it bears the date of 1661, and Jansen died in 1638, it was probably painted from an anterior sketch; an inscription is painted in large letters on the upper part of the picture as follows:—"Portrait de Jansenius, *père d'une nombreuse famille*, mort en 1638, âgé de 53 ans." The numerous family is believed to have been the several convents of which he was the spiritual father. From the collections of M. Sereville and Prince Talleyrand.

P. Wouwermans. 'La Ferme au Colombier.' This picture represents the halt of a military convoy at a roadside alehouse, above which an old pigeon-house is seen, from which it has received its title on the engraving from it by Moyreau. The size is important, being 25 inches high and 33 inches wide. The landscape exhibits the scenery of the Rhine; numerous military persons form the escort of some suttlers' carts filled with children, reposing at the door of a cabaret. Two officers superbly mounted are near, one of whom is drinking; a trumpeter is watering his horse in the river; and many other figures and accessories are introduced. The composition of all these objects is effected with the utmost skill of Art; the execution is that of the painter's best time and manner, and its present condition of the highest purity. There are many fine works of Wouwermans in England, but we believe there is no example among them that unites so many high qualities as this very masterly picture. In the time of Descamps it belonged to M. d'Argenville; it has since passed into the possession of the Duke de Praslin, Prince Talleyrand, and J. Webb, Esq.

Rembrandt. 'Portrait of Lieven van Coppenhol'—a celebrated writing-master. A small-sized representation of him, seated and holding a sheet of paper. This admirable picture is painted in the finest manner of the artist, and is one of the few portraits of which he executed an etching. It is besides engraved in the gallery of Lucien Bonaparte, to whom the picture formerly belonged, and also by Surugue.

Jan Steen. 'Playing at Nine Pins.' It would be a mere repetition of eulogy if we were to express on all the choice productions of Art in this collection the amount of praise they respectively induce; although it may appear exaggerated, it is difficult to refrain from its continuance. In this picture of Jan Steen's, only 12 inches by 10 in dimension, we enjoy a choice of subject and unity of colour, touch, and expression, perfectly true to Nature; the best proof of its perfection is, its having successively belonged to M. Le Brun (in whose gallery it is engraved), to Randon de Boisset, Poulain, Comte de Vaudreuil, Destouches, St. Maurice, Montaleau, De Preuil, Prince Talleyrand, and E. Gray, Esq.

Velasquez. 'A Stag Hunt in the Park of Aranjuez.' This capital work is a companion to the one recently purchased from Lord Cowley for the National Gallery. The arrangement of the subject, size of the figures, and the high perspective, are similar in each. The sport is represented in truly royal fashion, as the deer are confined in a narrow alley, enclosed by a canvas barricade, having at one end elevated ranges of seats, where the noble ladies of the Spanish Court can enjoy the game in the same way as a theatrical representation. Philip IV., and his Minister the Duke d'Olivarez, are conspicuous among the numerous figures; and not the least interesting, in the foreground, is Velasquez himself standing uncovered. The picture remains in the finest possible condition, is much richer in figures than the one belonging to the Nation, and, being of the highest excellence of the master's execution, would gain in consequence, if it were fair to make a comparison between them. It was purchased from the Count de Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte), who obtained it, by virtue of his royal will and pleasure, from one of the palaces of Madrid, during his exercise of sovereignty over the Spanish nation.

J. Ruysdael. 'A small Woody Scene, a Pond in front, with figures of a Man and Dog on the Bank.' From the collection of Watson Taylor, Esq., and engraved by W. Austen.

A. Ostade. 'An Interior.' A man holding a pipe, and a woman with a glass and jug, seated at a table; the figures are seen to the knees. Dated 1661, and described by Descamps in vol. 2 of the "Vie des Peintres." From the Braancamp and Solirène Collections.

F. Mieris. 'A Young Lady, dressed in a scarlet tunic trimmed with ermine and a white satin petticoat, is taking an oyster from a plate which a gentleman presents to her.' This subject appears to have been so great a favourite that the painter repeated it three times. The one in this collection is of supreme beauty, and came to it from the possession of G. Hibbert, Esq., afterwards belonging to Sir S. Clarke, who purchased it from the Geldermeester cabinet.

A. Ostade. 'Three Peasants carousing.' An interior; companion to the preceding one, of equal excellence, and from the Braancamp and Solirène cabinets.

J. Ruysdael. 'Landscape after Rain.' A barren scene, flooded in front; an old oak tree overhangs the water; a single figure of a traveller is painted by A. Van de Velde. The effect of sunshine after a storm is vividly treated. It is engraved by W. Austen, and came from the collection of Watson Taylor.

Annibal Caracci. 'The Entombment of Christ;' a small cabinet picture from the collection of Lucien Bonaparte.

Domenichino. 'Moses and the Burning Bush,' in a small upright landscape. This was a companion picture to the 'Tobias and the Angel,' which belongs to the Nation, by the gift of the Rev. W. Holwell Carr. Both came from the Colonna Palace, and were brought to this country by Mr. Day.

Rembrandt. 'Portrait of himself.' This eminent artist was determined to leave his features to posterity, having painted upwards of forty portraits of himself at all ages. Here he is apparently about fifty years old, and plainly attired. It is an excellently painted picture, and was engraved by Schmidt, when in the collection of the Duc de Valentinois; it passed afterwards into the possession of Lord Radstock.

Wynants. 'Landscape.' A large denuded tree is the principal object in front; the foreground is enriched with a profusion of thistles and wild plants, elaborately studied; some figures embellish a winding road, among which are a man seated on a white horse in conversation with two others on foot. The figures are from the pencil of A. Van de Velde. The picture is fresh and pure in tone, and pencilled with the greatest perfection of careful finish.

A. Van der Werff. 'St. Margaret, clad in a white robe and blue mantle bordered with gold, treading on a prostrate Monster personifying Satan.' Probably it is the finest example by this master existing in England. The drawing possesses an elevation and grace of character worthy of the greatest painters. The pencilling is more free than usual; and the same remark is applicable to the harmony of colour, which has a rich mellowness too rarely met with in the artist's other works. Descamps gives it great praise. It has successively adorned the collections of Blondel de Gagny, Tolozan, Villers, and Prince Talleyrand.

G. Metzu. 'The Female Artist.' A young lady, elegantly attired in a scarlet jacket trimmed with ermine, is drawing from a bust placed on a table before her: from which circumstance the picture takes its title. It is a perfect and brilliant performance, replete with exquisite taste. Descamps notices it with admiration when it was in the collection of the Marquis de Voyer: it has since passed through the cabinets of Tonneman, Lindert de Neuville, Poulain, Count de Merle, and Prince Galitzin. There are three engravings of it: one in the Poulain Gallery, the others by Pelletier and Vaillant.

Caravaggio. 'A Saint,' half length, life size.

Velasquez. 'Portrait of Philip IV. of Spain.' A delicately painted picture, imbued with the most perfect truth and vitality.

J. Van Huysum. 'Flowers in a Vase, decorated with Cupids, a statue of Flora in the background, and other accessories.' This, and the companion picture we shall presently notice, are of the first order of excellence among this artist's works. They were taken by the French from the Hesse Cassel Gallery during the war, where they were among its capital ornaments.

Rembrandt. 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' life size, holding his gloves, standing, and apparently leaning on the back of a chair. Painted in his middle time—about 1641—and remarkable for the care of execution, and the general absence of shadow, which produce an almost magical effect Formerly in the Hesse Cassel and Malmaison collections.

Rubens. 'The Rape of the Sabines.' Of this and its companion it is hardly possible to say too much in praise: they are small pictures—less than three feet in length, and two in height—but here Rubens has displayed the full extent of his vast genius; they are *chefs-d'œuvre* of Art. The poetical inspiration with which he has conceived their grand composition is rendered with all that beauty and force of colour which constitute the charm of his works. The graceful, even elegant, drawing of the forms, free from the carelessness so often deplored by critics, places these productions among the most perfect of the master. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his tour through Flanders, observes of them—"That few pictures by Rubens, even of his most finished works, give a higher idea of his genius." They were in the collection of Prince Rubempre in 1765, and then passed into the Dancot Collection formed at Brussels. On the sale of the latter, in 1828, Mr. Buchanan secured them for this country, and sold them immediately after for £1000 to the present noble possessor.

Murillo. 'The Charity of St. Thomas.' A large upright picture, composed of five boys, life size, with a background of architectural structures. The story is that of St. Thomas de Villanueva, when a boy, dividing his clothes among a group of four distressed children. The Saint is undressing, and distributing his garments to the necessitous; his benevolence of disposition is delineated with the veriest truth, while among the squalid beings with whom he is surrounded, his form and countenance are characterized by sweet and holy dignity. The subject has afforded Murillo the occasion of developing the union of his perfect mastery of the features of the beggar children of Andalusia, with the higher attainment of mental and divine expression of feature. The picture is powerfully coloured, with some analogy to the tone of the works of Velasquez. For its force of colouring, truth of character, and brilliant treatment, it ranks among the finest works of the master. Murillo painted it for the cloister of the Franciscan Monastery at Seville. The invasion of Spain by the French army placed it in the hands of General Sebastiani, who sent it to England for sale, when Lord Ashburton carried it off, from many competitors, for his collection. Thus do English merchant Princes become possessed by their wealth and taste of the glories of ancient Art.

Rembrandt. 'Portrait of a Lady.' Companion to a preceding picture of 'A Gentleman holding his Gloves.' Obtained by the French from the Hesse Cassel Gallery, and afterwards possessed by the Empress Josephine at Malmaison. The flesh is painted without grey shades, and so wonderfully luminous that it is a perfect triumph of artistic skill in the use of the palette.

Rubens. 'The Reconciliation of the Romans and Sabines.' Companion to the other picture of the Danoot Collection.

Holbein. The portrait of a Prince of Saxony.

J. Van Huysum. 'Fruit,' the companion to the 'Flowers,' and also from the Hesse Cassel Gallery.

N. Poussin. 'Jupiter and Io,' both metamorphosed into the bovine race, are followed by a herdsman with a staff: a hilly landscape, with a river and trees, become accessory to the story. It is engraved in the collection of Lucien Bonaparte, to whom it then belonged, and has since been possessed by J. Webb, Esq.

D. Teniers. A Shepherd, in a landscape, playing on his pipe, another figure passing; a herd of oxen, cows, and sheep, with a distant view of a well-wooded country on the other side of a river, compose a charming pastoral subject. It is a bright sunny picture, painted with a spirited touch, and came from the collections of M. Clos, Prince Talleyrand, and J. Webb, Esq.

N. Maes. 'A Woman sewing; a Lace Pillow, with the bobbins on the ground.' A charming picture by this master, whose pictures (excepting portraits) are extremely rare.

N. Berghem. 'Landscape, with Ruins.' Figures and cattle embellish the scene, which is seen under the influence of an evening sun, and is painted with all the grace of the artist's delightful style. From the Dijonval Collection.

Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'Ariadne.' An exquisite head of a female, which formerly belonged to E. Gray, Esq., of Hornsey.

P. Potter. 'A Dairy Farm, numerous Cattle.' In the same rich meadow scene with the oblique row of willows, so well known in the Grosvenor Gallery. It is dated 1652, and does not yield in elaboration and truth to any of his performances. It formerly belonged to Count Fries, of Vienna, and afterwards to the Baron Puthon.

Isaac Ostade. 'A Country Inn, with numerous Villagers and Travellers refreshing.' This is one of the most consequential for its dimensions, and also one of the finest pictures ever painted by the artist; possessing all the qualities that can be desired in such subjects, and executed in a golden hue, which is diffused with consummate art over each of the numerous details which embellish the cheerful scene. As the fine pictures of this painter are but few in number, this admirable specimen becomes of high importance. From the cabinets of Muylmann and Prince Talleyrand.

K. du Jardin. A water-mill is near the front of the picture, before which a man at a well is drawing water; a herd of seven swine, an ass, and two fowls in the immediate foreground, indicate by idle repose the sultry heat of a summer's day. The distant landscape is hilly, intercepted by trees of luxuriant foliage. The picture is small, but of the most precious excellence. From the collections of Lindert de Neuville and Eynard, of Paris.

L. Backhuysen. 'View on the Seacoast,' with various vessels, full of the movement occasioned by a stiff breeze, indicated by the action of the waves and an overcast sky: a handsome yacht is one of the vessels. The foreground, part of a beach with some piles of a jetty, has several figures, one of which holds fast his hat, fearing the effect of the wind. This picture has always been esteemed as the finest work of the master, and belonged originally to the cabinet of Smeth van Alphen, of Amsterdam, afterwards to M. Le Brun, Prince Talleyrand, and J. Webb, Esq.

Jan Steen. 'The Interior of a Room, with a Company of thirteen Persons in social enjoyment.' For execution, chiaro'scuro, and colour, this admirable performance may rank with the best examples of A. Ostade's works. From the Prince d'Aremberg's collection.

D. Teniers. 'The Seven Works of Mercy.' A composition of upwards of twenty figures, each about seven inches high, and several others of smaller size. It is an exemplification of the great moral duties of society, which would lead us, in describing the various occupations of the many groups, into an account too diffuse for our space. The artist executed five pictures of the same great episode of Christianity, all of which differ in detail, as well as in quality, this being of the most superlative order. It is indeed—for the free and ready touch and the variety of expression in which the figures abound—one of the most admirable among the capital works of the master. It was originally painted for the Duke of Alva, and afterwards formed one of the set of celebrated pictures in the Royal Gallery of Madrid, known by the name of the Teniers Gallery. From this it passed into the small collection of Le Brun's pictures (where it is etched), and that learned connoisseur says of it—"This production is much superior to the one in the Louvre." It was one of the very choice cabinet of pictures formed by Prince Talleyrand.

G. Dow. 'La Double Surprise.' So called in the engraving from it by Beauvarlet. A woman entering the cellar discovers her husband and the maid servant about to taste some wine. This candlelight scene, for finished execution and artistic treatment, rivals the famous 'Evening School,' now in the Museum at Amsterdam. In the time of Descamps it formed one of the Lubbeling Collection, and has since passed through those of Poulain, Tolozan, Montaleau, and Emler.

Wouwermans. 'Landscape.' An open country, with a winding road. Two small figures on horseback are approached by a beggar; a group of figures on the right, and a château in the middle distance; from the collections of Smeth van Alphen, Le Brun, and Le Perrier.

Annibal Caracci. 'The Infant Jesus sleeping, attended by Angels.' This picture has always been so entitled, but there is no symbol of the Divinity about the sleeping figure, which is reposing on a crimson cushion, and it would be more properly described as a group of angels. It is one of the finest and most finished productions of this great master, in his Roman manner. In 1801 it was brought to England by Mr. W. Y. Ottley, who obtained it from the Borghese Palace, and was sold the same year to G. Hibbert, Esq., for 700 guineas.

M. Hobbima. 'A Woody Landscape, with Cottages.' A lady and child are walking in the road towards the spectators, accompanied by a playful dog.

A. Ostade. 'The Interior of an Apartment,' in which ten persons are assembled, variously occupied. A man seated in the midst is performing on a violin. An excellent composition, dated in the year 1661, and formerly in the collections of Trouard and the Duc d'Alberg.

A. Van de Velde. 'A Woody Landscape with Cattle,' consisting of three cows and a group of sheep; the herdsman is reposing on an adjacent bank, and in the middle distance are two horses near some trees. From the collection of M. Trouard.

J. Ruysdael. 'View of a Village,' through which a road passes, consisting of rudely-constructed houses; a small circular tower, in the distance, is seen among some trees. It comes from the collection of General Verdier.

L. Backhuysen. 'A small Sea Piece,' of the most exquisite execution and silvery tone, enlivened by six vessels, one a handsome yacht with a highly-decorated stern. Formerly in the collection of John Webb, Esq.

Karel du Moor. 'A Lady and Two Children at a Window,' one blowing bubbles. A rich carpet hangs over the sill; there are also a dog, a flowerpot, and other accessories, all treated in the manner of his masters, Gerard Dow and F. Mieris.

DRAWING-ROOM.

This is the principal apartment of the mansion, and occupies the entire centre of the front in Piccadilly. Beginning, as before, near the window on the western side, is

Greuze. 'A Youthful Female Head,' with a part of the neck displayed; a light scarf is floating over the shoulders.

Raffaelle. 'The Virgin and Child.' A small picture with an arched top; the head of the Virgin is good.

G. Metzu. 'An Elderly Woman reading at a Window.' She is plainly attired; evidently a person of domestic habits. A pestle and mortar, and an earthenware jug of singular form, are among the accessories. In scale of colour it is rather unusual, having great relation to the transparent brown-toned cabinet pictures of Rembrandt, and is treated with infinite Art in finish and management of chiaro'scuro. It came from the cabinet of Madame Hoffman at Haerlem.

Canaletti. 'An Italian Landscape,' with buildings, ruins of a Roman edifice, a bridge over a stream, and many figures.

Murillo. 'The Virgin on a Globe, attended by Angels.' Painted in the most tender and harmonious tones of resplendent colour. Only a small cabinet picture, but one of those gems of Art redolent of divine inspiration. Purchased from General Sebastiani.

G. Dow. 'The Hermit in Devotion.' The venerable devotee is kneeling before a crucifix; a bible and skull are near; the composition is made up by the introduction of a barrel and lantern thrown down in front, the trunk of an old tree by the side, a large thistle, a basket, an hour glass, and other objects. It is of an arched top form, 20¼ inches high and 19¼ inches wide, consequently a large size among G. Dow's works. Without investigating it by a magnifying power, it would be impossible to judge of the extraordinarily minute execution of every part, yet the whole is in the most perfect harmony. It has always ranked as the superlative work of the artist in this class of subjects, and fully warrants the high reputation with which it has ever been invested. It passed through the collections of Madame Backer, of Van Leyden, of Paillet, and of Randon de Boisset.

P. de Hooge. 'A Woman carrying Apples, accompanied by a Child, in a dull Street of the town of Utrecht.' The fine summer's evening which illumines the subject is conceived and executed with the most masterly Art; every touch appears steeped in light; the effect of Nature is perfectly mirrored on the canvas. Previously in the collections of M. Helsleuter and M. Müller, of Amsterdam.

G. Dow. 'A Young Woman gathering a Pink from a Plant in a Pot at a Window:' a rich carpet falls over the sill, and a birdcage is hung by the side. There is an engraving from it by Marcenay. This small picture is one of the artist's most covetable works for its singular beauty and elegance of subject; it was originally in the collection of Van Slingelandt, afterwards in those of Randon de Boisset, of the Duchess de Berri at the Palais Bourbon, and Mr. Beckford.

K. du Jardin. 'View in Italy,' called among connoisseurs 'Le petit Dc_sinateur.' On the banks of a river, an artist is represented seated and studying the scenery on the opposite side, composed of a row of trees terminated by a hilly distance. Some cows standing in the stream contribute to the decoration of one of the most exquisite and precious works of this very agreeable painter. It was engraved in the Choiseuil Collection, and passed thence into those of Le Brun and Prince Talleyrand. On its importation E. Gray, Esq., purchased it for 300 guineas, although it is a circular picture of only eight inches in diameter; and afterwards it was possessed by John Webb, Esq., who parted with it to the present possessor.

A. Ostade. 'A Woman with a Child in her Arms, looking out of the half-door of a cottage covered with a climbing vine,' dated 1667. This is a perfect work of its kind for the felicitous treatment of light and shade. A weather board over the door occasions a reflection on the mother's countenance as happy as it is striking. The figures are larger than usual, and the general treatment and power of colour rival the best works of Rembrandt. Descamps notes it in the collection of the Marquis de Voyer; it has since been possessed by the Prince de Conti, Duc de Praslin, Duc de Choiseul-Praslin, M. Sereville, Dufresne, Prince Talleyrand, and E. Gray, Esq.

Ruysdael. 'Landscape, with a Man driving Sheep, and a Traveller with a Dog.' From the collection of G. Watson Taylor, Esq.

A. Ostade. This distinguished member of the Dutch school, in the present small and beautiful picture, takes foremost rank as a landscape-painter of high order. A road winds through a Dutch village with a church tower in the vista; thirteen small figures, about an inch in height, are variously disposed, with a tilted cart, pigs, and poultry; forming a pure transcript of humble Nature, imbued with all the power of daylight and freshness. From the collections of Blondel de Gagny, Trouard, Duc de Praslin, and Solirène.

Wouwermans. 'La Blanchisseuse Flamande.' On the bank of a river stands a man holding a horse laden with panniers, a bottle, and other things; a woman on the margin of the stream is folding some linen; beyond are three other washerwomen. The subject is engraved by Veau, and the picture painted with great force of colour, combined with a breadth of light, producing a most brilliant effect. From the collections of the Duc de Praslin, Mullman, and Prince Talleyrand.

Guido. 'The Head of Christ crowned with Thorns.' One of the many repetitions by him of similar pictures.

A. Cuyp. 'Landscape and Figures,' representing the border of a lake environed with rocky hills. The foreground is highly enriched with details of herbage and rock, enlivened by several groups of figures and cattle, painted with extraordinary care. The subject is tastefully composed, and treated in the full glow of an evening sunset, conducted throughout with the greatest artistic skill; forming one of the choicest productions of this great master of aërial effect, who, in truth and purity of tone, has fully equalled Claude Lorraine, and surpassed every other painter. It formerly graced the gallery of the King of Poland, and passed into the possession of M. Servad, and lastly into that of Prince Talleyrand.

G. Terburg. 'An Interior, with three Figures seen to the knees.' An elegant young lady, in a white satin *jupon*, and a yellow velvet jacket trimmed with ermine, is seated holding a lute in her lap; opposite to her, a young gentleman has in his hands a music-book opened; a third figure, being a gentleman wearing a Spanish hat, is in shadow. The figures are of Terburg's largest size, and the picture presents the most true and brilliant colouring, possessing, in the fullest extent, the manifold beauties of the master. In the time of Descamps it was in the collection of Lormier at the Hague; since then it has been the ornament of the collections of Lindert de Neuville, Le Brun, Prince Talleyrand, and John Webb, Esq.

Murillo. 'The Virgin and Child in the Clouds with Angels.' A small composition, of unusual power and brilliancy. Purchased from General Sebastiani; it formerly belonged to the Prince of Peace.

A. Van de Velde. 'The Hay Harvest.' A number of figures, some employed in loading a haycart, others reposing, smoking, or eating, and a youth striving to kiss a woman, form an interesting group. It is not possible to admire this work too much. There are sometimes pictures in which a master surpasses himself; and in the beautiful and delicate tints which distinguish 'The Hay Harvest,' the connoisseur will see the high degree of excellence attained. For expression, the drawing of the figures, the colouring, or execution, each will be found to possess a perfection rarely achieved. From the collections of Marin, Robit, Sereville, and Prince Talleyrand.

Paul Potter. Two oxen in a meadow playing and butting, a cow lying down near the stump of a tree, a cottage among some trees, and the spire of Haerlem Church, form the materials of a charming little picture, full of the true feeling for Nature in its rustic dress. It came from the collection of Van der Wyngaerde, of Deventer.

N. Berghem. 'The Lobster Catchers.' A seashore scene, with figures dredging. The view is bounded by rocky cliffs; the effect is that of a sultry morning. The aërial illusion in this small picture is so magical, and conceived with such perfection of truth, shedding a golden hue over every part, that it fully rivals the treatment of sunny effulgence in which Claude so often delights the spectator. From the collections of M. Nogaret, Solirène, Prince Talleyrand, and the Count Pourtales.

J. Ruysdael. 'Landscape;' a pond enclosed by trees, and a man fishing. From the collection of G. Watson Taylor, Esq. This beautiful, cool, and silvery picture is hung under the glowing Berghem we have just described. The transition of view from one to the other is so remarkably exciting, that an imaginative mind might easily fancy a change of temperature as the eye passed from one picture to the other.

Vandyck. 'Whole-length of Charles I.,' life size, dressed in black figured silk, with many ornaments; the left hand rests on the hilt of his sword; the royal crown is on the table. From the collection of the Empress Josephine, at Malmaison.

Titian. 'Venus admiring herself in a looking-glass, presented to her by Cupid.' The goddess is nude, and seen three-quarters length: the colouring is of a luscious golden glow, indicative of the great Venetian's command of the resources of his art.

A. Vandyck. 'Queen Henrietta Maria.' The companion picture to that of the sovereign described above. She is magnificently attired in white satin, adorned with pearls and jewels; the left hand slightly raises her train; the right hand is reposed on a table, on which are placed a vase with flowers and the royal crown. From the Malmaison collection.

PAUL VERONESE. 'Our Saviour fainting on the Mount, supported by an Angel.' A picture of cabinet size, possessing all the good qualities of the brilliant colour found in the painter's best works.

A. CUYP. 'Two Herdsmen and Three Cows in a Meadow,' the foreground of which is highly enriched with a variety of verdure; the warm glow of a sunny summer's afternoon is felt in the golden tones which pervade every part. From the collection of La Perrier.

GIORGIONE. 'The Request.' A female, who is of great beauty, lays her hand on the shoulder of her male companion, and is apparently speaking, or asking a favour; from which the picture has received the above title. The figures are of life size, and only seen below the shoulders. Independent of the intense expression and other high attainments, it is a perfect example of the splendid colouring of the master, and in the finest preservation. From the Borghese Palace, and afterwards in Lord Radstock's collection.

D. TENIERS. 'Le Manchot.' An old man with one arm is seated, holding with the other a leash of dogs; a woman is presenting to him some liquor in a glass, for which he offers money. A servant girl laughing at his odd appearance, and a chemical laboratory in the background, fill the surface of a picture which, for its extraordinary truth, vivacity in the character of the animals, lightness and facility of touch, transparency and force of colouring, and the charming variety in every part, ranks among the most capital works of the master. Formerly in the collections of Gros, Duc de Praslin, Wautier, Solirène, Prince Talleyrand, and John Webb, Esq.

D. TENIERS. 'A Village Dance in the enclosed Court of a Cabaret.' Twenty-four joyous figures dancing to the music of a fiddler standing upon a tub, with a distant landscape crowned by a village spire. Admirably painted in fresh and silvery tones. Formerly in the collections of Hart Davis and G. W. Taylor, Esqrs.

A. VANDYKE. 'The Holy Family, with Angels.' The Virgin is seated, holding the infant Saviour on her knees; a group of eight angels are dancing in a ring before them, and a choir of four angels are introduced in the clouds. A larger picture by the master, without the celestial choir, is at St. Petersburgh; and a picture of the dancing angels alone, is in the Museum of Berlin. In this magnificent work Vandyke has rivalled, in the rich and mellow tones of the colouring, the finest works of Titian. The figures are drawn with great elegance, and painted with studious care: it is engraved by Bolswert. Prince Talleyrand possessed this superb work of Art; but, having placed so extravagant a price on it, the purchaser of the other forty-six pictures did not feel justified in acceding to demands he thought unreasonable at the time. The size is 4 feet 9½ inches long, by 3 feet 8 inches in height.

W. VAN DE VELDE. A view on the Dutch coast, with numerous vessels, called '*La Petite Flotte*.' Fifteen vessels, including barques, large boats, and a yacht, cover the surface of the water, in a sunny calm, disposed with the finest skill, and pencilled with wonderful clearness and fidelity. Among the painter's capital performances this is one of the most eminent. It belonged originally to the Gallery of the King of Sardinia, and was afterwards in the collections of Sereville, Duc d'Alberg, and Prince Talleyrand.

N. BERGHEM. 'Landscape and Figures,' known by the title of 'Le Fagot,' and deservedly esteemed as one of the most capital works of the master. The extraordinary felicity of the aërial tints, the pure and finished handling and breadth of effect, have never been surpassed in any other of his performances. The landscape represents a barren foreground, backed by distant mountains, deeply tinged with blue, indicating the decline of daylight. In front a woman on horseback is seen driving cows, and a man carrying a faggot on his back. In the middle distance a shepherd reclining on a bank, playing his pipe, while tending his flock, and a female sitting near. It has been in the cabinets of the Blondel de Gagny, Marquis de Pange, Duc d'Alberg, and Prince Talleyrand. On its importation into this country it was sold for 800 guineas to Edward Gray, Esq., who transferred it to John Webb, Esq., for the same sum, and from this latter gentleman it passed into the present collection.

TITIAN. 'Herodias with the Head of St. John on a Salver, and an Attendant.' Half length. A very fine specimen, extremely pure in tone, and elegant in design. From Lord Radstock's collection.

VANDER HEYDEN. View of an open place in a Dutch town, supposed to be that of Hemskirk, near Haerlem, with several houses and a church. The square is planted with trees, and embellished with upwards of twenty figures painted with the most elaborate delicacy by A. Van de Velde. The picture is a perfect triumph of the Dutch school for truth, colour, and finish: nothing in this range of subject has ever surpassed its beauty. The French arms transferred this *chef-d'œuvre* to the unrivalled gallery formed in the Louvre. During the occupation of Paris by the allies, it appears to have been *missing*; but it reappeared in the hands of a dealer named Coelers, of Amsterdam, who sold it to J. Webb, Esq.

LEONARDO DA VINCI. 'The Infant Jesus asleep in the Arms of the Virgin.' An angel is lifting the quilt from the bed; the infant St. John and another angel behind the group. This celebrated picture is fully described by Padre Ximenes, in the description of the Royal Collection of the Escurial, and is one of the most capital and best authenticated works of this great master which has ever been brought to England. It was collected, with a few other rare and precious objects of Art, by the Chevalier de Crochart, Paymaster-General of the French army in Spain, and previously hung in the high apartment of the Prior of the Escurial, as companion to the 'Holy Family' by Raffaelle in that palace. The latter was also brought to England; but, not meeting a purchaser, has gone to add grace to the King of Bavaria's gallery at Munich. It is impossible by words to convey an idea of the divine feeling which pervades every feature and line of this glorious production of High Art. Nothing but deep and continued study could give a true appreciation of the mind that could conceive and execute it.

P. WOUWERMANS. A Landscape, with soldiers, horses, a trumpeter on a prancing white horse, beggars, idlers, children and dogs, before a suttler's tent, form the rich composition of a picture of first-rate excellence and beauty. It is engraved by Moyreau, under the title of 'Quartiers de Refraichissement.' Possessed formerly by the Countess de Verrue, M. de Ravanne, M. de Lormier, and Madame Hoffman, of Haerlem.

CANALETTI. The companion to a picture before described; a similar composition of Italian scenery.

LEONARDO DA VINCI. 'Infant Christ and St. John with the Lamb.' The cabinet pictures of this master are of the utmost rarity; his larger works are unattainable, and the magnificent frescoes he painted are passing rapidly to decay; the productions of his genius will soon be known only to posterity by engravings. Very few of our great collections can claim more than a single example of little consequence; therefore it is of the more gratifying importance to find here two of the very choicest of the great Florentine master's performances; both of them authenticated beyond the idea of a doubt. The present subject possesses all that sublimity of style and greatness of character which have, by common consent of the most instructed connoisseurs, placed Leonardo among the few vast minds who, in the fifteenth century, carried painting to the extreme perfection the art ever attained. This celebrated picture was removed from the Royal Palace of Madrid by the ex-King of Spain, Joseph Bonaparte; it was purchased from him when he resided in London, under the title of Count Survilliers.

VANDYKE. 'Portrait of one of the Children of Charles I., with Flowers.'

GUERCINO. 'St. Sebastian mourned by Angels.' A cabinet picture of great power and of a higher range of design than usual.

D. TENIERS. 'A small whole-length Portrait of himself, in a black Spanish dress.' From the cabinets of the Duc de Praslin and Prince Talleyrand.

G. NETSCHER. 'Le Petit Physicien.' A celebrated picture engraved by Wille under this title. A beautiful boy, with flowing locks of hair and elegantly habited, at a window blowing bubbles. This miniature gem of Art has always been coveted as unique for taste, colour, and exquisite pencilling. The size is only 4¼ inches high by 3¼ inches wide. It has belonged to the collections of the Marquis de Voyer, Mademoiselle Clarion, Raudon de Boisset, Destouches, Martin, Le Ronge, and G. W. Taylor, Esq. At the sale of the latter gentleman's collection it brought 150 guineas.

THE WEST DRAWING-ROOM.

I. and A. BOTH. 'Landscape, Mountainous Scenery, and Figures.' This superlative production combines, in a superior degree, the various beauties of the united pencils of these distinguished brothers. The size of the picture is five feet seven inches by four feet five inches; the foreground is luxuriant in wild herbage; groups of figures, cattle, and trees fill in the middle distance, which is bounded by a varied mountainous range. The whole subject is steeped in the glowing tones of a southern sunset.

A. CUYP. 'Huntsmen Halting near some Herdsmen.' A landscape in the vicinity of Arnheim, intersected by a river. Two figures of gentlemen, habited in blue and scarlet, on horseback, are talking to some peasants tending their flocks. The foreground is most elaborately worked with a profusion of details. A sunny summer's morning enlivens the scene, and lights every object with perfectly natural tints to the utmost degree of illusion that Art is capable of achieving. It is a capital performance, nearly six feet in length by four feet in height, and was one of the fine collection formed by Van Slingelandt from the painter himself: afterwards it was successively possessed by M. Dubois, W. Smith, Esq., M.P., and Edward Gray, Esq. Lord Ashburton acquired it for the sum of £1300.

CORREGIO. 'St. Peter,' 'St. Margaret,' 'St. Mary Magdalen,' and 'St. Anthony of Padua'; four whole-length pictures of life size, with a forest in the background. It was originally in a convent at the little town of Corregio, near Modena, a name that would at the present day be totally unknown if it had not been the birthplace of Antonio Allegri, the great artist, whose renown is unbounded. From this obscure town the above picture was transferred, when the great merits of the painter became to be understood and duly valued, to the noble family of Mareschalchi at Bologna. The acquisition of this capital work from the latter family confers the highest honour on the present noble possessor; it is the most important picture of the collection, as one of the greatest monuments of Italian art existing, if viewed historically on the one hand, or, on the other hand, with reference to the incipient development of those rare talents which were destined hereafter to dazzle the world. That Corregio's early works have been founded on the style then existing is certain; as a picture containing several figures in the Royal Gallery

of Dresden, representing St. Anthony with the Virgin and Angels, is executed with precisely the same dry regularity of the period observable in the works of Francia and Bellini, several of which the young Corregio must have seen at Parma. The commentators on his life in the Paris edition of Vasari say, "Comment, voué d'abord à une pratique patiente, minutieuse et arbitraire, a-t-il pu arriver à l'execution la plus hardie, la plus large, la plus vraie?" To this question, in our edition of the work which the unfortunate Haydon once possessed, we find in his handwriting the following answer:—"Parceque la pratique patiente était la base sure du style large!" a sentence demanding the deep reflection of our competing "*coryphées*" in palatial adornment. Why Corregio broke the trammels of the dry and formal manner of the day, and so quickly exalted himself to the perfection of the ideal, the grand, and the graceful, is, because he had a mind more ardent for the glory of his art than others, and a disposition to reach it by increasing study, experiment, and labour. In this picture of the four saints we see in every part the struggle for the perfection which was soon afterwards achieved. In the various heads of the saints the imaginative feeling of Corregio is abundantly perceptible: the head of St. Margaret possesses the most striking analogy to that of the fainting Virgin in the 'Ecce Homo' of the National Gallery; that of the Magdalen beams with a similar character of feature to the Venus in the education of Cupid, also in our public collection; the hair of the head and *suave* expression of the mouth leave no mistake that the ideality was influenced by the same conception of feminine loveliness, or by the reminiscence of an admired and studied model. The hands bear the same impress of life and grace—we may almost say they are imbued in their very movement with the passion of the soul, whether they belong to a sacred or a profane divinity. The picture excites deep study and reflection to investigate the mine of genius it offers to the learned in Art.

Giorgione. 'Portrait of a Gentleman in a Ruff,' a clear and golden picture.

Vandyck. 'The Virgin and Child.' A life-size picture, painted with all the vigour of Rubens. It was formerly possessed by Cardinal Fesch, and afterwards by Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, of whom it was purchased.

Titian. 'The Magdalen,' half length. A picture which excites the most profound sentiments of compassion, notwithstanding the loveliness of person in whom such touching grief is depicted. The shoulders, neck, and breast are covered with the disarranged tresses of her hair; the eyes, overflowing with tears, announce the sincerity and poignancy of remorse. It was painted expressly for Philip II. of Spain. In the letter Titian wrote accompanying the picture he said that he trusted the tears of the Magdalen would plead with the Sovereign to obtain for the painter a commensurate recompense. Titian repeated this subject more than once, but this *chef-d'œuvre* of his richest hues is the finest, and the identical work sent to Philip of Spain, where it remained in the Royal Collection until it was abstracted by Joseph Bonaparte, who sold it to Lord Ashburton.

Luini. 'The Virgin and Child.' An admirable piece, by the pupil of the chief of the Florentine school.

A. Vandyck. 'Portrait of William Prince of Orange and Count of Nassau.' A noble three-quarter-length figure, attired in rich armour, full of animation, and painted in the artist's finest manner. It is engraved by Pontius, Suyderhoef, and Vosterman.

Rembrandt. 'A Gentleman sitting in an elbow chair.' The flesh painted with a powerful impasto. From the collection of Mme. Hoffman, Haerlem.

THE DINING-ROOM.

Rubens. 'The Wolf Hunt.' A grand picture, 12½ feet long and 8 feet in height. The composition is filled with the animation of the scene, and consists of three figures on horseback, five figures on foot, two wolves, dogs, &c. The gentleman in Spanish costume, and a lady with a hawk in her hand, both mounted, are the portraits of Rubens and his first wife, Elizabeth Brant. The landscape is painted by Wildens; but all the other part is by the artist's own hand. The picture was painted in 1612, three years after his return from Italy, expressly by Rubens, for one of his best patrons, the General Legranes, commander of the artillery in Flanders under the Marquis Spinola. It descended by inheritance to the Count Altamira, at Madrid. The French sequestered it in Spain, and, after being placed in the Gallery of the Louvre, it was restored to the Count's family in 1815. Being subsequently offered for sale, it was obtained by Mr. J. Smith, of Bond-street, for 50,000 francs, who sold it to the present possessor. There are engravings from it by Soutman and Van der Leeuw. The picture may be considered as one of the grandest works of Rubens in this class existing for variety, imagination, movement, and colouring.

A. Cuyp. 'The Portrait of Himself,' life size, oval, nearly a front view, holding a locket in his right hand. This inestimable work has all the force and magic of Rembrandt's most powerful colour; and is rendered the more interesting, as the few incidents of his life are so meagre as to have escaped the notice of all Dutch contemporary writers on their own school.

Hoppner. 'The Portrait of William IV. when Duke of Clarence.'

Rembrandt. 'Portrait of a Gentleman in a slouched hat.' An oval picture, life size; the countenance is remarkable for a broken nose; it is painted with great impasto, and is of the master's best time.

Rubens. A large picture, of oblong form, called 'The Chase of Diana.' The goddess and three nymphs are in eager pursuit of a buck and doe; several dogs are introduced to fill a scene of great animation.

We have now gone through a catalogue of the pictures in the town house, Piccadilly: there are some others, of the ancient masters and several by our modern painters, at his lordship's country seat, the Grange, Hampshire. As these *chefs-d'œuvre* which form our present article are hung in the library, drawing and dining rooms of Bath-house, it will be readily conceived that the collection is quite private; and it is impossible that it could be otherwise, excepting with the greatest inconvenience to the family.

In our brief description we have been more desirous of giving the history or pedigree of the pictures than of attempting to describe the details of their composition. The latter is tolerably well known to amateurs and artists, as the great majority have furnished subjects for engraving; and besides, the principal have been lent to the Exhibitions of the British Institution during several past years, of which his Lordship is a governor, as well as a trustee of the British Museum, and also of the National Gallery.

From the preceding causes it is a great satisfaction to be enabled to give even our brief notice of this rich and rare collection, which has been culled from the palaces of sovereigns, from public galleries, and the most celebrated cabinets that have ever been formed by intelligent and wealthy collectors. We have often had the pleasurable duty of expressing publicly our thanks for the condescension which has granted us these opportunities; in no case has it been more liberally and more frankly accorded than by the Right Honourable Lord Ashburton.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

It is not difficult to account for the pertinacity with which so many idle or unoccupied persons thrust their notions into type: the motive is ordinarily indicated by an ultra expansion of the organ of self-esteem, allied to cunning such as that of the quack doctor, who pointed to ninety-nine passers-by out of a hundred, as persons capable or willing to be dupes, and the unit as the only shrewd individual, invulnerable to the quack.

Only a few days had elapsed after the publication of the pamphlet we noticed in our last number, when Mr. Coningham reappears with "more last words," called, somewhat facetiously, "Strictures on the Minutes of the Trustees of the National Gallery." There can be no objection to a gentleman printing his fancies so long as he pays the printer and the stationer; but it is otherwise when he circulates insinuations against the honour, integrity, or capacity of any estimable person; and it becomes absolutely disgusting when he appeals for support of his unworthy inferences to a class conspicuous for want of necessary information on the subject concerning which he writes.

According to Mr. Coningham, the public are alone the judges; and he states, that if people can but convince themselves that any one of the pictures has been overcleaned, his case will be established. Therefore the Trustees—possessing the finest private collections in the kingdom, many of them formed by themselves at infinite pains, after years of eager pursuit, and the expenditure of princely fortunes—are held to be incapable of judging of the surface of a picture, and ignorant of all that really constitutes a work of Art.

The unfortunate Holbein is the oriflamb of the crusade: it is an admitted mistake—avowed and confessed. Still, is an admitted error, of small moment, to become the peg on which an unceasing mass of untruths is to be suspended? Mr. Coningham has obtained certain information, that it was originally recommended to the Gallery by a member of the Royal Academy! Really this is very like an imitation of the veritable washerwoman, who sought to aggravate the bile of another vulgar vixen by repeatedly saying, "Ah! I knows what I knows."

We do not intend to animadvert on the small personalities and insinuations which the writer interpolates as a pungent condiment to his vapid trash. The only amusement we found in the sixpenny *brochure* was Mr. Coningham, on tiptoe, calling the attention of Mr. Stanfield to the fact that the Academicians (Mr. Stanfield included) do not know how to paint a distance that recedes from the eye, or in true aërial perspective. This, too, from a man who does not know black from brown, having translated the term *negro de hueso* into "*brown*, made of burnt beef bones"!

We announced in our last number, that it was more than whispered we should have another awful visitation from "Verax"—now the rejected of journals—in the shape of a pamphlet; and accordingly, at the beginning of the month, this worthy made his appearance—price half-a-crown. From Eratostratus the Ephesian incendiary, down to Martin the maniac, who set fire to York Minster, and the scoundrel who shivered the Portland vase, there have never been wanting agents of mischief, whose distorted ambition for notoriety has urged to acts of universal reprobation—men who mistook the term infamous, for the noble word famous. The pamphlet is a reprint of letters published in the "Times," where they received a stamp of respectability which ought to have been denied them. The writer falls foul of everybody and everything. Among others, his quondam ally, Mr. Coningham, comes in for an ample share of abuse—reminding one of the story of "The Husbandman and the Viper." Mr. Coningham, who is at all events a gentleman by education and position, has taken especial pains to assure the public that he has no connexion with this pestiferous fellow—hence the fellow's wrath. We more than suspect that any person who had the smallest respect for his character would be equally desirous to avoid acknowledgment of acquaintance with an individual so blunderingly mendacious.

We have had quite enough of this disgusting subject, and trust there will be no necessity for recurring to it. The best defence of the Trustees and the Keeper is the false and malignant pamphlet "Verax" has put forth.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

On the evening of the 3rd of March, an Exhibition of select specimens of British Manufactures and Decorative Art took place at the rooms of this Society in the Adelphi; upon which occasion a numerous and valuable collection of works were shown, in evidence of the satisfactory progress of our Arts and Manufactures, and of the gratifying results of—we may say—our very recent adoption of Art as a means of giving value to the production of labour. This is the commencement of a series of similar exhibitions instituted by the Society with a view to stimulate and mark periodical progress. They have offered premiums for inventions in Arts and Manufactures; but this is not enough to approach in anywise the professed ends of their Institution, and it is only a matter of surprise that something of this kind has not been heretofore proposed. As it is, there can be no question of the valuable effects of such exhibitions upon a class of producers who, like our own, are incessantly striving in the vortex of the keenest competition. We hesitate not to say that the public generally is ignorant of the degree of perfection to which British Arts and Manufactures have attained; and such periodical selections will be a means of showing that there is little or nothing that is done in other countries which cannot be done as well, or better, at home. There is undoubtedly great truth in the complaint of the manufacturers, that there is no extended taste for really meritorious productions; but it must be borne in mind that the promotion of taste rests in a great degree with the producers of objects which claim to be classed in the categories of the beautiful. The public must be familiarised with meritorious works before they can be expected to pronounce judiciously upon them. In the "thew and sinew" of manufacture we have surpassed all Nations, and may now equal, or surpass, them in the long-desiderated elegance. But the time is yet short: that protection which the manufacturers of other states have so long enjoyed is but a recent boon to our own—its effects are only beginning to be appreciable by the many, who will not be more slow than others to be educated into discrimination by a better order of production. The number of objects exhibited amounted to more than two hundred—very many of which we have from time to time spoken of, as making extraordinary advances upon the old and stagnant condition of ornamentation. The purpose of these exhibitions was explained in a paper read by the Secretary during the evening; in which it was observed that the first step to the improvement of an art or manufacture is the knowledge of what has already been effected in that art or manufacture, and that, to make improvements with advantage, we should commence at the utmost point of excellence which has already been attained—a principle which has been kept in view in the present selection of works, and upon which all future selections will be made. Hence the artist may at once determine how far he can avail himself of the processes and materials of the manufacturer in realising his ideas. Hence the practical chemist may see what degree of perfection the materials of Decorative Art have attained; what intensity, purity, and permanence, colours may have acquired; and what suggestions are offered for their improvement. The mechanist also, by being enabled to see the advances which Mechanical Art has made, will readily determine whither to direct his inventive powers. Thus, through these exhibitions, it is desired to make the achievements of the artist and the manufacturer more widely known and appreciated. It is desired to show what they have done that is really good, and in how far their productions are improvable; and it cannot be doubted that, after the public shall have been familiarised with specimens of the best Art, they will prefer them to vulgar subjects of coarse and tawdry execution; and it is only reasonable to believe that, after a series of such exhibitions, no manufacturer will have to complain of a taste which selects his inferior works and leaves his best upon his hands. To mark effectively the purpose of this as a comparative exhibition, the first classes of productions were of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and even anterior to that period. The fourth class were wares of the time of Anne and of George I., and others down to the time of Wedgwood: among whose productions were many of very great beauty, as a copy of the Portland Vase, Flaxman's Dolphin as a Candlestick, &c. Some of the earthenware copies of sculpture were remarkable for accuracy of imitation, but there is yet a dry crispness in the material which we hope to see one day obviated. Among these, Thorwaldsen's 'Mercury' and Danecker's 'Ariadne' were of remarkable beauty: the former is modelled from a bronze which was lent for that purpose by the Duke of Sutherland to Mr. Minton, of Stoke.

Nos. 35 to 92 are specimens of china and porcelain—"Parian and Statuary" porcelain; and under epithets so aspiring as these we look for something not unworthy of them; and we find accordingly, manufactured and exhibited by Messrs. Copeland and Garrett, a copy of an 'Apollo' in "statuary porcelain," after an original by Wyatt; also, by the same manufacturers, the 'Narcissus' of Gibson, modelled for the Art-Union of London; and in "Parian," by Messrs. Minton and Co., 'St. Joseph' and 'Ariadne.' From the manufactory of Messrs. Rose is contributed a May-flower Vase, "*after the Dresden.*" This is a work of rare beauty, and with respect to its being an imitation we shall have a remark or two to offer. A cup and saucer, manufactured and exhibited by Minton and Co., present a most absurd example of the singular fatuity of English prejudice in favour of foreign manufactures. This is an article entirely manufactured in England for the French market, whence it is reimported and sold—*even with the English manufacturer's name stamped on it*—as a French production, and accordingly lauded above everything that the home market could supply. This class of the exhibition contained many admirable works, to the mere names of which we are compelled to limit our notice—as the Stafford Bottle, a copy of the Portland Vase, Dragon-handled Vases with coloured embossments on various grounds, Sèvres Bottle, &c., by Minton and Co.; Porcelain Dessert Plate, Copeland and Garrett; a highly ornamented Vase, Messrs. Rose, &c. &c.

The next class comprehended specimens of the carvings of Messrs. Taylor, Williams, and Jordan—works which have been, as well as the process of their execution, spoken of by us in terms of the highest eulogy. Among the specimens of British glass were a large ruby-glass centre dish and stand; a vase in opaque white and pink transparent glass; specimens of glass vases exhibited by Mr. White, of Regent-street; glass busts, &c. Among the marble and mosaic works were many of great beauty: we may instance an oblong table-top, black ground, and inlaid with various granites, manufactured and contributed by the Pimlico Slate Company; copy of an obelisk, and other productions in Derbyshire black marble, &c. The specimen of block-printing by Mr. R. Horne shows very great enterprise, the subject being Murillo's 'Beggar Boys.' This is intended for paper-hangings, and at once opens inexhaustible stores of interesting subject-matter for interior decoration, infinitely more interesting than the unmeaning designs commonly in use. We noticed this improvement last month. We find also, as contributions to the Exhibition, the most recent improvements in bookbinding—all of which we have taken occasion to notice in reviewing the books which they ornament, as those of Gray's "Elegy," "Bürger's Leonora," "The Parables," "The Book of Common Prayer," &c. Some fine specimens of Papier Mâché—especially in inlaying—contributed by Messrs. Jennens and Bettridge, are among the leading attractions.

It is now a sufficiently well ascertained truth that there is no continental production—to what branch of manufacture soever it may belong, what degree of perfection soever may characterise it—that cannot be equalled, and in many instances surpassed, by ourselves; but the converse is not also true, that those branches of manufacture for which we are celebrated can be equally well imitated elsewhere. If the vulgar demand for French productions arose from what is to be called taste—for such a taste, according to the pith of an old adage, it would be vain to attempt to account; but, seeing that it arises from a deplorably blind and silly prejudice, we heartily recommend to the patrons of foreign inferiorities the spirit of an inquiring epoch. We find in the same feeling the manufacturers making their productions "after the Dresden," "from the French," &c. &c. To these all that we have to say is, we should be glad to see them aiming at originalities; let them produce designs of their own, and let them be called original, and labelled, "better than Sèvres," "better than Dresden," and we shall then be able most heartily to applaud their independence.

CUPID ARMED.

PAINTED BY W. HILTON, R.A.
ENGRAVED BY P. LIGHTFOOT.

The print which accompanies the present number of our Journal is a very admirable engraving, by an artist of high ability, from one of the best and most favourite pictures of the great Historical Painter of our age and country. It was painted in his best time—about the year 1820—and purchased at "the Exhibition" by Lord Northwick, whose noble gallery it adorns, and by whom it has been lent to us for publication in the ART-UNION.

William Hilton was born at Lincoln on the 3rd of June, 1786, and died at No. 40, Gower-street (the residence of his brother-in law, P. Dewint, Esq., the eminent painter in water-colours), on the 30th of December, 1839. His father was an artist,* and a native of Newark. To the church of that town the son subsequently presented a picture, as a tribute of filial respect. His father died in 1822, and his mother so recently as 1835. His sister, the only other child, is the wife of Mr. Dewint, the early associate and constant friend of the lamented painter. Mr. Hilton manifested a taste for the Arts at a very early period; his father was acquainted with John Raphael Smith, the eminent mezzotinto engraver (then residing in King-street, Covent-garden), with whom he placed his son in September, 1800. Mr. Dewint was his fellow-pupil. Hilton became, almost immediately, a student of the Royal Academy. In 1803 he first exhibited a picture, 'Banditti'; and he at once adopted that noble but unprofitable style which he never afterwards forsook. In 1804, his contribution was 'Hector reinspired by Apollo;' in 1806, 'Cephalis and Procus;' and in 1814 (when he was elected an Associate), 'Miranda and Ferdinand bearing a Log.' In 1820 he became a member of the Academy, exhibiting his diploma picture of 'Ganymede.' In December, 1827, he was appointed Keeper of the Royal Academy, in the room of Mr. Fuseli. The principal duty of "the Keeper" is to superintend and direct the students. In this station his assiduity was wonderful: he was always at hand to be consulted; ever ready with his advice, and constant with encouragement. He had the happy art of endearing to him those he taught, and their affection for the person became as strong as their respect for the talents of the teacher. The effects are notorious. Out of his school have proceeded many who are destined to adorn it. In the year 1835, the students presented to him a silver vase, in token of their gratitude and admiration. In February, 1828, Mr. Hilton married Justina, eldest daughter of the Rev. G. D. Kent, of Lincoln; she died after a very brief illness in 1835, leaving no family: her death was to the artist a most severe affliction, and he never altogether recovered from its effects. Mr. Hilton's health was at all times delicate, and he suffered much from frequent illness after he became keeper. He had thus, at the age of fifty-three, scarcely passed the meridian of life; and those who know the difficulties in the way of Art—that time, study, and matured learning alone can overcome—will believe that he had not reached the greatness of which his powerful mind was capable. His later years were passed, not only in physical sickness, but the sickness that arises from hope deferred; and it is not too much to say, that had he been cheered and not neglected, had his course been prosperous and his labours appreciated, he would have largely added to the works that give immortality to his name. We knew but little of him; from the statements and opinions of others we derive our impressions of his "goodness"; but we have seen him often pacing silently and pensively through the rooms of the Academy. His manners were mild and graceful; his voice was at all times low; and his demeanour peculiarly quiet: like all men of genius, he was modest, retiring, and unassuming. His forehead was high and broad; and his eye had a singular brilliancy, when lighted up by a momentary excitement. His fine intellectual countenance was always

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,"

and his step seemed heavy with the weight of unproductive labour.

* In the Royal Academy catalogue for 1778, we find the name of "William Hilton, 399, Strand:" the work he exhibited was a 'Portrait of a Gentleman.' We presume this was Mr. Hilton's father. It does not afterwards occur.

Painted by William Hilton R.A.

Engraved by P. Lightfoot

CUPID ARMED.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE
IN THE COLLECTION OF THE RIGHT HON. LORD NORTHWICK.

Printed by James Bates.

Proof Impressions on India Paper 5/-

PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY IN THE ART-UNION JOURNAL.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.*

The origin of ballad-poetry has been the same in all parts of the world; for such is the shape assumed by those traditions which stand in the place of written record in the early age of every nation. And all ballad-poetry has common themes—prowess in battle and the fortunes of love. The earlier Latin literature, like that of every other language, owes everything to epic ballad—and what, after all, are the works of Homer, but the most splendid examples of heroic metrical narrative? The war-song and the song of triumph have ever been heard among warlike races in their various conditions more or less removed from barbarism; and not only among them have they been popular, but also extensively so among civilized nations, only with the difference between a written and an oral narrative. There are so many authentic allusions to an earlier Latin literature, that the existence of such cannot be doubted; nor can the character of this literature be questioned. The early history of Rome stands upon a basis of fable—a reduction from the metrical chants of the earliest days of the state. True it is, that we possess only the works of the second school of Latin poetry, of which Ennius was considered the father. Ennius himself was in his lifetime very highly esteemed, and his works, after his death, were more valued than during his existence, but what of his numerous productions has descended to us? We cannot wonder, if works of a man so admired should be lost, that the compositions of those antecedent to him should have also perished. Cicero, quoting Ennius, asks, emphatically, where, in his time, these poetical remains were — "Quid?"—says he, "Nostri veteres versus ubi sunt?

> "Quos olim Fauni vatesque canebant
> Cum neque musarum scopulos quisquam superárat
> Nec dicti studiosus erat."

And it is examples of these compositions—when men were thus rude of speech—that Mr. Macaulay here presents to us. The volume contains four lays, severally entitled, "Horatius," "The Battle of Lake Regillus," "Virginia," and "The Prophecy of Capys." —The first is the Story of Horatius Cocles, a lay made about the year of the city 360. The second is supposed to have been produced about ninety years after the Lay of Horatius, and relates to the victory gained by the Romans over the Etrurians, headed by the Tarquins, in the year of the city 258. "Virginia," consists of fragments of a lay sung in the Forum on the day whereon Lucius Sextus Sextinus Lateranus and Caius Licinius Calvus Stolo were elected tribunes of the people, for the fifth time, in the year of the city 382. The "Prophecy of Capys" is a poem which was chaunted at a banquet in the capital on the occasion of the triumph of Curius Dentatus after his victory over the Tarentines in the year of the city 474. In rendering these poems, Mr. Macaulay has adopted ballad metres, the style of which may be supposed to be well suited to such poets as those to whom Ennius alludes. The book is beautifully brought out, being profusely illustrated with designs on wood, original and from the antique, all truly charming in taste and perfectly classic in character. Of these, we are enabled to present three examples, from "Virginia,"—the first being from that part of the poem which ascribes to her a song describing the visit of the princes to Lucretia. The second represents the immediately consequent event, showing the Forum crowded with figures, the principal of which on the left is Appius Claudius, the worst of the 'wicked ten,' who sees for the first time Virginia—a figure passing on the extreme right. Near Claudius are his attendants; the remainder of the figures are citizens, and other habitual frequenters of the Forum. The third cut

represents the funeral of Virginia, the last cut in the poem and a composition of deep and affecting interest.

We should have been glad to have afforded examples of the powerful and emphatic style of these poems; but from this we are precluded by want

of room. So beautiful are the whole of the cuts, that even in a random selection nothing of even a moderate degree of excellence could have been chosen. In as far as they could be appropriated,

they consist of antique designs from various collections; the other groups and compositions are productions of the artist, remarkable for their classic taste and exquisite execution. We have met with no work more pure in classic taste than this by Mr. Macaulay

* Lays of Ancient Rome. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Published by Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

THE FLOWER-GROUPS OF M. BRAUN.

MIDSUMMER EVE; A FAIRY TALE OF LOVE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART THE FOURTH.

LONG and dangerous illness, of many months' duration, confined Lady Elizabeth Talbot to the solitude of Ard-Flesk; and, much to her delight, Cormac, her beloved, but most wayward, son, declared (instead of going abroad, as she had, after much entreaty, consented he should,) his desire to remain with her; the opinion of Sidney was not asked: in all things he was assumed to be the shadow of his cousin. A marked change had come over these youths—each had grown distrustful of the other; their companionship had been of the closest kind; alike in person, connected by blood, brought up together from earliest childhood—still they had never been friends; there was neither the bond nor the influence of sympathy between them—nothing, at least, of that vital sympathy which not only creates, but continues to invigorate, true friendship. Tastes may differ—pursuits may be widely opposite—a thousand minor sensations, or even sentiments, may divide without separating—differences may even be many and oppositions not unfrequent—but FRIENDS must think and feel alike upon all great subjects; there must be mutual faith; mutual respect; each uplooking to the other's immaculate honour and truth; there must be no hope-lagging—no cowardly mistrust: neither closed hearts, nor sealed lips; there must be a generous forbearance, and a pliant, if not a gentle, humour in all whom God ordains to act the glorious part of "friend." From necessity, or circumstances, companionship often creeps through years of human life; and so, these youths might have proceeded in good tune one with the other, had not a sudden jar destroyed the harmony which had grown of habit rather than of choice. Yet Sidney cherished a deep and earnest regard for Cormac; he was of an affectionate nature—he had loved him, and thought that gratitude commanded he should continue to do so. At times, Cormac's better angel triumphed, and he pondered what he had discovered that forced him to consider Sidney with estranged feelings. It is true they went and came together; in society they seemed almost as before, except that perhaps a harshly expressed opinion would escape from the one, and a look of reproach from the other; and once a bitter taunt broke from Cormac's lips, which roused Sidney to a reply so firmly brave, that the colour faded from the young heir's cheek, until it became white and livid: Lady Elizabeth looked up from the sofa, and demanded what it meant? She heard the answer but not the provocation, and as Cormac had immediately quitted the room, Sidney was too generous to exonerate himself by explanation; thus the mother thought her son had been wounded by the one who ought to shield him from all unkindness; and when afterwards she questioned Cormac, she heard, much to her pain, that Sidney was hourly proving himself unworthy the affection they had both lavished upon him. She heard this, and though not quite as quick to believe it, as Cormac imagined she ought to have been—still it dwelt upon her mind, and moved her greatly to her nephew's disadvantage. Cormac did not tell his mother that the same night the harsh words had passed between them, Sidney followed him to his room, wept true and earnest tears of sorrow at the falling away of their affection; and was met by indifference so chilling—indifference so closely bordering upon insolence—that he occupied the remainder of the night in questioning himself, and resolving as to what his future course must be; but for one besetting memory he would have bounded from the window to which he pressed a brow so heated, that neither the gentle moonlight, nor the midnight air, could relieve its throbbings—and have rushed upon the world, strong in the strength of an independent and manly nature. Nothing could be more soothing than the calmness and stillness which prevailed over the sleeping world—yet he was insensible to its influence—his young mind was a chaos—his brain refused its office to calm the beatings of his heart; and at length his head sunk upon his arm, and he entreated aid and direction from the Power that is never appealed to in vain: supplicating Him who listeneth in darkness as well as in light, and whose ear is never deaf when sorrow and trouble speak rightly! Comforted in spirit, his thoughts arranged themselves harmoniously; hope, with its train of blessings, re-entered his mind, and, looking upwards, he wondered if one he loved watched the stars as he did—at that hour—when

Nature was most tranquil and most pure. Suddenly the Woodcutter laid his hand upon the window whereby Sidney stood; but the youth had grown so accustomed to his appearance at all times and places, that he had ceased to be surprised—meet him where he would.

"I heard every word you said, Master Sidney, dear," said the poor fellow; "and much good has it done us both, sir. It's a fine thing to open the heart and let all the bad out and take in the good that's sure to come at our bidding. A shut heart is neither for God nor man! But wicked things are always busy about, sir: only they may be overcome; and I'll tell you a story about that:—"I saw a mighty purty sight once, Master Sidney. You know I can't abide the eagles in the air: thieving robbers they ever and always were, and cruel; if people knew as much about them as I do, they'd change their mind, and not call them royal birds—for no reason that I know of, except that they're high above themselves; nor I can't bear spiders, sir; they're the very moral of attorneys, spinning all that's in them out, to catch fools; grabbing everything they can into their own nets, and if they've nothing else to do, devouring each other; though the old mother spider will take care of her eggs, if she's very hungry, she'll eat her young ones. Now, Master Sidney, there was one of them, with a speckled body as big as a thrush's egg, and long hairy legs, and goggle eyes—a great deceiver intirely; his net so fine, that the midges could'nt see it, and so strong, that it would hold a cock-chafer; he was the terror of all the butterflies and bees in the neighbourhood, and though in his den were heaps of bones, he kept his net so clean and beautiful, that it looked like a rainbow in a ring. The 'good people' themselves, were bothered with him intirely, for though he had no power over *them*, he was always trapping some of their favourites; the soft young bees—out, for the first time, to try their strength—or the innocent moths, and the dancing flies, and scarlet ladybirds; no matter what, he never cared, and when one I know, sent her lord chancellor to call him to order, he said he'd desire no better company than his lordship in his den; he was as grate a robber, and more unnatural, than the wildest fox on the Toomies mountain; well, sir, the lord chancellor brought back such a report of his strength, and his poison fangs, and I don't know what, that no one cared to go near him; until a wise butterfly, that has carried *some one* I know, in the shelter of her beautiful wings, many and many a sunny hour, so that not even a sunbeam saw her, said, 'I'll away to punish this evil spider. And the butterfly set a trap-cage, and baited it with a delicacy the spider loved; and the lord chancellor said, 'it is useless, behold he is already bloated with too much; his appetite is palled; you could tempt the hungry with food, but not such a spider as that.' And the butterfly bent her great horns in respect to the law lord, but for all that she kept her own opinion. 'Greediness,' she said, 'has never enough; even as the rich men of earth seek to heap one guinea on another, so will this greedy spider distend his spotted skin to add one morsel to another; it is only the wise and good who understand *enough*.' And she set her trap-cage, and the spider felt the vibration of his net, and he waggled from one side to the other, and at last clasped the cage with his long legs; but could not move it; so he went to the other side, and found two bars open. 'Oh, oh!' he said; 'oh, oh! now I can get in and feast,' and in he went, and when he was safe, down went the bars, AND THE BUTTERFLY BORE HIM AWAY IN TRIUMPH, to wait the judgment which all impure doers must meet sooner or later.

"I think more about such things since the last sickness I had; only the cares of the good people that depend so much on me, and Miss Eva, and yourself, come across me—and that bothered and bothering ould creature, Kitty Kelly, she sets me foaming—she's so worldly-minded! Oh, then, isn't a worldly-minded woman a woful thing! You remember the flowers you gave Miss Eva? The darling settled them in her own *chaney* bowl, and I watched her looking at and trimming them with her heart in her eye. 'Is there any new kind of flower among them, miss darling?' I said to her, pretending innocence, as she kept taking them in an out of the water. 'No, Randy,' she answers, 'none.' 'Because ye're such a while giving them the last touch,' I said again. She never turned round to smile at me, as she often does, but carried them away, and I couldn't help thinking how much fairer the living flowers of the Almighty's garden are than all the flowers of the field. Now, sir, would you believe it, but the minute Kitty Kelly got Miss Eva's back turned, she threw them all out, and filled the bowl full of the fruit Master Cormac had brought her!"

"And what did she?" inquired the almost breathless Sidney.

"She cast *them* out, sir—flung them over the lawn. I wish you had only seen what I saw," continued the Woodcutter, as, seized by one of his fits of sudden wildness, he clapped his hands; "there they went! Hurroo! rolling past Kitty's window. She could not see what I saw; and thinking they kept going on of themselves, cried out to know 'what ailed them, hopping in the grass?' Well they might hop!—well they might roll! three little fellows

kicking one apple! Hurroo!—two at a strawberry! How pleased they were to see the rich fruit scorned, because of the rich giver—that was sport! How they danced!—you'll hardly believe it; but it's as true as that the

moon is shining. I've seen the Queen herself sitting like a star on Miss Eva's forehead, and she never a bit the wiser! but," he added, sorrowfully, "there must have been talk about it; for an hour after I heard the jewel sobbing in her little chamber, and the mistress had a troubled look; but keep a good heart, Master Sidney—it's grate fortune is before you, sir—grate luck! Sure there isn't one about the place this minute that doesn't love you before any other—"

"That's not 'luck,' either to them or to me," interrupted Sidney—

"And only wishes you were in it, instead of them that are—."

"God forbid," said the youth; "and you must not say this—nor think it. My cousin will be a blessing to you all hereafter, when I shall be far—far away,—perhaps to return to you no more."

"Whisht! whisht!" exclaimed the Woodcutter, "and don't be doubting that way! I've seen all about it, as if it was in a book; but they'd be angry if I told you, dear, and, maybe, let me see no more—but it's grate, sir—grate; there's a thrifle of crossings, and deaths—but they're as nothing to the grateness that's far off!"

"My poor fellow!" exclaimed Sidney, laying his hand kindly and fondly to the shaggy head that rested on the stone-sill, as though it had been a pillow of down—"My poor fellow! I am sure you wish me well!"

"Wish you well! enagh? Wish you well! I wish the red-deer that salutes me in the glen, the innocent hare—the shy thing that never winks as I pass; the robin that gathers my crumbs; the corn-crake, that keeps me nightly company; and the singing grasshopper that turns into the cricket, and tells all about summer to the winter fire on the warm hearthstone;—I wish every one of them well; and don't I wish something more than *that* to you!—*you* who saved HER, when the little light of sense I have was taken, and my arms had no strength, and my feet no swiftness. Oh, Master Sidney, you've been nursed away from your own land, or you'd know that a *cowld* word is as bad as a stab to an Irish heart: wish you well—avourneen!" He turned his honest face upwards as he spoke, as if desiring the stars to bear witness to his truth, and Sidney saw that his eyes were full of tears. "She," he added, pointing to the moon, and speaking rapidly—"she knows me better than you; and often while I'm alone with her through the night, I think of the time when, maybe, I shall look down from her mountains upon the mountains I love so well; is that a sin, Master Sidney? I'd rather it wasn't; for though I'd be sorry to stay ever and always in this world, when the things I love would be going from me; still, if it was only in shadows, or the same as the clouds above there, I'd like to think that when I'm gone from Glena, and never to hear the echoes of the Gap again, or gather the heath on the Purple Mountain, or arrow heads off the Reeks—that I could look on the cabin were I was born, and the beautiful lakes I've lived among ever since; is it a sin, dear, to think of looking down on one's own grave, and watching to see who comes near it!" Sidney was himself so much affected, that he found it difficult to dry the tears to which the poor Woodcutter had yielded. "Midsummer will soon be with us again," he continued. "I can see the MIDGES DANCING TO THE MUSIC you cannot hear. But the Queen's to the fore, herself, this year!"

"Do you hear that, my young Master," he added, as the echo of the cock's earliest matin crow died away in the distance. "There's something awful in the way them birds hear the march of morning sounding down from the sky, and tell it to the world; there's no streak of light in the heavens; the stars are not winking; the Lady Moon looks quiet enough: the very tops of the highest mountains don't know it yet; but *he* does; he knows what o'clock it is, as well as if he had a Dublin repeater under his wing. It's as thrue as you're there, Master Sidney, with your eyes fixed on me, and your mind wandering about Dovecote; the very Kelpie, I've told you so much about, was often inconvanienced by rising to the top of the lake, when she should have remained at the bottom; and she thought if she could coax a grey cock to come with her, she'd have a good time-teller always at hand and know more than her neighbours; Kelpies were ever and always fond of playing at horses, and so she turned herself into one, and came streeling, and looking mighty asy-going, about the yard, where the early cock used to be scraping up a living for his wives and families. 'Are you ever hungry?' she says, 'Often,' says he, 'for, in coorse, I must do for them craythurs before I think of myself.' 'Come with me,' she says, 'I'll carry you on my back to where you'll have full and plenty, and no trouble, and jewels to hang about your neck, and nothing to do, only tell the hours.' 'I'm grately obleeged to your honour, and I'll serve you gaily,' says the cock, 'and faithfully, to the hour of my death!' 'When he's too ould to crow,' thinks the Kelpie, 'he'll give grate sport to my coort, hunting him. Are you coming,' she says. 'In a minute,' says he; 'I'm only gathering my wives and children to put them up first.' 'But they can't crow,' says the Kelpie, 'and I don't want them; I have not enough to feed all your wives and children.' 'Then I'll stay where I am,' says the gallant cock; 'I'm not going to leave all my little chickens and their mothers, and my hatching hens, to the mercy of a cowld starving world, with no one to take care of them or purtect them. I should be ashamed to crow if I was guilty of such maneness.' 'Well, bring 'em,' said the Kelpie, spitefully. The cock looked up at the horse, where it was snorting

and blowing, and clapt his wings. 'No,' he answered, 'we'll stay where we are; no good comes from those who tempt us to forget the duties we are all hatched to perform. I'm grately obleeged; but I'll have nothing to do with you; so the sooner you are off the better.'"

"Can you read the planets," inquired Sidney, abstractedly.

"Not as well as I do palms; but there's grate reading in Nature, Master Sidney: what do you think of the story I told you?"

"Truly, Randy, I did not hear it."

"I thought as much," replied the Woodcutter; "its wonderful: when the heart talks loud, how deaf the ears grow to everything else!"

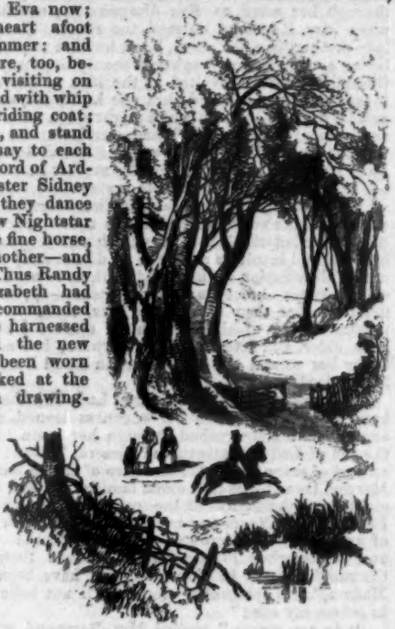
The Woodcutter wended his way towards the cottage, and Sidney threw himself on his bed, to dream what dreams he could.

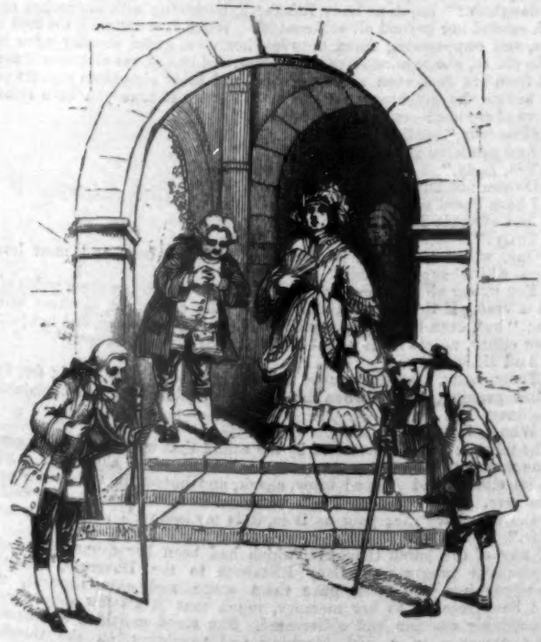
After the events of that day, Cormac and Sidney avoided each other, by unspoken, but mutual, consent; and the Lady Elizabeth grew towards her nephew first cold, and then bitter; it was hard to bear, and harder still, when Sidney implored her to tell him in what he had offended; to hear words drop like icicles from her lips—words, which carried conviction that the affection she had once borne him had departed. He wrote to his father: the reply attributed blame, and advised conciliation. It was only when wandering around Dovecote, when hearing Eva's voice, when assisting in her missions of charity, when singing the same song, or READING THE SAME BOOK WITH

HER that he was happy; and yet "happy" is but a cold word to express his emotions—the emotions of his deep, earnest, engrossing love. It was his life—more, far more, than his life; a ministering angel she was of all the holy offices that make blessings here, and lead to heaven hereafter. Cormac, too, often brought to the Dovecote the passions of his ardent and stormy nature; he was Sidney's cousin, and, therefore, was for a time welcomed by Eva; he was Lady Elizabeth's son—the heir of Ard-Fleak—that secured a welcome from her mother.

It had chanced that on the Midsummer Eve which followed the rescue of Eva from the waters, Lady Elizabeth arose in an angry humour; it was true her little starched maid had been with her the previous night, until the matin crow of the early cock; it is true that her ladyship had been tart and snappish to Cormac during the previous week; that she had hinted "that sons had their own purposes to serve when they remained with mothers;" that she read a homily to both the young men on the evils of low connections; that she had spent half the day in studying Rochefoucault, and the other half in repeating his maxims; that her mind was filled with an extraordinary "something" that would not be content quietly to subside into nothing, as was the case usually; both the youths felt that some event must happen, but there was between them no confidence as of old, and they could but resolve their own thoughts; Cormac glared fiercely upon Sidney, who met the glare with the calm light of eyes so full of truth and power, that his cousin for an instant turned inquiry into himself—rapidly, but not satisfactorily.

"It's little use, I'm to Miss Eva," mused the Woodcutter, as he traced the progress of Sidney through the dew of the meadow that led to Dovecote; "it's little use I'm to Miss Eva now; and that brave young heart afoot before the sun at Midsummer: and Master Cormac will be here, too, before noon, only he comes a visiting on a high trotting horse, decked with whip and spur, and a green gay riding coat; and the children salute him, and stand still as he rides by, and say to each other, 'that's the young lord of Ard-Fleak;' but they bless Master Sidney when he goes along, and they dance before him in his path. How Nightstar scorns the gay youth on the fine horse, who brings gifts to the mother—and distress to the child!" Thus Randy thought, before Lady Elizabeth had arisen from her bed, and commanded that four horses should be harnessed to the family coach, and the new liveries which had never been worn since a royal duchess looked at the "fittings" of her London drawing-rooms, and deigned to observe that they were very well—"for her!" Her ladyship ordered forth the new liveries, and commanded her little maid to array her in the costly folds of a scarlet cashmere, while a plume of white feathers descended over her left shoulder; and, as she stood on the stone steps of the ancient house, the butler and porter bowed behind her, and the footmen, with dress bouquets, bowed before, and waited her ladyship's ascent to her carriage; yet none of them





had the remotest idea as to where her ladyship was going; if the little lady's-maid knew, she kept her secret well.

"Where to, my lady?" inquired the head footman, and the coachman bent down his head to listen; and the porter and butler extended their necks, and the other footman, although he looked indifferent, opened his ears, and Cormac's bloodhound, Keeldar, rose up from his lair, and after peering from beneath his eyes, and shaking, growled; and her ladyship's own old spaniel wheezed to be taken up; and the footman, after a long pause, repeated the question, "Where to, my lady?"

"Drive on!" replied Lady Elizabeth; "and drive fast, particularly through the village: I cannot endure the sight of misery."

"She can't abide the sight of misery," repeated the porter to the butler; "I wonder she doesn't put them out of it!"

"It's against law to make a fire and burn the poor," said the butler, as he kicked the spaniel his mistress had committed to his tender care.

"A little would do it!" continued the porter, musingly; "a little goes a great way in charity; anyhow, the people who give are of that opinion; but a little *would* do it here; and sure she'd not be troubled with such pains about her heart, or such meagrims and things in her head—if she'd try: just relieve one or two families as an experiment. Randy has a fable about that—of how a fine sick lady grew better as her purse grew lighter; and whenever she gave a guinea she lost an ache! Well, it's a curious world, and I will always say so," he continued, as he sunk gradually into his chair; "a very curious world, and of all places I ever was in, this is the strangest and most unnatural. I never get through a quiet night's rest, and I don't know one that does; the house is bewitched—that's the truth!"

When the carriage and horses of Lady Elizabeth Talbot stood at the road entrance to Dovecote, it was nearly as long as the cottage itself. Numbers gazed upon it, in the distance, speculating upon the visit, and fearing that, having heard of her beauty, the "proud lady" was going to take Eva away—just as beautiful damsels of old were "lifted" by enchantment. The old weathercock turned and creaked so audibly, that the coachman turned his eyes upwards, and the startled inhabitants of the old tower, in their turn, fixed their eyes on him, until every leaf seemed instinct with life. The horses reared and snorted, and in one of the ruined windows of the tower, Randy's head was set as in a frame-work of knotted ivy. It was in vain the coachman shook his whip, and the footmen extended their gold-headed canes towards him; he continued muttering and gesticulating, until, as some of his expressions reached their ears, they were awed into silence by the "Fairy Man."

The majestic lady entered as Eva, more in sadness than in joy, was drawing up the strings of her harp. Lady Elizabeth had a keen perception of the beautiful, and her taste had been rendered fastidious by a long acquaintance with the best models of classic beauty; she brought all living creatures to the test of the Grecian statue; and, consequently, refused to be satisfied with much that less fastidious critics called "perfection." But when she passed within the sanctuary of that humble cottage, and met the beaming eyes of the young girl, who received her with a heightened colour, but with no more confusion of manner than youth and modesty render graceful, the lady forgot for a few brief moments the object of her mission—completely overpowered by the loveliness she could scarcely believe was real; after gazing on her silently until Eva turned from her high-bred stare, "I wished," she said, "to see your mother, young lady. I do not desire to give you pain."

"Nor her!" exclaimed Eva—the expression of her face changing to one of deep anxiety. "You cannot surely wish to give my mother pain? If it must be—let me suffer instead: Lady, we are one in heart and soul—we have no secrets from each other. Oh, do not give my mother pain."

Lady Elizabeth gazed again upon that form, trembling with emotion; many thoughts crowded her mind, jostling each other with fearful rapidity; but one prevailed above the rest: all her arts, all her indulgence—her wealth, her rank—all she had in the emptiness of her hollow soul, most coveted—all she had lavishly bestowed—all had failed to procure *her* a tithe of such love! Whence came it? "Do you then love your mother so very dearly?" she inquired, taking her hand, and looking earnestly and inquiringly into her faultless face.

"Love my mother!" repeated Eva, almost unconsciously; "surely every child loves its mother."

"Yes," replied Lady Elizabeth, "in a degree; but you look so much love. Love such as *I* have met with, has its own purposes to work out; have *you* no purpose in this love?"

"Oh, yes, Lady; a great—great—purpose; the purpose of deserving and keeping hers."

"Now tell me truly, young lady, have you no secret hid away from your mother in some dark corner of your heart?"

"None!" she said, and the light of truth shone in her eyes; "none!"

"You are born to be believed," answered Lady Elizabeth, unconsciously dropping the hand, "do you not know me?"

"I know to what house this noble dog belongs," answered Eva, laying her hand on the bloodhound, who had preceded his mistress: the dog turned, and placed his head under the hand that offered the caress.

"You must know Keeldar well: he would hardly do so much to me; and they say his race never caress those who are not of gentle blood."

"He does not lose caste by caressing a Raymond!" was Eva's reply—proud in words, but not in tone; it sounded a truth—not a boast; "I know the poor fellow well, Lady Elizabeth; he always accompanies his master."

"Then you admit that Mr. Talbot is a visitor here?" inquired the lady, unable to repress her astonishment at finding Eva so self-possessed concerning a subject upon which her own anxiety made it difficult to enter.

"We see him occasionally, and I am always pleased when he brings Keeldar; the dog is so noble and so true."

"Do you then prefer the dog to the master?"

"I am fond of Keeldar," said Eva, pulling his ears, and smiling brightly.

A few hours past, and Lady Elizabeth would have rejoiced; now she felt offended—offended that anything belonging to herself, but her son particularly, should be regarded with indifference; her senses were captivated by the beauty and gentle frankness of the lovely girl who stood before her, in all the purity of innocence and youth. She had heard that poets had such themes, and painters such models; but she believed that poetry and art were more indebted to the imagination of both, than to Nature. She was one of the many who go through life disbelieving in Nature, considering it the indication of shepherds and milkmaids, and assimilating it so closely with vulgarity, that at length the two are considered inseparable.

"Poor Keeldar!" continued Eva, caressing the animal; "he is so generous! He shows his high descent by gentleness to the little dogs that bark in his path; he would not catch a leveret, or harm a nestling; he protects even the wild birds that gather in our mimic lakes: dear Keeldar!"

"And you like him better than his master," repeated Lady Elizabeth, fixing her penetrating eyes upon the fair face which beamed upon her.

"Mr. Talbot is your son, Lady Elizabeth," replied Eva, "and intends us all kindness; but—I am very, very fond of Keeldar."

"Mr. Talbot would appreciate the compliment," said the lady, proudly; "yet," she added, thinking, as worldlings do, that truth is but seeming, and finding it impossible to believe that Eva could be really indifferent to the son and heir of General and Lady Elizabeth Talbot, "yet, by your own admission, he has been here without my knowledge; is it not so?"

A hue of deep indignant crimson flushed Eva's cheek. "Without your knowledge, Lady! Why without your knowledge?" The girl looked timidly, and yet, frankly, towards the imperious woman.

"I will not talk with her," she muttered to herself: "there is a spell, a power, a fascination about her, such as I never met before. I pray you," she continued, aloud, "send your mother, hither."

"Lady Elizabeth, I entreat!" exclaimed Eva, advancing.

"I will not speak with you again!" she said hastily, turning away from the eloquence of her beseeching look. "I seek audience of your mother." "She would honour the choice of an emperor," was the thought that rushed through her mind, as Eva disappeared; nor had she arranged her plans when Mrs. Raymond entered the room. The greeting was brief; and the lady-mother, in a few short, hard, hurried words, reproached Geraldine with laying a snare in her daughter's beauty to entrap the heir of a noble house. Geraldine's nature revolted at the idea of her child's name being so used. It is not to be questioned that she had built, as mothers often will, a lofty palace, wherein her soul's idol might reign—a triple queen—of riches, love, and beauty; but Eva herself had overthrown the structure, by casting back to Cormac the proffer of his love. The knowledge of her child's scorn of what Lady Elizabeth valued, roused the mother into forgetfulness of all save that she had a child to justify and to protect.

"I do not think," she said, and her voice rang upon the lady's ear, like an echo of the voice she had heard a few moments previous; "I do not think your ladyship's rank or wealth entitle you to enter a house, however humble, and insult its mistress. I do not deny that your son has spoken to me of his affection for my child; but, as it was not returned; as she told me on her knees—her eyes streaming tears—that she would suffer a thousand deaths rather than receive his love, there was no need to trumpet to his mother the fact of his rejection. I confess I should have rejoiced had he been older, and had it been otherwise; but not now! Yet I would not suffer her to wed the best prince in broad Europe, without a welcome from his kindred."

"Refuse my son!" murmured Lady Elizabeth, and she clutched in her hand the stick whereon her weakness leaned, and all the grandeur of her ancestry and state rushed through her brain in wild confusion. "Refuse the son of Lady Elizabeth and General Talbot! the sister and daughter of an earl of seven descents! the hero of eleven battles and two forlorn hopes! Married three times into ducal families in less than fifty years! Received eight times the thanks of the commander-in-chief, and once the thanks of Parliament! Never had even a younger son in any profession, saving that of arms, for three hundred and thirty years! Cousin to half the peerage, and O'Donoghue of the lakes! Fifteen thousand a-year, and forty-five thousand pounds in diamonds, that have been heir-looms twenty times! Madam," she continued, aloud, "I'll not believe that your daughter dared to refuse my son!"

"As you please," replied Mrs. Raymond, with a dignity which at once compelled Lady Elizabeth to feel that she had forgotten herself; "will you permit me to ring for your ladyship's carriage."

"No, madam; will you do me the favour to let me once more speak to your daughter?" inquired Lady Elizabeth, trembling with unchecked rage, which carried her beyond all self-control. When Eva entered, she took her hands, and compressing them between her own, gazed steadily upon her. As she did so, she regained her composure, and by degrees all traces of anger faded from her face, even as the densest and most obnoxious vapours pass away before the brightness of the morn. "Is it true you have refused the love of my son:—refused it earnestly?"

"Most true," replied Eva.

"And you have done this of yourself?"

"Yes, Lady."

"Do you not know that he is rich?"

"I have heard so," she answered, carelessly.

"And of noble descent?"

"Truly!"

"One, whom once seen in the world, all high-born and most lovely maidens will labour to allure!"

"You wrong all high-born maidens, Lady, in supposing them guilty of so mean a craft; if they loved him indeed!" she continued, blushing as she spoke; "but, even then, they would surely wait to be wooed, and not permit wooing either, unless feeling that love could be given in return."

"And did *you* thus?"

"Truly, Lady, I hardly know. I hope I did—I think I did; for, from the first evening, when—when his cousin saved my life, he complained of my coldness."

"Who? Sidney!"

The tell-tale blood, summoned by the sound that was music in her ears—a name that nestled in her pure young heart—rushed in a glowing current from its citadel, and steeped brow, cheek, and bosom, in the deep roseate hue of love. "He saved my life," she murmured; "I could not be cold to him who saved my life; poor as it is, it is my mother's world. He saved my life."

If any of the harsh thoughts, which had been her counsellors during the pompous progress of Lady Elizabeth to the Dovecote, had time to whisper her who often gave them scope and entertainment, they would have recalled to her memory, much that Eva's few simple words and maidenly emotion had obliterated. She stood mortified and abashed in the presence of a girl, blushing and trembling, on the threshold of a new sensation, which, according to her destiny, was to guide her from her cradle to her grave. Lady Elizabeth would have gloried

in her power to tear asunder two loving hearts, casting the tenderest to perish — a trophy of the power of her house; but now that Eva had put away Cormac's love, as a thing of no value — and, as she saw, cherished another affection in its stead, she would have sacrificed many of her diamond heir-looms to have been her arbiter of fate. She expected a triumph — she experienced a defeat; and angered — but not humbled — she still clasped Eva's hands in hers, while the girl again murmured, "he saved my life!" Strange to say, no rejoicing came over the spirit of Lady Elizabeth that her son was safe from the snare she considered to have been spread for him; but every feeling at length merged into that of indignation — that a Talbot and her son, should have subjected himself to rejection by a simple cottage girl — "and the growth (as her heart in its contraction designated her nephew), the growth of her charity substituted in his place." Some moments elapsed before she recovered self-possession to resume her courtliness; to tell Mrs. Raymond, that, as a mother, she could excuse a mother's anxiety; that she had been misinformed — led to believe, that the passing fancy of a youth's mind was a serious matter; that she should never forget her young friend's discretion; that her son, as a Talbot, could not of course remember such a circumstance, save as a mere boyish fancy; that she admired, above all things, the disinterested conduct of the fair inmates of the Dovecote." These and other words she spoke as rapidly as she could give them utterance — never alluding to Sidney, or seeking to resume the inquiry she had commenced with so much ardour. To these apologies Mrs. Raymond listened with dignified silence, curtseying, as Lady Elizabeth withdrew from the most unsatisfactory visit she had ever made. Was it her irritated nerves that conjured up the sound, or did peal after peal of low musical and yet ironical laughter ring amid the leaves that tangled on the walls of the old tower? And why did the swallow stoop so low in its wheeling flight that the ruffle of its wings agitated the feathers which drooped upon the proud lady's shoulders; and why did Eva's robins rush into the martins' nests that clustered beneath the thatch, to get out of her way; and why did the two old fleshy-faced bats, who were never seen but after sun-set, peer down from their grey stones, and scream, and squeak like monkeys: while the white-eared owl who followed the weather-cock from whence it came, and mused beneath its sheltered base, in half-sleepy silence on atmospheric changes, and the increasing scarcity of mice—why did he brave the sun, and with winking eyes, hoot like a maniac? The very atmosphere became uncomfortable to Lady Elizabeth, for she could hardly breathe. Little knew the proud lady that her discomfiture at the Dovecote had been reported — long before she had passed its threshold—to Eva's guardian. Randy had descended from the tower, and taken his seat on the centre of a mound, underneath the old gable, beside which the lady must pass ere she issued

from the gate; while, peering from a broken window, Kitty Kelly also watched—with different feelings and opposite conclusions. The countenance of the Woodcutter was expressive of sly triumph; there was a volume of quaint joy in his rough face, as the news was brought to him by a troop of tiny beings, invisible to all but him; who, though they spoke no word, indicated by a thousand merry antics, that a great victory had been achieved. They vanished as suddenly as they came; and the next moment Randy stood beside the garish footmen, hat in hand.

"Glad to see your Ladyship abroad to hear the blessings of the poor, and to thank you myself for the fine shelter your honour put over me when I was down in the sickness in your Ladyship's wood," and he bowed with uncouth solemnity.

"He speaks of sickness!" said the Lady to the footmen; "I never remember relieving him."

"Maybe your Ladyship hasn't the best of memories,—I *have*," observed the Woodcutter, still with seeming respect. "Do you ever think of Dives and Lazarus?" he questioned; and in an instant his manner changed, his eyes rolled and sparkled, and the terrified Lady shrunk into a corner of the carriage. "Stand back," he continued, addressing the servants who would have removed him—"and let the coachman get his horses to stir if he can!"—My Lady, the brightness of your diamonds will not light you to glory — nor gold, that never brought sunshine to a poor man's house, make soft your bed in heaven! Don't have the sin on ye any longer of showing the *power* of wealth to the poor and not letting them taste its sweetness. This makes them breakers of God's law. Yet I oughtn't to be hard on ye! The heart-trouble that bothers you day and night gives you a vexed look! There isn't a poor half-starved *colleen* that gathers wild strawberries on Glena, would take your place and your trouble along with it. Whisper—you wanted a daughter as well as a son, but she's not for you," he said, pointing his finger derisively; "he's not so bad, but she's for his betters."

"Take me home!" exclaimed Lady Elizabeth.

"Take her," said the Woodcutter, with increasing wildness of manner—"to where the body we pamper must go to, whatever becomes of the rest—to the little cold wet grave, that all the violets in the world can't sweeten! Go to Mucross, my Lady, and learn your lesson there. The thigh bones of strong men, that carried them through the wars of life—now white and powdery; the bare empty skulls of proud and beautiful ladies, with hairy worms for ringlets—are there. Drive her to Mucross! Hurroo!"

The horses, frightened by the yell, set off at full gallop; but when the carriage arrived at Ard-Flesk, Lady Elizabeth was so overcome by terror, that she was carried by her servants to her dressing-room.

"And mother!" questioned Eva, on the evening of that day, as she sat on a low stool at her mother's feet, in the depth of their oriel window; "Were the ladies of rank whom you met before you married, and of whom you tell me so little—were they like that proud unhappy lady who grieved us so much this morning."

"Not many like her, dearest; but some, whose heads are not sufficiently strong for the giddy height on which they stand,—certainly, a little like her."

"Poor thing!" she exclaimed; "now it is all over, and I look back upon her and her words—I am so thankful that my lot is not cast in the noisy world." I feel as if I never could be happy there; it must be so like struggling in a torrent"—and she shuddered at the remembrance.

"You cannot live always here, my child! you must not."

"Why, mother?"

"Your education will need perfecting."

"Nay, mother! are not you my teacher?"

"There is much I do not know—much that you must learn; besides, women have a destiny of usefulness and knowledge to fulfil; a part to act, not in the torrent of life, but in its under current: they must not live only for birds, and flowers, and trees."

"The poor!—my mother!"

"One great duty, but not the only one; you must learn, Eva, to live in the world, to love the world, to serve the world, yet to withstand the world—a time may come—must come—when I shall not be with you, when you must think and act for yourself—when—"

"Mother, you are not ill!" interrupted Eva, starting in sudden apprehension at the thought of separation.

"Thank God, no dearest; but well or ill, a mother must prepare her child for the future; you must, despite yourself, bear in mind, that the practical wisdom of manhood is often oblivious of youth's first love."

"Nay, mother!"

"You must hear me; there are few things more brittle than man's love; few things of which the world so speedily makes shipwreck. Man must enter

that world; and necessity compels woman to enter it also; though by a narrower path; or she can never be a help-meet for him. Alas! my child; if his father remembered our old friendship; if his aunt forgot her pride; if he were of a proper age; even if the love that already shares my love in your young heart, should hold its faith with Sidney, and Sidney hold his with you, you will have to endure—"

Eva did not now look up; she hid her face in her mother's lap and replied, "Nothing."

"Nothing!" repeated Geraldine.

"Nothing, dearest mother, with you and with him."

"One little word—Poverty."

"We are not poor," replied Eva.

And thus it is, thought Geraldine, that young hearts feel, and think, and love, and hope! What a vision is life! Sleeping in faith and trustfulness, and dreaming dreams that make an earthly heaven! then waking to the chill and cold of universal and particular change! *She* has slept and dreamed too long! "My darling child!" she said, as she covered her brow with kisses, "I have been vain and foolish. I thought you could have loved Cormac, and I knew his mother's leave would follow his desire, if she once saw you; there would have been wealth, position, power,——"

"Stay, mother," interrupted Eva, "was it for these you wed my father's fortunes, saying, as I have heard, when his cousin, the great judge, would have wooed you from him, that you would rather carry a knapsack for Edward, than sit on the woolsack with Horace. Ah, mother, mother!" she continued, half-rising, and flinging her arms round her neck, "I have found you out!"

"And would you, Eva, do as I did," replied Geraldine, struggling with her tears—"would you be the millstone round the neck of a brave spirit, which, but for you, could run its course, untrammelled, to all the honourable distinctions that men so largely covet?"

"No," she answered, "I would run it with him, run it at his feet, run it through poverty, through sorrow, sickness, misery, shame!—no, not through shame—shame could never mate with him—and at the last, guided by him, would find strength to mount with him—bright in his glory! Oh, mother," and Eva sank at her mother's feet, "teach me how to do this; take me any where to make me worthy a destiny so high; strengthen my exertions, elevate my mind, and I will be to you the truest, dearest child, that ever knelt for blessings at a mother's knee!"

What a holy time it was! and how sweetly mother and child mingled together their tears and blessings; and how the mother advised, and the child listened with meek ears; still thinking that worldly wisdom was hard, and wondering why it should be needed; but yielding in the fulness of love and duty to one who must know better than herself; relieved too, by the certainty that in future she should hear no more of Cormac. Geraldine spoke of leaving Dovecote for a time; and this she heard with tears, and listened for words to come that would tell of their return; and then she thought of Randy! What would become of him while they were gone! and so the evening passed in smiles, and tears, and counsel, and sweet confidence; the evening of a day which added years to Eva's store of knowledge of herself and of the world; and though no farther mention was made of Sidney, yet Eva saw that her mother, however indistinctly, kept him in view; at last, calmly and sweetly her arm hung round her mother's neck, her head resting on her mother's shoulder, she slept half-dreamily, for the bright spirit of her birth was with her then, soothing her with sweetest music, until the various passages of her destiny were faintly shadowed forth by sound. First, the spirits of childhood's favourite flowers raised their small voices; they came from the nooks and shady corners of deep valleys and overhanging woods;

they came from harebells and violets, and cuckoo-sorrell, from the tangled vetch, the mellow clover, the purple columbine, the tender forget-me-not, and the tiny trumpeting honeysuckle; and having played their parts under the command of Nightstar, who led the minstrelsy with a silver wand tipped by a sapphire she had borrowed from the rainbow, they melted into the dewy atmosphere and vanished; to be succeeded by the cultivated spirits of the garden—achieving bolder strains, and what would be considered finer music—louder it was—voices from the deep-mouthed aram plant, the gentle gum-cystus, the perfumed heliotrope, the heaven-hued salvia, the gorgeous tiger-lily; and, above all the rest, the half-fledged spirit of a rose, warbled, so that Eva would have caged it for ever in her bosom; for she had known and loved

that strain from infancy, though she had never before recognized its source. These fragile and transparent things did not pass willingly from her sight, as the spirits of the flowers of childhood did, to make way for those of youth, but were somewhat rudely jostled by a multitude who rushed forward with all the eagerness of full and anxious life—each striving to be heard, rather than contributing to the general gush of melody. All was novelty and excitement. At first, Eva felt confused; she listened to one and then to another, and her brain whirled; but after a while she again heard that beloved strain, clearly and distinctly above the rest—above the grating voice of the grumbling scutch-grass, that would exalt itself beyond its station—above the wail of the multitudes of atoms singing the requiem of "Love lies bleeding," to the genii of hard-bosomed camillas and expiring tuberoses, too intent on the excellence of their own strains to heed the wailing. Much did she delight in the spirit of a sturdy acorn, who told forth the glories of his race in measured rhythm, and even sympathised with those who would have succeeded in climbing highly had their aim been holy; but the elves of the nightshade and the spirits of the gaudy poppy, however soothing their melodies, like the syrens, only tempted to destruction. Gradually as these elements mingled together they became confused. Eva would have recalled the flowers of her childhood, but Nightstar, inclining towards her, whispered, that though their essence would be always with her, *they* could return no more. At times, sighs mingled with hymns of praise; and as the route passed on, the shriek of the murderous mandrake rose above the voice of the spirit of the rose; and though gloomy forms appeared in the distance, half-shrouded by the branches of the yew and the cypress, moaning forth such strains as are heard only echoing from tombs, still the chaunt, the happy chaunt, that had accompanied her life gained strength; and as the shadows of noisome trees and heavy-leaved flowers became so dark and mournful that Eva felt her strength exhausted, her mind obscured, and life struggling through the last pulses of existence, she was suddenly revived by a burst of purest harmony, and a light softer than the setting sun, and free from the coldness which the silent and mysterious moon casts with her beams upon the earth; and looking upwards, she saw THE SPIRIT OF THE ROSE beaming with a glory all its own; and then she knew it for the spirit of UNIVERSAL LOVE, and in an ecstacy of renewed existence, she held forth her arms towards it; and as she did so a voice called "Eva!" and she knew the voice to be the voice of Sidney. On the instant all around her became confused, the beauty of the season faded, heavy clouds, stained and murky, gathered around her, and shut out Nightstar from her sight. Again the voice called "Eva!" and starting from her troubled slumbers she awoke, not knowing which was the real, and which the world of dreams.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM COLLINS, R.A.

William Collins—an artist who has occupied a prominent position in Art for nearly forty years—died on the 17th of February, 1847, at his house in Devonport-street, Hyde Park-gardens, in the 59th year of his age, of disease of the heart. He was born in Great Titchfield-street, on the 18th of September, 1787. His father, a native of Wicklow, was the author, among other works, of a poem on the Slave Trade, and a memoir of George Morland. Mr. Collins was fond of alluding to his Irish descent, and at all times expressed warm sympathy and affection towards the country of his ancestors. He inherited an enthusiastic admiration of the beauties of Nature, at a very early age, from both his parents: their habitual and fervent descriptions of the natural beauties of the landscapes near their respective birthplaces being subjects of conversation with which he became familiar from his earliest childhood. His first attempts in the art were encouraged by both his parents with the greatest care and delight; and his father, who foresaw in his first rude essays some promise of the future eminence of his son, neglected no opportunity of encouraging his ambition and increasing his boyish stock of knowledge in his favourite pursuit. His education in the art in which he afterwards became eminent may be said to have begun at the easel of George Morland; who, as his father's friend, and the illustrator (by two of his most successful pictures) of that gentleman's poem on the slave trade (engravings of which, executed by J. R. Smith, were largely circulated), readily permitted his son to stand behind him while he painted.

In 1807, Mr. Collins became a student of the Royal Academy, and gained the silver medal for a drawing from "the life" in 1809. He continued to study at that Institution until 1814; attending to his duties there with undeviating regularity, and furnishing to the Exhibition, pictures which, with each succeeding year, displayed marked progress towards excellence, both in choice of subject, enlargement of ideas, and technical treatment. In 1814 he was elected an associate; this honour not only increased his industry, but encouraged him to attempt more elaborate and remarkable subjects, connected with coast and cottage scenes. His success in these higher endeavours was soon made evident by the rapid increase of his list of patrons. His Majesty George IV. (then Prince Regent), the Duke of Newcastle, the late Lord Liverpool, Sir Thomas Freeman Heathcote (his earliest patron), with many others, employed him. Of the unremitting kindness and warm friendship of the late Lord Liverpool, in particular, Mr. Collins always spoke, in his after life, in terms of the deepest gratitude and respect. In 1820 he was elected member of the Royal Academy. From this period to the time of his departure for the Continent, the history of his public life is sufficiently indicated in the titles of the pictures furnished by him to each succeeding exhibition. To mention in this category, 'The Fisherman's Departure,' 'A Snow Piece,' 'Hop Gatherers,' 'Rustic Hospitality,' 'Rustic Civility,' 'Happy as a King,' 'The Stray Kitten,' 'The Venturesome Robin,' 'Sunday,' &c. &c. &c., is enough to show that in his manhood he more than performed the promise of his youth. Of the history of his private life, it is to be remarked that the uniformity of his studious pursuits was varied by introductions to all the gifted and extraordinary characters of his age—introductions which his conversational talents, his general accomplishments, and his constant readiness to impart and receive information in his art, ripened into warm and lasting friendships.

Desirous of studying the works of the great masters, and of observing Nature in her most striking forms, Mr. Collins visited Italy in 1836, and remained on the Continent until 1838. During these two years he occupied himself unremittingly in advancing his knowledge of painting. Neither difficulties nor disappointments overcame him in his pursuit of information. The old ardour and diffidence of his student-days seemed to return to him as he studied the works of the great luminaries of Italian painting. Nothing in the land of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo eluded his industrious observation. A severe attack of rheumatic fever (contracted, during this tour, by too uncompromising a devotion to sketching from Nature) delayed, but hardly interrupted, his studies. On the first day of his convalescence he drew, from his window, at Naples, vivid and lifelike sketches of the country people, as they passed along the streets; though the right hand that traced them could not be lifted from his side without assistance from the left.

Stimulated by the advice of his friend Wilkie, he returned to England, provided with a new class of subjects, and prepared for a new field of action in his art. Since that period until the year 1846, he continued to contribute regularly to every exhibition, displaying the versatility of his powers by the production of the most elaborate and successful pictures, illustrative of history and of Italy, and by frequent and popular revivals of those cottage and coast scenes by which he had won his early reputation. Visits to Germany in 1840, and to Shetland in 1842, increased, his stock of sketches, and his ideas of natural beauty: his tour to the latter place being productive of a series of illustrations to Sir Walter Scott's "Pirate," which were published in the Waverley edition of that fiction.

In the year 1844 the heart complaint, by which his death was subsequently occasioned, first declared itself in a painful and serious form. But, with the genuine ardour for his profession which ever characterised him, he continued through severe suffering to devote himself to the art; and produced at the last exhibition, in spite of the obstacles of a fatal and progressive malady, an English sea-piece—'Early Morning'—universally admitted to be as powerful and true as any his pencil had ever designed. This effort was his last; the worst symptoms of his complaint became more and more aggravated; and on the 17th of February he expired.

To the following short list of a few of Mr. Collins's principal works have been added the names of some of his patrons, with a view not only of informing the public in what collections his pictures may be found, but of bearing testimony to the thorough appreciation of meritorious Art among the noble and the wealthy of this country. We print this list with more than ordinary pleasure, for we know it was the wish of Mr. Collins, often expressed, that, whenever his life was noticed in the columns of the ART-UNION, this personal testimony to the encouragement received in his own case, and in that, it may be added, of his brother artists, should be recorded, in order to rescue rank and wealth in England from an accusation too often preferred against them—of neglecting or undervaluing the pictorial talent of their age.

Pictures painted before 1820.—The 'Pet Lamb,' 'Bird-catchers,' purchased by the Marquis of Lansdowne. The 'Town Miss visiting her Country Relations,' sold to the dowager Lady De Grey. 'Coast Scene,' purchased by his Majesty George IV. 'Departure of a Diligence,' purchased by Sir G. Beaumont. 'Fisherman on the look-out,' painted for Lord Liverpool. Domestic subjects, for Sir T. Heathcote.

Pictures painted before 1836.—'Fisherman's Departure,' painted for Mr. Morrison. 'Hop Gatherers,' painted for the Duke of Norfolk. 'Rustic Hospitality,' painted for Mr. Marshall. 'Skittle-players,' bought by Mr. Young. 'Rustic Civility' and its companion, bought by Mr. Sheepshanks. 'Snow Piece,' and several other pictures, painted for Sir R. Peel.

Pictures painted from 1838 *to* 1846.—'Scene near Subiaco,' sold to Sir F. Shuckburgh. 'Our Saviour with the Doctors,' painted for the Marquis of Lansdowne. 'The Monk's Remonstrance,' painted for Mr. Knott. 'The Catechist,' painted for Sir Thomas Baring. 'Fetching the Doctor,' painted for Mr. Gibbons. 'Early Morning,' painted for Mr. Gillott.

This list includes but a small proportion of his pictures; but it will sufficiently answer the purpose for which it is introduced.

Mr. Collins leaves a widow—the sister of Mrs. W. Carpenter*—and two sons: one of whom (William Wilkie Collins) is studying for the bar; the other (Charles Alston Collins) has adopted his father's profession, in which he promises to become eminent. We may add, that he painted for us a portrait of his father a few months prior to his death—and this portrait is in process of engraving for our Journal.

In common with all who personally knew Mr. Collins, we feel that we have lost a friend; his merits as an artist have been universally appreciated; but his intimate acquaintances only could rightly estimate the high qualities of his mind and heart; generous and encouraging to young talent, he was always eager to accord praise; neither jealousy nor envy ever gave the remotest taint to his character; men of note in all professions were proud to be of his associates, for he was fitted to take his place among the best of them: his gracious manner and most gentlemaly bearing, no less than his cultivated understanding, exciting the esteem and respect of all with whom he came in contact. It is not always that a public loss is a private affliction: in that of Mr. Collins it is eminently so: for, while no artist of our age and country has more largely contributed to uphold the importance and augment the dignity of the Profession, no man was more thoroughly imbued with the gentle and kindly, yet manly, attributes which excite affection. In the Royal Academy his absence will, we are sure, be keenly felt: for a nature such as his was peculiarly calculated to disarm animosity, soften down asperity, and carry conviction that measures which appear unwise, arbitrary, and selfish, were in reality designed to advance the general good. That prudence as well as integrity governed his actions is evidenced by the condition in which he leaves his family—not rich, but sufficiently prosperous.

MR. THOMAS HARGREAVES.

The late Thomas Hargreaves, miniature-painter, was born in Liverpool early in 1775. He was the son of Henry Hargreaves, woollendraper, and, when a child, showed those indications of natural talent which in after life raised him to the highest branch of his art, as evinced by the sketches he made of his playmates, and of various members of his father's household. Among his earliest productions was a miniature he made of Miss Harding, the daughter of a merchant residing in Bold-street, which was sent to Miss Croft, the daughter of Sir Richard Croft, and friend of Mrs. Woolf, the intimate acquaintance of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by whom it was shown to Sir Thomas, who, on seeing it, said, without knowing the artist, that "there was but one man in London who could excel it, and if the painter would come up to town he would give him constant and immediate employment." This being intimated to Mr. Hargreaves, he consulted his esteemed patron and friend Mr. Roscoe, and, on his advice accepting the proposition, immediately set out for London, and articled himself to Sir Thomas Lawrence, being the only apprentice he ever had. Here his talents were brought out, and his gentleness of manners and truthfulness soon made him a great favourite with his master, who confided much to his care; and, after the excitement amongst the members of the Royal Academy about the admittance of Mr. Lawrence as an academician, it was the pleasing task of Mr. Hargreaves to convey to him the news of his election as a R.A.

Here he remained several years studying in oil; but, being of a delicate constitution, it was found to be detrimental to his health, and, at the suggestion of Sir Thomas Lawrence, he discontinued oil painting, and determined on applying himself to miniature painting for the rest of his life.

Having now returned to his native town, the kindness of his early friend, Mr. Roscoe, again showed itself, and under his patronage his studio became the resort of those lovers of Art which Liverpool was then beginning to acknowledge with pride.

His miniatures were in the highest class of his art—painted with firmness and breadth, and esteemed not only on that account, but for their faithfulness of character and the natural ease he gave his subjects: the principal of them were

* The "Athenæum" contains an interesting anecdote relative to the marriage of Mr. Collins, which we know to be perfectly correct. Wilkie, writing to his brother, says:—"Calling on Collins the other day, to my surprise he introduced me to his wife, whom he had brought from Edinburgh with him, and to be married to whom had been one reason of his delay in that place. When in Edinburgh, he told me all about his engagement; but the marrying before returning home was an after-thought. She is a Miss Geddes, sister to the Miss Geddes who paints, and who married young Carpenter, of Bond-street. They had been sighing for years, till they could sigh no longer; and he appointed her to come down in the James Watt steamer to Edinburgh, where they were married by Dr. Alison, the man of taste, strictly according to Church of England forms. She seems a nice woman, not particularly handsome, but accomplished and intelligent, and I dare say much attached to him." Such is Wilkie's account of his friend's marriage; to which the present writer has to add a little incident of interest which he received from Mr. Collins himself. After the ceremony was over, Dr. Alison resolutely refused to receive any fees "from *this* William Collins, or from *any William Collins*—it was a great poet's name, and that was enough—he could not take it." This was truly the "Man of Taste!"

portraits of William Roscoe, Charles Lawrence, Arthur Heywood; with many others, residents in Lancashire and the adjoining counties.

In female portraits he was even more successful, and, where he had good subjects, depicted them in all their beauty and loveliness, as seen in those exquisite miniatures of Mrs. Daguilair; Miss Tobin, engraved under the title of 'The English Flower'; the Misses Jones, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Gladstone, and Mrs. J. P. Heywood; and Mrs. Hargreaves, when young: these retain all their brilliancy of colour as freshly as though recently done.

His public and private life were alike honourable, estimable, and domestic; and, with a true love of Art, he was always the friend of rising genius,—giving a helping hand to the timid, and respectfully warning the rash efforts of immature study, which the knowledge derived from the experience of a long series of years had enabled him to gather regarding his art, and, being without fear of rivalry, or other desire than to encourage industry, to grapple with and endeavour to overcome the great difficulties in the way to artistic eminence.

Though he was for many years a great sufferer from delicate health, he was of a cheerful disposition, and enjoyed the converse of a large number of friends, by whom his memory will long be held in grateful remembrance.

He died on the 23rd of December, 1846, in the 73rd year of his age, and has left several children. Three of his sons, following the profession of their father, are esteemed the best miniature-painters in Liverpool at the present time. J. M.

MR. WILLIAM HALL.

This amiable and estimable gentleman died at 186, Strand, on the 2nd of March, at the age of 47. In connexion with his partner, Mr. Chapman—as the firm of CHAPMAN and HALL—he has issued many of the best works in literature; among others those of Mr. Charles Dickens, who was, in a measure, introduced by him to the world: for, previous to the publication of the "Pickwick Papers," "Boz" had appeared only as the contributor of essays to the "Morning Chronicle"—with which he was then associated as a parliamentary reporter. Genius like his must have made way under any circumstances; but something is due to the publisher who rendered his course easy, and whose liberality as well as judgment aided to secure success earlier than it might have come had he fallen into injudicious hands.*

As Publisher of the ART-UNION JOURNAL our intercourse with Mr. William Hall was necessarily close and frequent; and we may bear testimony not alone to his ability in his business, but to his excellent qualities of mind and heart; and we may undoubtedly refer to his sensible advice and liberal management much of the prosperity by which our own labours have been attended. Those who knew him more intimately than we did, speak of him with affection as well as respect.

Mr. Hall has left a widow, but no children. His illness was protracted; he bore his sufferings with fortitude and resignation; dying of that English pestilence—consumption—whose victims are generally the ablest and the best.

* It is not, we believe, generally known that the "Pickwick Papers" originated with the artist—poor Seymour, who, having executed seven or eight etchings, sought a purchaser for them, and sent forth his wife for the purpose of finding one. She entered, by chance, the shop of Chapman and Hall, and submitted the designs, which were at once accepted; subsequently application was made to Mr. Charles Dickens to accompany them with letterpress, and immortal Pickwick was the result. The first eight illustrations to this book only are by Mr. Seymour. Some two or three months after the first number appeared, and when the author was carrying all before him, the artist rose early one morning, walked into the garden, and hung himself. Such are the "ups and downs" of life. Fame and fortune to the one; suicide to the other, and penury to his wife and children! Poor Seymour! at the very moment when he was about to reap the harvest he had been sowing for years of anxious and almost incredible labour, his mind gave way, and he quitted existence, leaving behind him only the reputation of a clever caricaturist, which, had he lived, prosperity would have changed to that of a high moral teacher by Art. We have been told—and believe it—that he produced no fewer than ten thousand etchings and drawings on wood; yet his name is now almost forgotten, and, if reference be made to the commencing prints in "Pickwick," it is, with the mass of its readers, only to wonder who this Mr. Seymour was and what became of him. He left a widow and two children to struggle with poverty—a terrible struggle it has been—although the Artists' Benevolent Fund liberally came to their relief.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The twenty-first Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy is now open: it consists of 651 works of Art—a few of which are contributed by collectors, a few by English artists, but the vast majority of which are productions of the Scottish school—a school scarcely second to that of England. We are not in possession of the means to pass the Exhibition under review: a journey to Edinburgh is even yet a serious affair; and assistance to place such collections fairly before the public is by no means easily obtained; ere long, however, the distance between us will be abridged by railway, and we trust to make such arrangements hereafter as may empower us to represent the artists of Edinburgh more effectually than we can now do. If we cannot occupy space in reviewing the pictures, we may devote some portion of it to a consideration of a statement which prefaces the catalogue. It enters fully into the differences between the Royal Scottish Academy and the Royal Scottish Institution. We have already upon several occasions felt called upon to comment severely upon the line of conduct observed by the Board of Manufactures to the Scottish Academy, to whom, after all, this patriotic and discriminating body owe whatever distinction they have enjoyed. In order to explain as briefly as possible the facts of this case, it is necessary to state that, in 1818 or 1819, "The Scottish Institution" was established for the "promotion" of the Fine Arts in Scotland. The principal object originally contemplated was the getting up of exhibitions of pictures by the old masters, of whose works two exhibitions were held in 1819 and 1820, but the pecuniary results were by no means encouraging, and therefore, to infuse new life into the scheme, living artists were invited to contribute their works. In the year 1821, therefore, modern works were exhibited with great success, even insomuch as to lead to the erection of an edifice at the public cost of £45,000, and intended to accommodate various public bodies, the main galleries being reserved for the exhibition of the works of living artists, to which purpose they were devoted for a series of years. This satisfactory state of things was, however, put an end to by the arrogance and insolent assumption of the persons in whom the management of the Institution was vested, by whom, to quote their own words, it was "considered important to place it under the *sole direction of men of such rank and station in the country as to prevent the possibility of any personal views ever being attributed to their management, being well aware that, however disinterestedly professional men might be disposed to acquit themselves of such a charge, they would seldom escape the injurious surmises of many as to the motives of their conduct.*" The result of this was the secession of the entire body of the artists, and the formation of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1826. The gallery, after the expulsion of the artists, was let for some time for the exhibition of *the skeleton of a whale*—the rest of the time, until it was again hung by modern works of Art, it was unoccupied. Again the artists were solicited to return to the desolate hearth of the Board of Manufactures and the Royal Institution—and they did return in 1835, under agreement dated June 3, and entered into by all three bodies, readmitting the annual exhibitions into the main galleries, and providing various accommodations for the contemplated Schools of Art, and for suspending the paintings which the Academy had become possessed of, consisting chiefly of the diploma pictures of members, and of the admirable pictures by Etty. But "*in every one point this agreement was evaded by the executive of the Board and Institution, with the single exception of the use of the rooms for the annual exhibition, for which a rent of £105 was paid by the Academy, while to have excluded the Academy from that accommodation would have been to consign the building to its former deserted and useless condition.*" Thus, in order that the galleries might not again be unoccupied, it was not then convenient to expel the Academy, although such expulsion was determined on as soon as it might conveniently be effected. An agreement had been entered into by the Royal Institution to form a benefit fund out of the proceeds of exhibitions; but the Academy, satisfied with their state of prosperity, had never called upon the Institution for the fulfilment of this covenant; but the latter, feeling this pledge as binding, addressed a letter to the Academy, stating that the amount of the realised funds was £400 and interest thereon; and that the Institution was desirous of relieving themselves of this responsibility, which, after negotiation, was effected by the payment of £400 with interest, and £100 by way of bonus from the funds of the Institution. This statement was accepted by the Academy at the hands of the Institution without inquiry; but recent events have led to investigations, which, though still incomplete, have already gone so far as to render it certain that "*the statement of the Royal Institution as to the amount of the money is, to a great degree, inconsistent with fact, and that instead of £400 the real sum was somewhere about £2000, if not more.*" Hence arises the question, what has been done with this money, which has been thus withheld from the fund consecrated to the widows and families of the artists? The answer to this is, it has been applied by the Institution in the purchase of a collection of pictures, books, &c. Now, the great question for ourselves, and for the public, in this dispute so unbecoming a public body worthy of any credit or responsibility, is—"What just grounds of complaint have the Board and the Institution against the Scottish artists whose funds it seems they unjustly appropriate, and without whose countenance it is clear that the edifice, which had been erected at such expense, had been in a great measure useless?" After a patient and careful consideration of all the reasons assigned for the expulsion of the artists from the place they have so long occupied, the Academy can only conclude that the real source of these unworthy measures is an acrid spirit of hostility against the Academy, excited in the first instance by their declaration of independence, and irritated by their triumphs, which they have achieved despite the persecutions of the Board and the Institution. "At present, the Academy are under a notice from the executives of the Board of Manufactures and the Royal Institution Society that the present Exhibition is the last which the Academy can be allowed to open in the galleries of that building." This ignorant and oppressive persecution is unique in the history of Art; but we have before shown that the persons who exercise this malignant influence are by no means qualified for the position to which they have by some untoward circumstances ascended. They enjoy the rare distinction of patrons of Art, without patriotism, without one spark of elevated sentiment, without gentlemanly bearing, without good faith, without charity, and, shall we add? without common honesty.

ARBROATH.—It always affords us sincere pleasure to observe an indication, however slight, of the growth of establishments connected with Art; and we feel it an imperative duty to afford all the aid in our power to those who are exerting themselves to promote such objects. A communication has reached us from the little town of Arbroath, in Forfarshire, stating that an Association has there been recently instituted for the exhibition of artistic works of every description; and requesting our influence with the patrons and friends of Art, in order to induce them to contribute to the Society such materials as will enable it to carry out its plans. The Institution is desirous of procuring casts, prints, books, &c., for the benefit of those who may attend the classes; and we feel assured there are many individuals, sufficiently interested in these matters, willing and able to respond to the call thus made on their liberality. It appears that a fund already exists for the purchase of paintings, drawings, &c.; but some extraneous assistance is required to supply all the necessities of the members.

MANCHESTER.—The annual meeting of the Manchester School of Design has been held. The Report commenced by reference to the changes that had taken place—the appointment of Mr. Johnston as head master, and that of Mr. Rice as second master, in the room of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Townsend, resigned. Additional rooms have been fitted up and furnished. The Government grant has been augmented from £250 to £350. Reference is made to the Exposition of Industrial Art in the rooms of the Institution in January and February, 1846. It will be recollected that this Exposition was reported fully in a supplementary Part of the ART-UNION—illustrated by engravings of about 100 of the objects exhibited. We learn with regret from the Report that "the ends the Council had in view seemed to be less fully understood by the manufacturers of this town and neighbourhood than they had allowed themselves to expect. The contributions from our own district were few, and, with some exceptions, unimportant; whereas those from a distance constituted by far the most valuable and interesting part of the Exposition; and, although there can be no doubt that much good was effected in creating and diffusing a better taste amongst our working population, between forty and fifty thousand of whom visited the rooms, yet the Council have to state that the result of the Exposition was a pecuniary loss to the School to the amount of £110." As a first experiment, the Exposition cannot be described as unsuccessful; and a time may come when it will be referred to as having acted very beneficially on British Industrial Art; but it was, unquestionably, a comparative failure; the manufacturers, generally, had not responded to the call made upon them; and the people of Manchester viewed the effort with singular and unaccountable apathy, notwithstanding a letter from Lord Ellesmere, which contained these pointed and truthful observations:—"It is

now more than probable that the markets of the world will, ere long, be alike open to all; and that freedom of commercial intercourse will place the manufactures of all countries on an equality; except in the intrinsic value and superiority which the exercise of skill and taste in their productions shall impart to them. It behoves us, then, to be actively alive to our own interests in this matter, and to see that no endeavour be wanting on our part to remove the reproach, which has so long attached to us, of inferiority to other countries in the arts of design. Our mechanical skill has long been acknowledged, and if to this excellence in our productions we can add the charm of beauty in design, we shall then have no cause to despair of ultimately attaining a high rank in this peaceful rivalry of nations." Allusion is made in the Report to the attempts that have been made, hitherto without success, to establish female classes; failure is "the more to be regretted, as there can be no doubt that there are many occupations to which a large class of our working female population might turn their attention, as means of livelihood; in which a knowledge of drawing would be of the utmost importance, adding much to the value of their work, and consequently to the amount of their earnings." The principle of awarding prizes by competition has been abandoned; but premiums were awarded to students who had made satisfactory progress.

The results of the establishment of this School are by no means entirely satisfactory. The number of students on the books has very considerably diminished. The Council complain of "the lack of interest in the proceedings and advantages of the School which has all along been manifested by those classes of the community on whose account mainly it has been established. The number of students at any one time on the books has always been much smaller than the least sanguine of the promoters of the Institution had a right to expect." Another topic of regret is "the prevailing shortness of the period during which the students continue to give their attendance on the instructions of the School, the great majority of them leaving before they have had sufficient time to avail themselves of the many advantages which the means and facilities of the Institution afford, and before any considerable advance can have been made towards those attainments which will alone enable them to take their stand in the world as accomplished draughtsmen and designers."

The truth is that the Councils of these Schools—in London as well as in the Provinces—legislate for things as they would have them, rather than as they are: forgetting altogether that a little knowledge is better than none; and that, if they cannot get the youths to take all the good offered them, something will be gained if they can be induced to take even a little. As the Schools are at present constituted, ***boys will not go to them***, and ***parents will not send their children***. This difficulty the Council seem to have seen, but not to have met. "In this state of things," they say, "we might feel tempted to recommend a relaxation of the system, and to say that if it were made easier, and were more mixed up with amusement, we should maintain a firmer hold on the attention of the pupils, and, without aiming at so high a standard in their education, keep up a much greater numerical display in our classes." But they do nothing of the kind—and, consequently, their School is formed of empty benches. We feel this subject to be delicate and intricate; but something surely might be done to "coax" boys into learning. Mr. Wallis was certainly doing this in Manchester: he was showing his pupils how knowledge might be made PROFITABLE before learners became grey-headed men.

"If to do were as easy as to know what 'twere good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's houses princes' palaces." There is no town in England where a School of Design might render so much service as Manchester; and none, perhaps, where, in proportion to its means, so little good has been effected.

An Exhibition of Works by Ancient Masters (so called) is now open in Manchester. It is a lamentable display of mistakes: take away ten out of two hundred, and the one hundred and ninety are not worth half the value of the frames in which they are contained. We earnestly hope the manufacturers of Manchester—enterprising, liberal, and wealthy as they are—will not be, hereafter, the victims of vagabond picture-dealers, as they have been. In this assemblage, are many works of which we could tell singular stories. We might, indeed, enable many a possessor to shake the hand that has produced his Titian, his Rembrandt, or his Canaletti, and give him undeniable proof that the painted canvas for which he has paid hundreds—or thousands—is of veritable home manufacture, no older than his youngest son. But the eyes of buyers of ancient masters have been opened of late years: he who is now cheated, deserves to be so; he who now buys a vile copy for a valuable original, is a fool who runs his head blindly into the trap, and merits neither sympathy nor pity. On the other hand, there are plenty of pictures by British artists in Manchester, worth three times their original cost. We saw, a few days ago, in the possession of one manufacturer, three paintings by Etty that would bring, together, a larger sum in the market than the whole "lot" at the Exhibition. If the wealthy connoisseurs of Manchester have not learned wisdom, the fault is their own: they have had ample evidence to induce conviction.

SHEFFIELD.—A very important movement has been made in this great manufacturing town. In consequence of a memorial from the officers of the Athenæum and Mechanics' Institute, backed by those of the School of Design, to the Town Council, a resolution has been passed appointing a committee to consider relative to the erection of "A MUSEUM OF ART," for which purpose, as our readers are aware, the Corporation is empowered to levy a tax on the inhabitants generally. This is a noble and honourable example, which we trust will be extensively followed. We rejoice to record the names of the gentlemen by whom this wise and worthy project has been supported:—Aldermen Dunn, Jeffcock, Hall, Moorhouse, Carr, T. B. Turton, George Turton, and Lowe; Councillors Wood, Atkin, Fisher, Bright, B. Vickers, Roper, H. D. Wilkinson, Wolstenholme, Ragg, J. W. Hawksworth, Nanson, J. P. Cutts, and Taylor. We extract a passage from the speech of Alderman Dunn:—"Anything that could elevate their fellow-townsmen must be advantageous in an individual as well as in a collective point of view. An act had been passed during the last session of Parliament but one, empowering Town Councils to erect Museums of Art, for which purpose they might appropriate portions of the borough-rate, and also to purchase casts and models, &c.; but the expenditure, in any one year, was not to exceed the amount of a borough-rate of one halfpenny in the pound. The act then gave power to levy a fee of admission to the Museum not exceeding one penny. Thus the Council had power to tax the inhabitants to the extent of one halfpenny in the pound, which in Sheffield would raise £500 a year, for which interest would have to be paid." The Alderman read a letter from Mr. Young Mitchell, the Master of the School of Design, and he observed, "The School was flourishing in the manner which its warmest friends had hoped for and desired." The number of pupils has been considerably augmented. In August, 1846, they amounted to no more than 30; a gradual increase has since taken place, and they now number 107. Mr. Mitchell states that "The pupils are assiduous in their attendance, and show an earnest wish to avail themselves of the great benefits afforded to them by the Institution." And he adds that "The School of Design is now in a most favourable state, and only requires the liberal support of the manufacturers to become what it ***ought***, and what, sooner or later, it ***must***, be—one of the most important and efficient schools in the kingdom." This is all very encouraging: we are looking forward to our contemplated visit to this most important town, a purpose which we hope to carry into effect in May next; and have reason to believe that our report of its progress will be highly satisfactory.

LIVERPOOL POLYTECHNIC EXHIBITION.—A notice which appears in our advertising columns informs us that an exhibition is to be opened at the Collegiate Institution in the months of June and July next. It will be similar to that held in the year 1843; which elicited much approbation through the energy and spirit manifested by all parties concerned. We feel great pleasure in directing the attention of manufacturers, machinists, inventors, and others, to the subject. The building wherein the exhibition takes place is admirably adapted for the purpose, containing no less than forty rooms, independent of the large lecture-hall, capable of containing 3000 persons; so that the Committee are enabled to classify and arrange the various works admitted, that they may be seen to the best advantage.

PICTURE-DEALING.

IF there had been the least particle of novelty to interest our readers in the progression of this remarkably tainted traffic, we should not have failed to notice and mark it down for insertion. The same game continues to be played without flagging; upwards of a thousand precious originals are weekly exposed in auction-rooms, and in furniture sales at private houses: the falsehoods of the mouthpieces increase in desperation as the chances of plunder diminish. Really, if the Government had shifted the auction duty on goods sold, to goods unsold, at public sales, when the tax was abolished, they would have rendered great service to the honest trader, and struck a vital blow to the vile system of auctioneers. That it will decay by rapid, but imperceptible, degrees, is daily becoming more manifest; the descending prices of the pictures are certain indications, and the numerous tricks resorted to, although generally unproductive, are unmistakable tokens of the last agonies. Among some other modes we shall shortly have to expose, one of the most frequent is to advertise some single picture, *said to be* by a great master, and give the address at a house in an obscure neighbourhood, where, assuredly, the Arts never took root, but where stern necessity is sufficiently bare to delude some greedy amateur into the belief that he may obtain a five hundred pound property for so many shillings. It is among the singular phenomena of picture-phobia that the medical and legal professions abound in these duped individuals. Our respect for the great mass of worthy persons these professions include makes us sensitive about offering any investigation of the impulses which originate an aberration of judgment amongst a highly educated class. We are content to expound the fact merely as it exists. By picture-phobia we wish also to explain that the meaning attached to it is the antagonist of a love of the Fine Arts. It is the day-dream of some Alnaschar, who amasses visionary property—who gratifies cunning by the delusion he imposes on himself—who sees acres of fat land on inches of foul paint; but, when the realization of his fabulous paradise is about to be fulfilled to his heart's content, alas! like the fatal kick of the Arabian pedler in crockery, the equally fatal stroke of the auctioneer's hammer destroys the enchanted castle, and disperses the imaginary property among a fresh crop of the same class, whose infection of picture-phobia is but more recent.

On one of the Saturday's of the past month, Messrs. Christie and Manson were intrusted with a small collection of pictures for public sale. They were purchased by a gentleman of title during a residence in Italy, some few years ago, at prices varying from fifty to one hundred guineas each: certainly, not amounts likely to obtain fine works; still there were among them some well-painted and agreeable pictures. As the purchaser could not place reliance on his own judgment, he sought the opinions of others, and effected some of his acquisitions by confiding on the testimonials of Presidents of Academies of Painting in Italy. The circumstances of property in Ireland occasioned a desire on the part of this gentleman to convert the gleanings of his travels into a more useful realization for landlords who find themselves suddenly without rents. The sale was attended by a sprinkling of dealers only. Consequently it was an affair of complete disappointment to the possessor: the twenty-four pictures did not reach biddings for the whole of them to the amount of ninety pounds; and, as a matter of course, they were *bought in*.

This occurrence gives, at the present time, a tolerably accurate view of the picture trade and its prospects for the season. We regret the losses of property inflicted on many honourable and worthy gentlemen by the revulsion of opinion in favour of modern Art, even if it be mediocre to the same quality of ancient Art; but we find our regret, however sincere for particular persons, much mitigated by the proofs we daily witness, and the assurances we constantly receive, of the great good we have assisted to bring about.

The love of the Arts cannot be confined to the possession of affluence: it will extend through all the grades of social existence; all persons of lesser fortunes and comparatively moderate means may participate in the enjoyment, if they will leave ancient Art alone. True ancient Art will always find its value among the rich and noble magnates of the land. Whoever can spare a hundred pounds to any higher sum, may always possess himself of modern pictures, with very moderate skill in judging, to an extent that would surely guarantee its realization of similar amount at a period of urgency, or in times of individual necessity. If the love of the Arts is accompanied by true connoisseurship, the family man may invest his savings with ample interest to his descendants, and enjoy during his life one of the purest and most enchanting of mental delights that the genius of human nature has ever created.

The picture auctioneers—of all grades, from the very highest to the very lowest—find their trade not only on the decline, but on the verge of ruin. It is needless to say that great good to British Art—to all TRUE Art—must arise out of this; and we are willing to bear the abuse lavishly heaped upon us in auction-rooms.

The chief sales of the past month have been these:—Mr. Nasmyth, the dentist, and Mrs. Russell, of Curzon-street. At Mr. Nasmyth's sale a small water-colour drawing—'A View in Mechlin,' by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., sold for £27. 6s.; a sketch by T. Webster, R.A., for his picture of 'Punch,' sold for £63, and another sketch by the same artist, 'A Group of Figures,' for £47. At Mrs. Russell's sale the marble statue, by Nollekens, of 'Venus Anointing her Hair,' was sold for 266 guineas; and his 'Bust of Sterne,' for £38. 17s.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

GERMANY.—Munich.—In the Exhibition-rooms of our Kunstverein (Art-Union), the works of our native artists, or such as have only a temporary residence here (for the interests of our school), continue to attract the public attention and admiration. These exhibitions are the best features of the Kunstverein, the committee appearing to have no other object than the display of certain works of Art, of which a few prize paintings alone are worth mentioning. The considerable sums appropriated to this purpose ought to be more efficiently applied than they actually are, for the due encouragement of the higher branches of the Fine Arts, especially historical painting. This deficiency, however, is in some degree atoned for by the excellence of our *genre* pictures. We saw, a short time back, a work of this class admirably executed and of unusual dimensions. The work in question is of the following size—its height 5½ feet, and width 8 feet; it represents a 'Judicial Scene at the Moment of the Publication of the Judgment,' the proceedings of the case having been extremely slow, and the final result eagerly expected by all the parties. The subject has been selected not so much for its glaring injustice, as for the purpose of exhibiting those secret procedures for which the courts of almost all the countries of Germany are fatally distinguished. The artist, Gisbert Flueggen, of Cologne, has selected very properly, for the chief incident of his representation, the awful moment of the decision of the suit, as affording the best opportunity to display the most striking contrasts in the respective groups of the painting; the actors in the judicial drama being at least between forty and fifty. The principal group is formed by the judges and barristers, who exhibit in their demeanour and countenances the wonted appearances of the profession of law; but the greatest interest is of course evinced by the litigants and their relatives and friends. The unsuccessful party is an aristocratic family, who from their rank and position anticipate a verdict in their favour, and are consequently thunderstruck when, by the efforts of a young, high-spirited, and noble-minded lawyer, the case is decided contrary to their expectations, and a worthy, but poor, family becomes at length triumphant. The sensibility and modest deportment of the male and female members of the victors are in full display; and the artist well knew how to show true feeling without the least tinge of the sickly sentimentality so frequently met with in German poetry and German painting. The *genre* must predominate in the history of common life, and should therefore be ever new in the treatment of every-day subjects. The maxim of Horace, "*Difficile est proprie communia dicere*," must in painting be converted into "*Difficile est proprie communia pingere*." Flueggen has undoubtedly followed this principle.——Messrs. Piloty and Loehle are about to publish, in large lithographs, the statues of the Walhalla. This publication will, no doubt, form a splendid collection, and a worthy pendant of Cotta's illustrated edition of the work of King Louis, containing the biographical sketches of the lives of the above inmates.——The recent appearance of a weekly caricaturing journal, edited by Messrs. Braun, and entitled the "Fliegenden Blaetter" (the Flying Leaves), is hailed not only by the Bavarian but also by the German public. This species of publication, though among the last, is not the least, production of human wit: it ranks in the Fine Arts as high as the farce and travesty in poetry. The censorship of the press is very unfavourable to such productions, wherein the French have till lately stood pre-eminent, but in which the English now, in their unlimited freedom, have chiefly excelled. Many specimens of the Bavarian caricatures prove to evidence that such a co-operation of wits, in writing and design, could easily assume the first rank in Europe, were only ten per cent. of English freedom allowed to those who contribute to this publication. Splendid woodcuts adorn the paper, the designs evidently having been produced by good artists, who abound at Munich, and whose pastime it is, when weary of their unremitted labours in what is classed among the so-called fine productions, to indulge in the burlesque. These specimens, on account of the purity of the designs, are extremely pleasing. In all their facetious allusions, the German characteristics of countenance, demeanour, &c., are easily to be discovered; the moral sense is never offended; and thus these ebullitions of witty genius are immensely superior to the French *charivaris*, which have even in the designs but little to recommend them to good taste. Some facetious subjects, appealing to matters of general interest—*e. g.*, the Schleswig Holstein question; the former mode of travelling compared with Waghorn's experiments with the Overland Mail; the extremely nice caricature illustrations of popular tales and popular views—are first-rate productions in their line of witticism. We do not doubt but this journal will always retain a character worthy of the artists.

Berlin.—In the German paradise of the Fine Arts numerous plants of a female character, or, in plain words, lady-artists, are blooming; but these blossoms, originating only from an amateur feeling of Art, without its genuine and vigorous spirit, seldom come to maturity, the bud not retaining its naturally powerful germ. Now and then a noble exception meets the eye, as in the person of Miss Mosevius, the daughter of a famous Breslaw musical leader; she has exhibited some very clever portraits, combining fidelity of resemblance with masterly (if we may use the term in speaking of the works of a lady) execution. It is expected that her unremitting studies and activity will soon render her an accomplished artist.—The transparent paintings, after ancient and modern originals, exhibited in the rooms of the Academy Royal of the Fine Arts, continue to prove very attractive; among them are 'Christ blessing Children,' after the original by Overbeck; 'Mary, with the Infant Christ worshipped by Angels,' after Titian; 'The Shepherds on Christmas-eve,' after a painting of the Vienna artist, Führich; and even landscapes are thus introduced. These productions are at once pleasing and useful, and are found to make on the public at large a powerful and lasting impression.

Vienna.—In the March number, 1846, of the Art-Union Journal, page 85, under the head of Vienna, a report is contained respecting the mosaic representation of Leonardo da Vinci's 'Lord's Supper,' by Raffaeli, jun., executed by order of Napoleon; and how this beautiful work came into the possession of the Emperor of Austria, who ordered it to be placed in the Italian Church at Vienna, at considerable cost. We can now further state that the imperial order will finally be executed by a very able artist, Frederick Stache, architect to the Prince of Kinski. The architectural ornaments destined to encircle this splendid work will be of Carrara marble, made by a Carrara artist, of the name of Bononi.

Nuremberg.—Frederic Wagner, the ingenious engraver (several of whose works were reviewed in this Journal for the year 1845), has published the first series of the Nuremberg sculptures, containing the statues of the Holy Virgin in the said city. These works of Art of the ancient Nuremberg sculptors have ever been overlooked by the artist and antiquarian, although they form a very valuable collection. The copperplates are beautifully engraved.

AMSTERDAM.—The sale of the collection of drawings and prints of the late Baron Verstolk, who died at Svelen, in 1845, excites the attention of collectors and connoisseurs. Many of our English dealers are at present in Holland, attending the sale. It will take place too late in the month to be reported in our columns; but the following notes, kindly presented to us by a correspondent, may interest our readers:—

John Gisbert Baron Verstolk van Svelen was born at Rotterdam, on the 21st of March, 1776, and took a prominent part in diplomatic and political matters very early in life. He was for many years Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from Holland to Russia, and commenced, shortly after his return from that country, the formation of those collections of pictures, drawings, and engravings with which his name will in future be chiefly associated. He filled for many years the important situation of Minister of Foreign Affairs in Holland, and at the treaty of Vienna acted, we believe, as plenipotentiary for that country. His collection of pictures was recently sold in London to Mr. T. Baring, Lord Ashburton, and Mr. Jones Loyd, for a very large sum, through the medium of Mr. Chaplin; and Messrs. Smith, of Lisle-street, offered a sum amounting to many thousands of pounds for the collection of prints, probably the finest ever formed by an individual; the offer, owing to a difference of opinion among Baron Verstolk's heirs, was declined, and they will be sold by auction at Amsterdam in the months of June and November. The sale of the drawings commences in that place on Monday, the 22nd of March, and will last during the four following days. The catalogue specifies nearly seven hundred articles; but, as many of these consist of several drawings, the total number of them is much more considerable. A very hasty glance over the collection, with a private view of which we were favoured, has enabled us to specify the following drawings as most important:—

No. 1. Adrian Ostade. 'Game at Bowls.' Undoubtedly the finest coloured drawing by the master. It is most admirably coloured, full of life and air, and in every respect perfect. It was drawn for his friend Sennepart, and was afterwards in the Witzen and De Vos collections, from the latter of which it was purchased by Baron Verstolk, for more than £200. We hope it may be secured for this country.

No. 24. Rembrandt. 'The Death of the Virgin.' A grand composition remarkable for the expression of character, and for the effect of chiaroscuro not to be surpassed.

No. 25. Rembrandt. 'Portrait of Renier Aristo.' A magnificent drawing, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection.

No. 77. Backhuysen. 'View of the Village of Emden,' the birthplace of the artist; in pen and bistre: an exquisite specimen.

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THE CRY FROM IRELAND.*

By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Those who will kindly permit me to remind them how earnestly I have laboured to make my country better known to England—before the dire famine that now afflicts Ireland, turning its valleys into graveyards—can believe how deeply the cry of misery, borne by every breeze that crosses the Channel, has entered into my heart.

We visited Ireland last autumn; and, when we saw the blackened stalks of the stricken potato darkening the land with the dismal prognostics of starvation, we said, "Surely our rulers will learn what is in progress, and stand between a helpless people and death." When a foe is discerned in the distance, no man in his senses waits his arrival unprepared. We knew there was abundance of corn "in bond" to feed the people, if used for that purpose, instead of for exportation; we knew also that the cupidity of rich farmers, and the selfishness of corn-merchants, would harden their hearts against the cries of fellow-creatures; and that, so long as they could obtain a better market for their grain in England, they would not sell a peck of it at home: from them we expected—just what has occurred—that the English ports receive Irish corn and cattle, while Government steamers enter Irish harbours on missions of charity. If Ireland raises a cry that the English purchase, let her remember it is the Irish who sell.

The threatened evil was not prevented—the misery, foreseen, was not averted. The terrible extent and frightful magnitude of the calamity might have paralysed less generous hearts and hands than are still extended for its relief. I wish a tithe of the people of England could know the exact condition of their Irish brethren; I wish they could read, or that I could explain, the train of mismanagement and misgovernment which the present dreadful affliction has hastened to so fearful a crisis. If every cabin in Ireland were at this moment to be replenished with wholesome food, and sufficient work supplied to employ the population at a remunerative rate—that is, a rate upon which they could live, not merely exist—so tremendous and awfully true in its aim has been the starvation, which must, as in famines of former times, be followed by pestilence, that thousands despite the food, despite employment—the safety-valve of both mind and body—are so worn down by the horrors of the past, that they must inevitably perish. These are doleful tidings to think over, as we sit in our homes and look upon our children—to think that, within a distance of *eighteen hours* from the English metropolis, thousands of creatures, the echoes of whose wit have resounded round our hearths, and whose simple and earnest pathos is a truth in history—to think that they are dying of hunger, enduring the most awful of all deaths, in huts closed by their own skeleton hands, when all hope has been abandoned, and the last effort of the dying wife is to lay her head on the macerating corpse of her husband!—to think that this *has been*, in almost every district in Ireland—*that it is*, and must continue so to be—and that, from the still large population, all that has been done only *mitigates* the starvation, so awful both in progress and continuance, that there is neither hope nor refuge—for some time to come—except in charity. Loud, above the continuous famine cry, a cry has been raised against Irish landlords; and let it hunt out the reckless absentee in foreign courts where he trifles away existence, dishonoured. But, unfortunately, the public confound embarrassed landlords, whose means are utterly exhausted, with the heartless absentee, or as heartless occasional resident, whose thousands of fine but uncultivated acres never gave food to anything of greater value than the plover and the hare.

Oh! can there be a question as to which most rejoices the heart—the smiling village, or the barren soil? England will give, and continue giving; but giving alone will not do—it must think and act. Prompt measures must be taken. *If* the nominal holders of the land cannot support the poor, the land *can* support them—if it be tilled: it is fertile and fruitful, and every uncultivated acre may be described as the graveyard of a family. Its rivers and seas are all abounding; there is sufficient water power even in the Shannon to turn every spindle in Manchester. Its mines may be made useful ministers to all the wants of man.*

I know that in the present crisis, and for months to come, England must and will give—she cannot help it. She feels, in addition to her national and natural impulse of humanity, that she has atonement to make—first, for ages of mismanagement and misrule; in later times, for an almost as fatal neglect—a sad apathy—a desire to avoid a subject always teeming with difficulties, because never understood. While Government is devising some means to effect a permanent and just transfer of land, and regulate remunerative labour for the population—the English will not suffer their fellow-creatures—ruled by the same Queen—breathing the same air as themselves—to perish with hunger. As human beings, they could not do it; as Christians, it would be impossible! they cannot see a people perish of hunger. If they are abandoned by some of the more immediate guardians of their lives and rights, the more do they deserve our sympathy. By the Act of Union we are one country. The public records tell how they suffer *en masse*; they record, to the shame of a district, how some take "the children's bread and give it to the dogs"—*but* they also tell how the clergy of both denominations work together in the great cause of charity, and how numbers of the "middling gentry" are giving all they possess to feed the hungry: they tell, too, how patiently the people suffer; how mutely mothers hold up their dying children with their skeleton arms, and place the bread within their children's lips with their dying hands—sinking beside them in this last act of maternal love.

I have been appealed to, several times, by the promoters of Bazaars, as well as by persons untiring in this continued work of charity, to write a *story* that might still more enlist the blessed and active sympathy of England for my starving country. My answer is, I can devise no fiction equal to the facts—the fearful realities of death and starvation which are conveyed to me by every post. Alas! the dismal reality far surpasses fiction: the terrible tale of Ugolino becomes insignificant in comparison with events occurring daily in Ireland; the tragedy of "The Grecian Daughter" has been acted more than once in an Irish cabin. I could fill a volume with deaths—with acts of self-denial—where a whole peasant family die of hunger, without sacrificing one sheep of the score that bleated on the green upland farm that skirted their wretched cabins: of mercy—as in Waterford—where relief being sent to a widow:—"Take it first," she said, "across the street to such a cabin; she and her childre', poor craythurs, are dying with starvation; I am only hungry:" of independence—where a fine, brave-hearted, honest old man of seventy refused the meal offered by the relief committee, and preferred road-work; in three days he had ceased to feel

"the cold and the rain."

I have heard, in the newspapers, blame attributed to the living for not bringing relief to the dying. Alas! starvation has rendered the living almost as helpless as the dead. "It is your turn to-day, and it will be mine to-morrow," said a dying girl as she crawled over the straw to close her mother's eyes: "I am the last of seven." The good Samaritan came too late to save her: she could not swallow the food placed within her lips. A friend writes me—"I kept within doors, for weeks. I could not endure the sight of those *moving corses*—but we *seem to have got used to it*." This is the most frightful thing of all—getting used to starvation!!

And why do I write thus in a Journal devoted to Art in all its branches—to that which creates necessities and fosters the luxury which feeds thousands? Simply because, in the time of my country's need, I would entreat some aid for cases of individual distress, which are more frightful than any recorded—cases of which I continually hear without the means of relieving them. I believe that many of the readers of "the Art-Union Journal" have sufficient confidence in me to devote small sums—too small for public subscriptions—to my almonry, knowing that I could bestow them where they would be properly applied. In truth, it would now be difficult to apply *charity* improperly in Ireland. I commenced collecting shillings some little time ago, being ashamed to ask for pounds, from friends who had already given tens and twenties to the mighty fund; and, by asking each friend who gave a shilling to entreat all friends to do the same, I have already gathered something, and sent something, and hope to send more, to those who distribute with their own hands—or with their own hands take it, and need it!

I plead guilty in my country's name to the faults incidental to the position of that country. I know the people want forethought; but all the forethought in the world will not enable a single man, much less the father of a family, to "save" out of tenpence a day—tenpence!—the maximum of remunerative labour; and I would, in reply to the charge brought against them of laziness, ask any English farmer if he could expect as much work from a horse fed, or rather sustained, on small quantities of hay, as he would from an animal that received oats at regular intervals? But charity at this crisis takes no note of faults; they are noticed only to account for the calamity.

After what has come to pass, it is impossible the same system of things can be suffered to continue: property must change hands; lands must no longer be permitted to want hands, nor hands lands. It is difficult to slumber in a golgotha; and it is for food, until the crops yield and some change is effected, that we implore.

Alas! if the dismal cry for help were sent to us from afar off—even from the wild Indian or the dull Hottentot—could we be deaf to it? Nay, if the very birds came thronging about our thresholds, dropping in hunger, should we not hasten to throw to them the means of preserving life? Nature appeals to us; humanity makes its claim—irresistible; the Almighty demands much from much and little from little, for those whom a very little may save from perishing! And for whom? For our nearest neighbours—our closest fellow-subjects—our most natural allies; for a people full of the elements of good; with the kindliest sympathies, the warmest affections, the most enduring fortitude—forbearing and honest to the death. In all their trials, how few have been the crimes incident to starvation and resulting from despair! Let not the millions of sufferers be confounded with the few bad—such as misery always sends to the surface to become pests. In the poor Irish—taken in the mass—though the law of Nature is strong, the law of God is stronger: and for one whom famine has made a robber, a hundred have perished, in sight of food that was not theirs. I believe that the history of the world cannot parallel a case of utter wretchedness, under such circumstances, combined with so little of social and moral depravity.

Let those who doubt the capability of the Irish to effect a thorough self-reform, and to shake off—entirely and effectually—evil habits or degrading vices, call to mind the "Temperance Reformation" in Ireland, and imagine the horrors that would inevitably ensue if, when hunger drove the people to ransack bakers' shops, it forced them also through the gates of distilleries and the doors of public-houses.

I presume—it may be too much—upon my intercourse with the readers of the Art-Union; but I would fain believe that in drawing, as I have often done, portraits of Irish character, to interest and amuse them, I have excited sympathy and affection for the Irish people; and I venture to hope that some will make me the almoner of their charity—in relieving cases I will not now pain their hearts by reciting. I will gladly and gratefully acknowledge any aid that may be sent through me to my poor suffering country.

And I believe England will be repaid a thousandfold for its labour of love in lessening this calamity in Ireland. It will draw the bond of union between the two countries closely together; set the brand of shame on the forehead of the agitator who would seek to separate them; proving beyond the possibility of doubt, and by proofs that can never be hereafter touched by controversy, that Ireland's extremity has been England's opportunity!

The Rosery, Old Brompton, March 24,
the Day of Solemn Fast.

* We are sure our readers will not consider this article out of place. At this time of terrible calamity it becomes the solemn duty of every journalist to devote some portion of his space to stimulate and aid the cause of charity.

* In the very districts which famine seems almost to have depopulated—Glandore and Ballydehob, for examples—Colonel Hall, Mr. S. C. Hall's father, opened and worked no fewer than thirteen mines of copper, employing many hundreds of the people at good wages, and circulating by these means (including the proceeds of a mine at Killarney), upwards of £150,000 in a few years. What might not be done in Ireland by capital and enterprise?

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

GERMANY.—Munich.—In the Exhibition-rooms of our Kunstverein (Art-Union), the works of our native artists, or such as have only a temporary residence here (for the interests of our school), continue to attract the public attention and admiration. These exhibitions are the best features of the Kunstverein, the committee appearing to have no other object than the display of certain works of Art, of which a few prize paintings alone are worth mentioning. The considerable sums appropriated to this purpose ought to be more efficiently applied than they actually are, for the due encouragement of the higher branches of the Fine Arts, especially historical painting. This deficiency, however, is in some degree atoned for by the excellence of our *genre* pictures. We saw, a short time back, a work of this class admirably executed and of unusual dimensions. The work in question is of the following size—its height 5½ feet, and width 8 feet; it represents a 'Judicial Scene at the Moment of the Publication of the Judgment,' the proceedings of the case having been extremely slow, and the final result eagerly expected by all the parties. The subject has been selected not so much for its glaring injustice, as for the purpose of exhibiting those secret procedures for which the courts of almost all the countries of Germany are fatally distinguished. The artist, Gisbert Flueggen, of Cologne, has selected very properly, for the chief incident of his representation, the awful moment of the decision of the suit, as affording the best opportunity to display the most striking contrasts in the respective groups of the painting; the actors in the judicial drama being at least between forty and fifty. The principal group is formed by the judges and barristers, who exhibit in their demeanour and countenances the wonted appearances of the profession of law; but the greatest interest is of course evinced by the litigants and their relatives and friends. The unsuccessful party is an aristocratic family, who from their rank and position anticipate a verdict in their favour, and are consequently thunderstruck when, by the efforts of a young, high-spirited, and noble-minded lawyer, the case is decided contrary to their expectations, and a worthy, but poor, family becomes at length triumphant. The sensibility and modest deportment of the male and female members of the victors are in full display; and the artist well knew how to show true feeling without the least tinge of the sickly sentimentality so frequently met with in German poetry and German painting. The *genre* must predominate in the history of common life, and should therefore be ever new in the treatment of every-day subjects. The maxim of Horace, "*Difficile est proprie communia dicere*," must in painting be converted into "*Difficile est proprie communia pingere.*" Flueggen has undoubtedly followed this principle.——Messrs. Piloty and Loehle are about to publish, in large lithographs, the statues of the Walhalla. This publication will, no doubt, form a splendid collection, and a worthy pendant of Cotta's illustrated edition of the work of King Louis, containing the biographical sketches of the lives of the above inmates.——The recent appearance of a weekly caricaturing journal, edited by Messrs. Braun, and entitled the "Fliegenden Blaetter" (the Flying Leaves), is hailed not only by the Bavarian but also by the German public. This species of publication, though among the last, is not the least, production of human wit: it ranks in the Fine Arts as high as the farce and travesty in poetry. The censorship of the press is very unfavourable to such productions, wherein the French have till lately stood pre-eminent, but in which the English now, in their unlimited freedom, have chiefly excelled. Many specimens of the Bavarian caricatures prove to evidence that such a co-operation of wits, in writing and design, could easily assume the first rank in Europe, were only ten per cent. of English freedom allowed to those who contribute to this publication. Splendid woodcuts adorn the paper, the designs evidently having been produced by good artists, who abound at Munich, and whose pastime it is, when weary of their unremitted labours in what is classed among the so-called fine productions, to indulge in the burlesque. These specimens, on account of the purity of the designs, are extremely pleasing. In all their facetious allusions, the German characteristics of countenance, demeanour, &c., are easily to be discovered; the moral sense is never offended; and thus these ebullitions of witty genius are immensely superior to the French *charivaris*, which have even in the designs but little to recommend them to good taste. Some facetious subjects, appealing to matters of general interest—*e. g.*, the Schleswig Holstein question; the former mode of travelling compared with Waghorn's experiments with the Overland Mail; the extremely nice caricature illustrations of popular tales and popular views—are first-rate productions in their line of witticism. We do not doubt but this journal will always retain a character worthy of the artists.

BERLIN.—In the German paradise of the Fine Arts numerous plants of a female character, or, in plain words, lady-artists, are blooming; but these blossoms, originating only from an amateur feeling of Art, without its genuine and vigorous spirit, seldom come to maturity, the bud not retaining its naturally powerful germ. Now and then a noble exception meets the eye, as in the person of Miss Mosevius, the daughter of a famous Breslaw musical leader; she has exhibited some very clever portraits, combining fidelity of resemblance with masterly (if we may use the term in speaking of the works of a lady) execution. It is expected that her unremitting studies and activity will soon render her an accomplished artist.—The transparent paintings, after ancient and modern originals, exhibited in the rooms of the Academy Royal of the Fine Arts, continue to prove very attractive; among them are 'Christ blessing Children,' after the original by Overbeck; 'Mary, with the Infant Christ worshipped by Angels,' after Titian; 'The Shepherds on Christmas-eve,' after a painting of the Vienna artist, Führich; and even landscapes are thus introduced. These productions are at once pleasing and useful, and are found to make on the public at large a powerful and lasting impression.

VIENNA.—In the March number, 1846, of the ART-UNION JOURNAL, page 85, under the head of Vienna, a report is contained respecting the mosaic representation of Leonardo da Vinci's 'Lord's Supper,' by Raffaeli, jun., executed by order of Napoleon; and how this beautiful work came into the possession of the Emperor of Austria, who ordered it to be placed in the Italian Church at Vienna, at considerable cost. We can now further state that the imperial order will finally be executed by a very able artist, Frederick Stache, architect to the Prince of Kinski. The architectural ornaments destined to encircle this splendid work will be of Carrara marble, made by a Carrara artist, of the name of Bononi.

NUREMBERG.—Frederic Wagner, the ingenious engraver (several of whose works were reviewed in this Journal for the year 1845), has published the first series of the Nuremberg sculptures, containing the statues of the Holy Virgin in the said city. These works of Art of the ancient Nuremberg sculptors have ever been overlooked by the artist and antiquarian, although they form a very valuable collection. The copperplates are beautifully engraved.

AMSTERDAM.—The sale of the collection of drawings and prints of the late Baron Verstolk, who died at Svelen, in 1845, excites the attention of collectors and connoisseurs. Many of our English dealers are at present in Holland, attending the sale. It will take place too late in the month to be reported in our columns; but the following notes, kindly presented to us by a correspondent, may interest our readers:—

John Gisbert Baron Verstolk van Svelen was born at Rotterdam, on the 21st of March, 1776, and took a prominent part in diplomatic and political matters very early in life. He was for many years Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from Holland to Russia, and commenced, shortly after his return from that country, the formation of those collections of pictures, drawings, and engravings with which his name will in future be chiefly associated. He filled for many years the important situation of Minister of Foreign Affairs in Holland, and at the treaty of Vienna acted, we believe, as plenipotentiary for that country. His collection of pictures was recently sold in London to Mr. T. Baring, Lord Ashburton, and Mr. James Loyd, for a very large sum, through the medium of Mr. Chaplin; and Messrs. Smith, of Lisle-street, offered a sum amounting to many thousands of pounds for the collection of prints, probably the finest ever formed by an individual; the offer, owing to a difference of opinion among Baron Verstolk's heirs, was declined, and they will be sold by auction at Amsterdam in the months of June and November. The sale of the drawings commences in that place on Monday, the 22nd of March, and will last during the four following days. The catalogue specifies nearly seven hundred articles; but, as many of these consist of several drawings, the total number of them is much more considerable. A very hasty glance over the collection, with a private view of which we were favoured, has enabled us to specify the following drawings as most important:—

No. 1. ADRIAN OSTADE. 'Game at Bowls.' Undoubtedly the finest coloured drawing by the master. It is most admirably coloured, full of life and air, and in every respect perfect. It was drawn for his friend Sennepart, and was afterwards in the Witzen and De Vos collections, from the latter of which it was purchased by Baron Verstolk, for more than £200. We hope it may be secured for this country.

No. 24. REMBRANDT. 'The Death of the Virgin.' A grand composition remarkable for the expression of character, and for the effect of chiaroscuro not to be surpassed.

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The threatened evil was not prevented—the misery, foreseen, was not averted. The terrible extent and frightful magnitude of the calamity might have paralysed less generous hearts and hands than are still extended for its relief. I wish a tithe of the people of England could know the exact condition of their Irish brethren; I wish they could read, or that I could explain, the train of mismanagement and misgovernment which the present dreadful affliction has hastened to so fearful a crisis. If every cabin in Ireland were at this moment to be replenished with wholesome food, and sufficient work supplied to employ the population at a remunerative rate—that is, a rate upon which they could live, not merely exist—so tremendous and awfully true in its aim has been the starvation, which must, as in famines of former times, be followed by pestilence, that thousands despite the food, despite employment—the safety-valve of both mind and body—are so worn down by the horrors of the past, that they must inevitably perish. These are doleful tidings to think over, as we sit in our homes and look upon our children—to think that, within a distance of *eighteen hours* from the English metropolis, thousands of creatures, the echoes of whose wit have resounded round our hearths, and whose simple and earnest pathos is a truth in history—to think that they are dying of hunger, enduring the most awful of all deaths, in huts closed by their own skeleton hands, when all hope has been abandoned, and the last effort of the dying wife is to lay her head on the macerating corpse of her husband!—to think that this *has been*, in almost every district in Ireland—*that it is*, and must continue so to be—and that, from the still large population, all that has been done only *mitigates* the starvation, so awful both in progress and continuance, that there is neither hope nor refuge—for some time to come—EXCEPT IN CHARITY. Loud, above the continuous famine cry, a cry has been raised against Irish landlords; and let it hunt out the reckless absentee in foreign courts where he trifles away existence, dishonoured. But, unfortunately, the public confound embarrassed landlords, whose means are utterly exhausted, with the heartless absentee, or as heartless occasional resident, whose thousands of fine but uncultivated acres never gave food to anything of greater value than the plover and the hare.

Oh! can there be a question as to which most rejoices the heart—the smiling village, or the barren soil? England will give, and continue giving; but giving alone will not do—it must think and act. Prompt measures must be taken. *If* the nominal holders of the land cannot support the poor, the land *can* support them—if it be tilled: it is fertile and fruitful, and every uncultivated acre may be described as the graveyard of a family. Its rivers and seas are all abounding; there is sufficient water power even in the Shannon to turn every spindle in Manchester. Its mines may be made useful ministers to all the wants of man.*

I know that in the present crisis, and for months to come, England must and will give—she cannot help it. She feels, in addition to her national and natural impulse of humanity, that she has atonement to make—first, for ages of mismanagement and misrule; in later times, for an almost as fatal neglect—a sad apathy—a desire to avoid a subject always teeming with difficulties, because never understood. While Government is devising some means to effect a permanent and just transfer of land, and regulate remunerative labour for the population—the English will not suffer their fellow-creatures—ruled by the same Queen—breathing the same air as themselves—to perish with hunger. As human beings, they could not do it; as Christians, it would be impossible! they cannot see a people perish of hunger. If they are abandoned by some of the more immediate guardians of their lives and rights, the more do they deserve our sympathy. By the Act of Union we are one country. The public records tell how they suffer *en masse*; they record, to the shame of a district, how some take "the children's bread and give it to the dogs"—*but* they also tell how the clergy of both denominations work together in the great cause of charity, and how numbers of the "middling gentry" are giving all they possess to feed the hungry: they tell, too, how patiently the people suffer; how mutely mothers hold up their dying children with their skeleton arms, and place the bread within their children's lips with their dying hands—sinking beside them in this last act of maternal love.

I have been appealed to, several times, by the promoters of Bazaars, as well as by persons untiring in this continued work of charity, to write a *story* that might still more enlist the blessed and active sympathy of England for my starving country. My answer is, I can devise no fiction equal to the facts—the fearful realities of death and starvation which are conveyed to me by every post. Alas! the dismal reality far surpasses fiction: the terrible tale of Ugolino becomes insignificant in comparison with events occurring daily in Ireland; the tragedy of "The Grecian Daughter" has been acted more than once in an Irish cabin. I could fill a volume with deaths—with acts of self-denial—where a whole peasant family die of hunger, without sacrificing one sheep of the score that bleated on the green upland farm that skirted their wretched cabins: of mercy—as in Waterford—where relief being sent to a widow:—"Take it first," she said, "across the street to such a cabin; she and her childre', poor craythurs, are dying with starvation; I am only hungry:" of independence—where a fine, brave-hearted, honest old man of seventy refused the meal offered by the relief committee, and preferred road-work; in three days he had ceased to feel

"the cold and the rain."

I have heard, in the newspapers, blame attributed to the living for not bringing relief to the dying. Alas! starvation has rendered the living almost as helpless as the dead. "It is your turn to-day, and it will be mine to-morrow," said a dying girl as she crawled over the straw to close her mother's eyes: "I am the last of seven." The good Samaritan came too late to save her: she could not swallow the food placed within her lips. A friend writes me—"I kept within doors, for weeks. I could not endure the sight of those *moving corses*—but we *seem to have got used to it*." This is the most frightful thing of all—getting used to starvation!!

And why do I write thus in a Journal devoted to Art in all its branches—to that which creates necessities and fosters the luxury which feeds thousands? Simply because, in the time of my country's need, I would entreat some aid for cases of individual distress, which are more frightful than any recorded—cases of which I continually hear without the means of relieving them. I believe that many of the readers of "the ART-UNION JOURNAL" have sufficient confidence in me to devote small sums—too small for public subscriptions—to my almonry, knowing that I could bestow them where they would be properly applied. In truth, it would now be difficult to apply *charity* improperly in Ireland. I commenced collecting shillings some little time ago, being ashamed to ask for pounds, from friends who had already given tens and twenties to the mighty fund; and, by asking each friend who gave a shilling to entreat all friends to do the same, I have already gathered something, and sent something, and hope to send more, to those who distribute with their own hands—or with their own hands take it, and need it!

I plead guilty in my country's name to the faults incidental to the position of that country. I know the people want forethought; but all the forethought in the world will not enable a single man, much less the father of a family, to "save" out of tenpence a day—tenpence!—the maximum of remunerative labour; and I would, in reply to the charge brought against them of laziness, ask any English farmer if he could expect as much work from a horse fed, or rather sustained, on small quantities of hay, as he would from an animal that received oats at regular intervals? But charity at this crisis takes no note of faults; they are noticed only to account for the calamity.

After what has come to pass, it is impossible the same system of things can be suffered to continue: property must change hands; lands must no longer be permitted to want hands, nor hands lands. It is difficult to slumber in a golgotha; and it is for food, until the crops yield and some change is effected, that we implore.

Alas! if the dismal cry for help were sent to us from afar off—even from the wild Indian or the dull Hottentot—could we be deaf to it? Nay, if the very birds came thronging about our thresholds, dropping in hunger, should we not hasten to throw to them the means of preserving life? Nature appeals to us; humanity makes its claim—irresistible; the Almighty demands much from much and little from little, for those whom a very little may save from perishing! And for whom? For our nearest neighbours—our closest fellow-subjects—our most natural allies; for a people full of the elements of good; with the kindliest sympathies, the warmest affections, the most enduring fortitude—forbearing and honest to the death. In all their trials, how few have been the crimes incident to starvation and resulting from despair! Let not the millions of sufferers be confounded with the few bad—such as misery always sends to the surface to become pests. In the poor Irish—taken in the mass—though the law of Nature is strong, the law of God is stronger: and for one whom famine has made a robber, a hundred have perished, in sight of food that was not theirs. I believe that the history of the world cannot parallel a case of utter wretchedness, under such circumstances, combined with so little of social and moral depravity.

Let those who doubt the capability of the Irish to effect a thorough self-reform, and to shake off—entirely and effectually—evil habits or degrading vices, call to mind the "Temperance Reformation" in Ireland, and imagine the horrors that would inevitably ensue if, when hunger drove the people to ransack bakers' shops, it forced them also through the gates of distilleries and the doors of public-houses.

I presume—it may be too much—upon my intercourse with the readers of the ART-UNION; but I would fain believe that in drawing, as I have often done, portraits of Irish character, to interest and amuse them, I have excited sympathy and affection for the Irish people; and I venture to hope that some will make me the almoner of their charity—in relieving cases I will not now pain their hearts by reciting. I will gladly and gratefully acknowledge any aid that may be sent through me to my poor suffering country.

And I believe England will be repaid a thousandfold for its labour of love in lessening this calamity in Ireland. It will draw the bond of union between the two countries closely together; set the brand of shame on the forehead of the agitator who would seek to separate them; proving beyond the possibility of doubt, and by proofs that can never be hereafter touched by controversy, that IRELAND'S EXTREMITY HAS BEEN ENGLAND'S OPPORTUNITY!

The Rosery, Old Brompton, March 24,
the Day of Solemn Fast.

* We are sure our readers will not consider this article out of place. At this time of terrible calamity it becomes the solemn duty of every journalist to devote some portion of his space to stimulate and aid the cause of charity.

* In the very districts which famine seems almost to have depopulated—Glandore and Ballydehob, for examples—Colonel Hall, Mr. S. C. Hall's father, opened and worked no fewer than thirteen mines of copper, employing many hundreds of the people at good wages, and circulating by these means (including the proceeds of a mine at Killarney), upwards of £150,000 in a few years. What might not be done in Ireland by capital and enterprise!

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE EXHIBITIONS.—The artists are preparing for the various Exhibitions of "the season." THE ROYAL ACADEMY will receive pictures on the 5th and 6th of April, and open, as usual, on the first Monday of May. Perhaps the Exhibition of 1847 may not equal that of 1846; that is, however, by no means certain: the members are making great exertions—the junior ones more especially—to maintain its supremacy; and we have no apprehension as to the result.—THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS will be opened in a few days; and we trust also their progress will have been commensurate with the support they have received, and the prospects that await them, incident to their Charter of Incorporation.—THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS will no doubt be weakened by the absence of Messrs. Harding and Stone; but their accessions may give them renewed strength.—THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS will, we are assured, establish the high character they have obtained. A very general opinion exists that the interests of Art would be promoted, and those of the members advanced, by the union of these two Societies, who might, in that case, build a gallery worthy of them and the country. We hope this object may be attained; a Society so constituted would become a feature in the age.—Public attention is, however, chiefly directed to the Exhibition of British Art in Westminster Hall, instituted by THE ROYAL COMMISSION, to be opened early in July. Ample time has been afforded for preparation; great latitude is allowed in choice of subject; the restrictions are few, and we hope—with no inconsiderable confidence—the issue of the experiment will be creditable and advantageous to the National character. We have seen many of the works to be contributed, not only by artists from whom contributions would be naturally expected, but by others whose professional pursuits have not hitherto been of such a nature as to point them out as competitors: for example, Sidney Cooper is preparing a work of extraordinary power and rare finish, 'The Decisive Charge at Waterloo.' It would be injudicious to name those who have works in progress for this great purpose; we have no dread of disappointment, and believe the National call will be answered worthily.

A CLUB OF ROYAL ACADEMY MEMBERS is in course of formation; it will consist of the members exclusively; not comprising associates, and, of course, including no other artists. Such a club will be looked upon with some degree of suspicion: for it will be impossible to prevent it—first, from ruling the Academy, and, next, acting, either for good or bad, upon the whole profession. There is no concealing the fact that the great evil against which British artists have to contend is the want of independence: any project that contributes to place the destinies of the many in the hands of the few is pregnant with danger.

ART-UNION SOCIETIES.—The Board of Trade are at the present moment opening up the old and, we should have said, "settled" question concerning these Societies, with a view to remodelling some of its plans and altering some of its laws: the principal one being, we understand, that which gives the prize-holder the selection of his prize—the Board desiring to place this matter in the hands of a "committee of choice." We are led to believe that the "further inquiries" have not been conducted in a fair, open, and generous spirit; but that evidence, *viva voce* and written, has been received in a manner by no means creditable—without communicating with the several Societies, and in a spirit avowedly hostile to them. We shall greatly regret to find the Board of Trade and the Art-Union Societies in opposition; but, the principle having been conceded, we trust and believe the Societies will hold themselves independent of the Board; adhering strictly to the rules of their Charters, but remaining firm against undue influences and regulations that may be suggestive of ignorance. These checks are, to say the least, disheartening: we trust they will not have the effect of inducing the Committees to relinquish their self-imposed duties in disgust.

MR. CATLIN, the justly celebrated traveller among the Indians of North America, and who has done so much for the red man, is at present in Paris, where he has received a commission for twelve pictures illustrative of "Scenes and Characters in the Prairies," from Louis Philippe.

THE 'NAPOLEON' OF PAUL DELAROCHE.—A duplicate of this famous picture (but oval kit-cat, and not full length), by the great artist of France, is to be sent to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. We earnestly hope it will receive worthy treatment at the hands of the hangers, although it is not a contribution direct from the Artist—being transmitted by its English possessor, for whom it was painted. We shall await the issue with anxiety, and not without apprehension; remembering the undignified and ungenerous conduct of the Academy to M. Delaroche on a former occasion. His pre-eminence is acknowledged by the whole world of Art; he is, beyond question, foremost among *the* men of the age; in him, vast intellectual powers are combined with thorough knowledge of Art; in very little, if at all, is he short of the ancient masters; while in some of the higher qualities of Art he soars beyond the best of the best modern schools. If *all* our British painters cannot see this—cannot feel, and will not admit, his superiority—they will, at all events, we trust, exhibit that respect to opinion, almost universal throughout Europe, which forbids even the semblance of a slight.

FREE EXHIBITION.—A Society consisting at present of thirty-two members, to be augmented to forty, have subscribed each five pounds, and taken "for the season" the great room at the Egyptian Hall, for the purpose of exhibiting their paintings and other works of Art—with a view to the experiment of a Free Exhibition. We are not in possession of the details of the plan; but we understand, to each contributor is to be allotted a given portion of the walls; choice of divisions of it to be determined by lot: each division to comprise the space between the ceiling and the floor, which he may fill as he thinks proper. All professional artists—including engravers of all kinds, copper, steel, and wood—will be admitted to "take places." The Exhibition will open at the beginning of May. There is to be no committee of arrangement; no officers of any kind, except the Secretary, Mr. Frank Howard; and we believe a Treasurer, Mr. C. E. Wagstaff. In fact every member is to act for himself—"every tub is to stand upon its own bottom." We have heard the names of some meritorious and popular artists among the members; but, as will be expected, the majority are of the class who can obtain notoriety by no other means; and if chance should allot to a score of bad artists all the good places, and the bad places to the half a dozen good artists, the Exhibition will be a rather uncommon one to visit—even for nothing. We greatly desire a Free Exhibition in London; but it must be one that the public would gladly pay to see—and free admission to which is a boon. We confess we expect nothing of the kind from the attempt we are recording; it can show none of the elements of success, except a correspondence with Mr. Hawes and Mr. Hume; it is in fact the issue of despair, rather than the offspring of desert; and will, unquestionably, consist chiefly of works that elsewhere would be denied admittance. If it were to effect any good, it would be by remaining open when other Exhibitions are closed; but this is not intended.

THE QUEEN'S PALACE.—The injury occasioned by the great storm of last summer to the glazing of the picture gallery of the Queen's Palace was very extensive. The rare Dutch pictures purchased by George IV., forming her Majesty's private collection, were in great danger of receiving injury, but were rescued from peril by the promptitude of the officials of the establishment. The damage to the building has been repaired. A considerable delay took place in obtaining the embossed glass used for the lights, as it had to be manufactured for the purpose. The picture-frames have been regilt, and where the surface of the pictures was scratched by the hailstones and a shower of fragments of glass, they have been only carefully varnished. They are now replaced, and the gallery has resumed its original aspect.

NOEL PATON.—This artist's picture—painted with a view to exhibition in Westminster Hall, and now exhibiting at the Royal Scottish Academy—has been purchased by the Academy at the price of 300 guineas; subject, however, to its purchase being declined by the Royal Commission, the Commissioners having a prior right. The picture—'The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania'—is described in all the Scottish journals as one of the highest efforts of genius ever produced in that country—or perhaps in any country; opinions which receive confirmation from the fact that the members have added it to their small but admirable collection—the only purchases previously made being the noble paintings of Mr. Etty. We are by no means surprised at this compliment. We have long considered Mr. Paton as destined to occupy a prominent place in British Art: at the age of three or four and twenty (for his age does not exceed that) he has exhibited power of the rarest and loftiest order—combining judgment with imagination, and industry with the finest intellectual faculties. Our readers are aware that his cartoon obtained one of the three prizes awarded by the Royal Commission—and that in the competition of the Art-Union of London he was universally awarded the palm of excellence, although, from unpropitious choice of subject, he did not bear away the prize. He has published two sets of outlines—one from Shelley's "Prometheus," the other from Shakspere's "Tempest"—both of astonishing merit; and it may not be improper to refer to his graceful and fanciful drawings which do honour to this Journal. We may, perhaps, be permitted to add, that Mr. Paton's pen is as powerful as his pencil; that, in short, his MIND is richly endowed; and that, of all the young men of our age, he is the one for whom a great and glorious career may be with confidence anticipated.

REPORTED SALE TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—An absurd report is rife—and, to cap the absurdity, it is pretended to emanate from the Messrs. Woodburn, picture-dealers, of St. Martin's-lane—that the trustees have agreed to purchase the Messrs. Woodburn's (picture-dealers) collection of early or antique Italian pictures for the sum of £20,000!!! We believe the truth to be that Messrs. Woodburn, picture-dealers, have offered the collection for £12,000, and that the trustees declined the offer, but would have entered into negotiation for some part of it. This the Messrs. Woodburn, picture-dealers, have refused, and so we believe the matter rests. After the publication of the minutes of the trustees, in which the very modest proposition of one of this family to obtain an allowance of £200 a year to a brother, to enable him to beat up for pictures, to be paid for out of the public purse, at a profit of 20 to 30 per cent. upon thousands of pounds sterling—it would have a very ungracious effect if any negotiations were completed with the Messrs. Woodburn, picture-dealers, for the purchase of antique works, which, however curious, would certainly be of no service as models for our artists. We do not need antiquities and curiosities of the early Italian painters: they would only infect our school with a retrograding mania of disfiguring Art, and returning to the decrepit littlenesses of a period warped and tortured by monkish legends and prejudices.

THE PUBLISHERS AND PRINTSELLERS of London and the Provinces, generally, have formed themselves into a Society, the ostensible purpose of which is to prevent over-printing of early proofs of engravings: or rather to supply a check upon the number printed—and so to make every purchaser aware that his purchase is one of a given and fixed number. According to the plan—not yet completely arranged—an officer is appointed by the Society to affix his signature and a stamp upon every proof, lettered and unlettered, that may be printed, above the publishing price of a guinea and a half; at the same time numbering each. The whole of the London "trade," and nearly all the print-dealers in Scotland, Ireland, and the Provinces, have become members of the Society; and the duty of marking and stamping has been confided to Mr. Walter, a very competent and experienced gentleman, now in the employ of Mr. Alderman Moon, and formerly in that of Mr. Josiah Boydell. They have elected Mr. Dominic Colnaghi as their President. Although, at first sight, this regulation may appear to be an invasion of private right, and opposed to the dearest privilege of Englishmen—freedom of action as regards their own property—it will, on reflection, be found practically wise: heretofore, there can be no question, the publishers have far exceeded reasonable limits in printing *proofs* from plates; sometimes taking many hundreds, and actually wearing out a plate before a single print was taken: the consequence was, not only that the prints were comparatively worthless, and that the *proof* was by no means so good an impression as a *print* ought to be, but that instead of proofs being scarce—and proportionably valuable—they became a drug in

the market, and collectors were beginning to reject them as common and worthless; in short, the trade in early proofs was on the verge of ruin: under these circumstances, the printsellers bestirred themselves, and the result has been that the publishers have been, in a measure, coerced into an arrangement which shall hereafter make early impressions scarce—therefore rare, and therefore valuable. The printsellers will now know what they are about in giving orders for proofs; the buyer will be fully aware that he buys one of a certain, instead of an indefinite, number; confidence will be restored in the transactions with the publisher; and a trade which ought to be especially conducted on principles of integrity will become essentially safe and honourable.

Bazaar for the Benefit of the Orphan Working School.—Of all classes that appeal to the poor for sympathy, and to the rich for assistance, there are none who are so totally unable to urge their own cause as orphans. An infant deprived of its mother, even in the highest walk of life—be it cradled in luxury and decked with lace—is still an object of commiseration. What, then, must be a little deserted creature—a Moses in the bulrushes, without the protection of Pharaoh's daughter—unable to explain its wants—launched amid the billows of unknown strife—its precious freight of immortality, like the mystic seed within the acorn, living, struggling, yet undeveloped—hungry, naked, erect in form, created in God's own image, yet grovelling and helpless, strengthless, wailing—at once the most piteous and the most interesting object in creation? Arrived at manhood, the battle of life must be fought—reason, forethought, knowledge, intellectual and moral strength, faith, and truth, are the weapons given us to fight it with. Age, with upraised eyes and folded hands, awaits the passing away of the old, and hopes for the entrance into a new and glorious world; but unprotected infancy, stumbling at the very threshold of life, deprived of a mother's love, a father's care, is a thing no man or woman can look upon with indifference. "The Orphan Working School" has for some time acted upon our Saviour's advice, and suffered little children to come unto it—giving them shelter and education—and doing all this from a conviction that it was right and fitting to stand between them and certain misery and destruction. But their house was small, and unsuited for the number they desired to receive; and, after much deliberation, they have built near Haverstock-hill, Hampstead, a goodly dwelling, capable of receiving a much greater number of orphans than heretofore could shelter within their walls. To the Bazaar, from which is hoped and expected a considerable augmentation of funds to complete and furnish the building, we beg to direct the attention of our readers—those of the manufacturing districts especially, who may be induced to contribute to its aid. The full particulars will be found in our advertising columns.

The Institute of Fine Arts.—A *conversazione* was held by this Society on Saturday, the 20th of March, at their new rooms, 49, Great Marlborough-street. It was crowded to excess—not only by persons connected with Art, but by works of Art of all descriptions—paintings, drawings, sketches, engravings, and objects of *virtu*. It was not, indeed, on so grand a scale as that which formerly took place at Willis's Rooms; but it was amply sufficient to show that the Society not only has life, but vigour and great capability of usefulness: it supplied indubitable proof that, if the spirit of union be active, the Institute may become all that was hoped for and wished for. At least it brought conviction to many—ourselves among the number—that the recent dissensions and secessions have by no means impaired its strength or left it shorn of its just proportions. We cannot find space for an enumeration of the various articles contributed; although we took note of upwards of a hundred. Such reunions are useful as well as agreeable: artists live and work far too much in solitude: it is only upon occasions such as these they can enjoy that intercourse—with each other and with men of letters—which induce profit as well as pleasure. We trust it may be our good fortune to spend many such agreeable "evenings." We understand that the members have been of late considerably augmented—that the augmented subscription will give additional power—and that the absence of "troublesome" persons has restored confidence and given strength.

Bazaar at Willis's Rooms.—If the fearful facts of Irish and Highland famine meet us in every direction, we have also abundant proof of a manifest eagerness to relieve it. A number of benevolent individuals in Belfast are busied in the establishment of Industrial Schools—not in their own prosperous town, but in the province of Connaught—proposing that the young people and children should be fed as long as the scarcity continues, but at the same time trained to occupations by which they may hereafter support themselves. Only a portion of the English are acquainted with the lace-work, knitting, and embroidery, in which numbers of the Irish peasantry really excel. At Stradbally they produce mittens which, in texture and design, are in no degree inferior to those procured in Malta, and for a quarter the price. The Ballybriggen stockings, both for appearance and durability, are highly esteemed. The woodwork of Killarney is greatly admired by the tourist, and the superiority of Irish poplins and linens needs no comment. A Bazaar is to be held at Willis's Rooms on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of April, and the committee, graciously patronized by the Queen and her Court, state that, "With a view to encourage the Irish peasantry, and to give a stimulus to their own efforts, it is proposed that, in addition to ladies' contributions, the sale should comprise a large supply of Irish work. Orders are already sent to several schools in different parts of Ireland for the various articles which the children of the poor are accustomed to make, the beauty of which is well known, as knitted mittens, stockings, collars, lace-work, and embroidery, &c. The effect of these orders will be at once to relieve the children, who are paid by the day for their work, and at the same time to keep the schools flourishing amid the mournful decay of everything else, and even to increase their numbers and efficiency. There will also be for sale some of the elegant manufacture of the Scottish isles. May He whose blessing alone can render successful every labour of Christian love graciously bless this plan for the benefit of the poor perishing thousands of Ireland and Scotland."

The Dealers in the Fine Arts some time ago established a Society for the purpose of averting, by foresight and prudence, the perils incident to age, illness, and the hazards to which all persons engaged in trade are liable. They had their first anniversary dinner during the past month; the President, Henry Graves, Esq., in the chair; when about forty of the members attended. We shall take an early opportunity of directing to this subject the attention of some of our provincial readers.

The Highland School Society.—We direct attention to the announcement of the anniversary dinner of this excellent Society—a Society founded in Edinburgh so far back as 1701, and which has laboured successfully for nearly a century and a half in the cause of education among a people eager to share its blessings, and peculiarly calculated to make a right use of them—"training their children to all useful occupations, as well as in the principles of the Christian religion." Although the picture presented by Scotland at the time the schools originated may be somewhat ameliorated in our age, there is ample evidence that in these days, as well as in those, the schoolmaster is greatly needed in the Highlands. In the eighteenth century "their few Protestant ministers were thinly scattered over extensive parishes, some of which were more than 60 miles in length by 30 in breadth; whilst others consisted of several islands, separated by leagues of a boisterous ocean; those on the main land being also, for the most part, intersected by arms of the sea reaching far into the country, or by rapid rivers destitute of bridges and in the winter generally impassable; and many of them divided by morasses, bays, and mountains, for months together covered with ice and snow." In the middle of the nineteenth century these facts are by no means entirely altered; there is much to be done in the way of educating the Highlanders—a fine, brave, and national people, to whom knowledge will be emphatically "great gain." It will be sufficient for our present purpose to quote the concluding paragraph of the Society's appeal:—"A Society which has, at this moment, upwards of 20,000 children under its daily care; and from whose tuition so many hundred thousand souls have gone forth into public life with all the advantages of an industrious and religious education. The patronage received in England has ever been commensurate with the Society's powerful claims upon British benevolence; and at a moment when additional support is so greatly needed, the directors are fully assured that they shall not entreat for it in vain."

Architectural College of Freemasons of the Church (March 9, Sir Walter James, Bart., in the chair).—The Chairman exhibited some beautiful drawings in water colours, taken in India by the son of Lord Hardinge.—Lord Hastings exhibited a piece of pure gold recently found upon the estate of Colonel Pratt. It had probably formed part of a circlet used in the religious festivals of the ancient Britons.—Mr. Rogers exhibited four exquisitely carved brackets in boxwood (emblematical of the seasons), and intended to receive figures.—Mr. W. P. Griffith called the attention of the meeting to two fragments, lying on the table, which had been discovered in Blackfriars: one was part of a Norman zig-zag arch, and the other of somewhat later date. Some observations were made relative to the machine used by the Patent Carving Company, in its application to stonework, especially to the execution of mouldings for ecclesiastical edifices.—A paper by Mr. W. Downing Bruce, K.C.G., F.S.A., was then read "On the Tomb of Robert Bruce, Competitor for the Crown of Scotland." It appears that this tomb, which now exists in an imperfect state at Gisborough Priory, was esteemed of so much importance by Dugdale, that it was the only monument engraved in his "Monasticon." It has on each side six large niches occupied by knights in armour, and bearing the arms of various branches of the Bruce family. Between the large niches are smaller ones, containing figures of ecclesiastics. At the end of the tomb once existed a representation of the Competitor holding in one hand the crown and in the other the royal arms of Scotland. In the spandrils formed by the large and small niches are devices, in which seem to be blended the chivalrous and the devotional. Many of these have been unexplained. Mr. Bruce then gave an accurate description of the varieties of armour worn by the knights on the tomb, acknowledging much assistance in this part of the subject from Sir Henry Dryden.—At the close of Mr. Bruce's paper, a discourse was given by Mr. J. Wykeham Archer, on the architectural remains of London, in which the ruins of the Savoy Palace, the crypt of St. Michael's Church, the house at which prisoners stopped on their road to execution at Tyburn, &c., occupied important positions. Every object of interest in the metropolis to which Mr. Archer alluded was illustrated by a careful drawing of either architectural or artistic character.

Panorama of Grand Cairo.—Among the pictorial exhibitions we are generally called upon to notice at this period of the year is that of Mr. Burford's, in Leicester-square, who usually contrives to add some new attraction to his rooms at the commencement of the season. The novelty of the present time is a view of the City of Grand Cairo, taken from the summit of one of those extraordinary mounds which formerly encircled the metropolis of Modern Egypt; it may, therefore, be called "a bird's-eye view," where the spectator looks down upon a confused mass of flat-roofed buildings, exhibiting no plan nor systematic arrangement; and, to those accustomed to the bustle and business of our own thronged streets, tenantless and desolate, like a city of the dead. Even the domes and lofty minarets, which here and there relieve the monotony of the scene, possess little of the external decoration and architectural beauty observable in the edifices of Constantinople and Alexandria. Yet the scene is altogether one of great interest, and we doubt whether Mr. Burford has ever produced a work more deserving of popular support. No one who looks upon that confused range of buildings would suppose that within their walls are contained upwards of two hundred thousand inhabitants, and that during the day the streets are crowded with noisy throngs, and long lines of camels laden with merchandise of both the eastern and western worlds: for Cairo has of late years become a vast trading mart, especially since a passage has been opened through it to our East India possessions. Viewed artistically, this panorama will, undoubtedly, increase Mr. Burford's reputation. The time of day represented is early morning; the atmosphere clear and cool; every object, even the most distant, is seen with the utmost distinctness. Beyond the city the rich woods of the island of Rhoda, the palace and groves of Shroobru, the far-off waters of the Nile;

beyond which lies the great Desert of Lybya, in a long flat line, broken only by the "everlasting Pyramids." The colouring of the whole picture is beautifully transparent, yet forcible; many parts of the buildings are wonderfully *brought out*; and the quiet, subdued tone pervading the entire scene has a greater charm to our mind than if it had been clothed in the rich hues of a midday sun, or garnished with the poetry of Eastern romance. The drawings for the panorama were furnished by Mr. Roberts, R.A., whose views of Egyptian scenery are too well known and appreciated to require comment. We must not withhold our meed of praise from Mr. H. C. Selous, who has introduced the figures with his accustomed skill and accuracy of delineation.

THE PROMISED EXHIBITIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.—We learn from an advertisement of this Society that they are making arrangements for collecting and exhibiting (in June, 1848), in their great room, the paintings of Mr. Mulready; to be the first of a series of exhibitions of the works of living British artists. The prospectus states that—

"The funds to be thus raised will be applied, firstly, in giving the artist whose works are exhibited a commission for a picture; and, secondly, in the purchase of pictures already painted. These pictures will be presented from time to time to the National Gallery, and thus, together with the works of British artists already the property of the Nation, help to form a Gallery which shall worthily represent British Art."

It is easy to see many difficulties in the way of this project; but difficulties may be overcome by energy and perseverance; and we are far from thinking they may not in this case be conquered. We shall perhaps have more to say on the subject hereafter.

THE LATE LADY SYKES left, among other pictures, a small and true picture by Raffaelle, and also the original drawing by him of the subject. It is an early performance, called in the Perugino manner, and is engraved in Gruner's work. The executors have offered the picture and drawing to the trustees of the National Gallery for 1000 guineas: the offer is believed to be under favourable consideration. In the interim the picture has been removed to No. 8, St. James's-square, from the residence of the late Lady Sykes, as a sale of the furniture has taken place. The purchase has been effected since this notice was written, and the transfer to the Nation appears to have given universal satisfaction. The picture is, indeed, an acquisition of rare value: but we suppose some snarling "Verax" will be found to cry it down.

THE ROYAL PORTRAITS OF WINTERHALTER.—We understand permission has been graciously accorded to Mr. Alderman Moon to exhibit the portraits by Winterhalter, which he is about to engrave, in one of the apartments of St. James's Palace.

GIBSON'S STATUE OF THE QUEEN may be expected at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in May.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER.—Subscriptions are on foot to erect a statue to the Queen Dowager in some part of the City. This arrangement does not seem to us to be in good taste: no living person is more respected or beloved than her Majesty; but it is well known that she covets retirement and avoids notoriety; her public position is not such—and never has been such—as to demand a public testimonial.

THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—The "inquiry" instituted by the Council, and prosecuted at the Board of Trade, has at present produced no results for publication; but we presume a much longer period cannot elapse before the evidence and the opinions may be made known to the public.

THE CONVERSAZIONE OF THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON.—These pleasant and profitable "evenings" have continued their attractions of high and intellectual society. Among the guests on the 27th of February and the 13th of March were the following artists:—Sir R. Westmacott, Mulready, Wyon, Uwins, Hart, Webster, Redgrave, Chalon, S. Cooper, E. Landseer, C. Landseer, Eastlake, Barry, Brockedon, E. M. Ward, Prout, Elmore, Turner, Pickersgill, Grant, E. M. Ward, S. Cousins, Harding, Knight, Frost, Poole, and Severn.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—The annual meeting will take place at Norwich between Thursday, the 29th of July, and Saturday, the 7th of August. Excursions will be made to Ely, Bury St. Edmund's, and Yarmouth. The Bishop of Norwich is the President of the meeting.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY have determined on holding their annual meeting at Warwick, making excursions to Coventry, Stratford-on-Avon, Leamington, Kenilworth, &c., in the last week of July.

THE DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.—The members of this Society have elected as their Vice-President Mr. E. T. Parris—an election from which we anticipate the best results; earnestly hoping that Mr. Parris may have leisure to devote his energy and talents to forwarding the interests of an Institution from which the best results may be anticipated.

PAPER-HANGINGS.—The house of Delicourt and Co., of Paris, have appointed in London an agent (Mr. Solomon, of Guilford-street) for the sale of their paper-hangings. We have had an opportunity of inspecting the designs which have been sent over—many of which are of extraordinary beauty. A brief description of the styles of two or three of the designs will serve to convey an impression of the spirit with which this branch of manufacture is carried on in France. They are executed in complete sets—that is, with florid pilasters and centre panels variously composed, so that a room thus ornamented, may be designated, as is customary in France, according to the style of its ornament. One set of panels which we saw represented the Arts and Sciences by female impersonations, executed with all the accuracy of drawing, dignity of expression, and harmony of colour which belong to High Art. These figures appear in groups of two, amid gold and coloured arabesque, of a very rich character, and accompanied by the symbols of the Sciences. The cycle for the decoration of one apartment is completed by similar figures, representing History, Music, Poetry, &c. &c., all fittingly accompanied. Of the purely vegetable designs, copied strictly from Nature, we may instance one composed of the flowers and a few leaves of the horse-chestnut, remarkable for natural truth. But it is enough to speak generally of these works—of the spirit which characterizes them. Many of the panels are white, and contain bouquets of flowers, remarkable for their severity of truth, richness of colour, and charming arrangement; and the secret of the production of these works is simply that there are in France so many highly-educated designers, and also that there is no expense spared in bringing them forward, as some of these sets of papers have passed under five hundred blocks, and have cost upwards of one thousand pounds to the manufacturer. Beautiful, however, and gorgeous as these works are, we see nothing in them that could not be equalled by ourselves. The manufacture of these papers had in some degree flagged, but has, during the last year or two, made a wonderful advance. All the means and appliances in the way of printing are peculiarly our own: all that is necessary is the adaptation of the highest class of ornament by well-educated artists.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM have purchased a beautiful head of the young Apollo to add to our collection of Greek sculptures. It is of the finest, or the Praxitellian, period of Greek Art, and was sold to the national collection by Mr. Buchanan, of Pall-mall, having been imported by him from Italy a few months ago, with some other varieties of antique Art.

THE COLOSSEUM.—The proprietors of this establishment have—and we think wisely—reduced the prices of admission to both morning and evening exhibitions. The price was by no means too high, in reference to the cost of the entertainment, or the enjoyment to be derived from it; but in these days, when retrenchments become necessities, the step is a judicious one. Perhaps in the world there is no place of amusement that offers so rich a treat: it supplies a rare intellectual banquet; it may be visited for information no less than for pleasure; there is nothing to detract from its merit; everything that is done is well done; the eye and the ear are both delighted; the mind and the senses are both gratified. It would be difficult to spend time more profitably, or more pleasantly, than it can be spent here.

THE UNSIGHTLY SCAFFOLDING at Hyde-park-corner is being taken down by imperceptible degrees from the Wellington Testimonial. It proceeds with a languor that reminds us of a criminal of former times, who obtained a respite from being hanged until he had built a church, by which he managed to attain a venerable longevity, and of course died before the edifice was finished. It may not be unreasonable to opine that the scaffolding will outlive the present session; after it has descended, bit by bit, it will be, of course, put up again with the same—or even greater—deliberation; and, as we learn from the Marquis of Londonderry, when the Duke has been brought to the foot of the arch, he will be left there. Government may do what they please with him; the Statue Committee will not move him another jot. The whole affair has been a national discredit: how our neighbours of the Continent must laugh at us! It is, however, generally understood that the statue will find a permanent base at Waterloo-place, between the Athenæum and the United Service Club.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MINIATURES.—We are induced to notice some admirable specimens of photographic portraits taken at the establishment of Mr. Kilburn, in Regent-street. They are in all respects equal to any we have seen elsewhere; perhaps, in richness of colouring and general artistic effect they may be considered superior.

TRACING PAPER.—We have had submitted to us, by Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, specimens of some very excellent tracing paper, of their manufacture. It is certainly the best we have ever tried, being perfectly transparent, though sufficiently thick for all practical purposes, and perfectly free from that oiliness we generally meet with in paper of a similar description—taking the ink as readily as ordinary writing-paper. It must be invaluable to all who require the use of such an article.

MR. GALPIN'S PENCIL DRAWINGS.—We have recently seen some very clever sketches, by this artist, of views in the Parks and Kensington-gardens, taken during the frost months when every object out of doors was covered with snow. They are executed in a novel and exceedingly free manner with pencils of extraordinary breadth, producing an excellent effect with comparatively little labour. For rapid sketching from Nature, Mr. Galpin's style is admirably adapted, though it is deficient in that delicacy of handling which is to us a great charm in every artistic production; we have, moreover, some doubts whether it could be practised, in any degree successfully, by a less skilful and vigorous hand.

THE KING OF BAVARIA.—Various statements have recently appeared in the public journals relative to certain transactions which have taken place, within the last few weeks, at the Court of Bavaria, and reports of a distressing character have been actively circulated regarding its Art-loving Monarch Louis I. It is no part of our duty to enter upon the subject of political intrigues; but every worshipper at the shrine of Art must feel a deep interest in whatever appertains to the King of Bavaria—its most munificent and enlightened protector. We are therefore well pleased to have it in our power, from information furnished us by our German correspondent, to contradict some, and by no means the slighted portion, of those unfounded allegations which have reached the ears of the English public. That a deep-laid plot to ensnare Louis was designed by a party appears evident; and that his Majesty had discovered their intrigues, and had determined to rid himself of them, is also apparent. Their fall was certain, but an incident of a somewhat singular nature seemed to afford them an opportunity of honourable retreat. The notorious Lola Montez having managed to ingratiate herself into royal favour (*nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*), the King proposed to confer upon her the benefits of naturalization, to which his Ministers, whose signatures were necessary to render the act valid, refused their assent, and tendered a resignation, which would eventually have been forced upon them: thus making a merit of necessity, and retreating with a semblance of independence and honour, when certain defeat was before them. But good has arisen out of this seeming evil. A manifesto (attributed to the King himself) has appeared in the Munich "Gazette," absolving, or promising to absolve, the press from the censorship to which it has hitherto been subjected: a step that is likely to increase the popularity so long and deservedly enjoyed by Louis. His health and mental state, we learn from the same source, are excellent; and even his "love-making," about which so much is said, has been grossly exaggerated.

REVIEWS.

SCOTLAND DELINEATED. Published by JOSEPH HOGARTH, Haymarket.

As the title under which we notice this national work is insufficient—and the galaxy of names borne by the title-page is too numerous for detail in a mere heading—it is necessary at once to say by whom Scotland is here delineated; the artists, then, are Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., George Cattermole, W. L. Leitch, Thomas Creswick, A.R.A., David Roberts, R.A., J. D. Harding, Joseph Nash, and Horatio Macculloch, R.S.A.; the whole of the lithographs being executed by Mr. Harding, and accompanied by letterpress, historical, antiquarian, and descriptive, by John Parker Lawson, M.A. The first and second numbers of this beautiful and really important work are now before us: the form is that of large folio, thus affording space for the development of the beauties of the subjects—the history of each of which, like that of Scotland itself, is a highly coloured romance. If we consider the names of the artists who contribute to the work, we cannot doubt of full justice being done to the subject-matter, how extensive soever be its range. If architectural, there are among them, those who cannot be surpassed in the treatment of such material; if interior, with ancient associations, there are none others to whom it could more safely be committed; if lake and mountain, they will be consummately represented; if the scene lie in the forest, we know of no other school that could so nearly approach its luxuriant truth. The frontispiece to the work is 'The Entrance to Roslin Chapel,' drawn by Roberts. In the niches which flank the entrance are inscribed the names of the artists. In this plate are grouped some four or five picturesque figures—two in the Highland costume, and one wearing the cuirass and pot helmet of the latter part of the seventeenth century. The bonnet worn by the nearer Gael is of that fashion called Glengarry: but this is an error—that bonnet is of very recent date. The first view in the series is 'Edinburgh Castle from the Grass-market,' by W. L. Leitch. The subject is too familiar to require description; but, familiar as it is, we look for it in every series of Scottish scenery. The foreground is a most masterly composition; and nothing can surpass the beautiful transparency with which the shadow is rendered. The second plate is 'The West Bow'—a place, as all the world knows, of little picturesque interest in itself, but Cattermole has given life to the scene by an armed procession, of which the last of Scotland's Kings is the centre. James VI. advances on a charger amid a guard of quaint, iron-bound figures, such as Cattermole alone can conjure up from the vasty deep of times gone by. The subject introduced by the artist is 'The Public Entry of James VI., in 1579,' when he passed by the West Port, through the Grass-market, West Bow, Lawn-market, High-street, and Canongate. The next plate is a charming landscape subject entitled 'Barnbogle Castle'; the materials are of the most commonplace kind, but they are brought into composition with indescribable sweetness—this is by Stanfield. The next view presents 'Moray House, in the Canongate,' before which a throng of figures are engaged in one of those desperate broils which were, even at an earlier period, frequent in the streets of Edinburgh; and the last plate in the first part is a beautiful drawing of the romantic ruin of Roslin Castle. Another admirable view, by Stanfield, is entitled 'The Back of Leith Pier,' in which is most faithfully shown a locality that has long supplied interesting subject matter to painters—every beam and housetop there have their prescriptive places on the walls of the Northern Exhibition. 'St. Mungo's Cathedral, Glasgow,' by Roberts, shows the extent of the edifice, and, at the same time, the active destruction of Popish emblems by an infuriated party of iconoclasts. 'The National Monument, on the Calton-hill,' by Harding, has been treated by that artist with a taste and feeling which recals at once to memory the classic remains of Greece. 'The Old Grey Friars Churchyard' is another of Cattermole's subjects. The place is filled by an audience listening to the exhortations of a preacher, who addresses his hearers standing on the top of one of the tombs. 'The Head of the West Bow' is drawn by W. L. Leitch, and treated with the every-day costume; numerous groups of figures are distributed with excellent effect throughout the drawing. The last plate in this number is 'The Palace of Linlithgow,' by Roberts. The subject is rendered with all the brilliancy of effect which characterizes his Oriental scenery. All that we can add in praise of this work is, that its plates respectively are to be accounted among the best of those of the distinguished artists who contribute to it. We shall watch its progress with exceeding pleasure.

THE DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY: ABSTRACTS OF PAPERS, &c. Published by CALDER, and SIMPKIN and MARSHALL.

We have from time to time noticed the progress and transactions of this Society, and we are glad to find, by the publication of their papers, that they are strengthening themselves, and extending the sphere of their inquiries and useful labours. The Decorative Art Society was instituted in 1844, to promote, as they themselves say, through *practical men*, a more extensive knowledge of Decorative Art,—to encourage inquiry into the true principles of Design, and to apply it in its best forms of development to the enrichment of manufacture. This is, we believe, the only Society of the kind existing—at least we know of no other—and may very reasonably express a wish that there were more associations formed with the like views of mutual instruction: for it is expected of each member that he shall, in his turn, supply his quota of information on such of the Arts or Manufactures as may lie within his own experience. These "Abstracts" of the papers that have been read at the meetings of this Society are submitted to the public, not so much with a view of communicating information as from a desire of rendering more generally known the motives and objects of the Society. No fact is more clear than that every producer whose production is capable of amelioration by means of Art—every producer, be his staple what it may—must not only go again to school, but, if he wish to sustain a position, he must not be ashamed to remain at school as long as there is anything to be learned. Such is the spirit of the time, and he who admits not this conviction vainly waits, like the clown in the ancient fable, until the many-hued current of change shall have passed him by. But Art is forced upon the attention of every producer: he must now render the commonest utilities ornamental, or forego his vocation. Such are the sensible views of the Decorative Art Society, who, in the preface to these abstracts, say that they do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in any of them, but they must be considered as those of the respective writers. The papers have been written by persons having little leisure to bestow on literary composition and correction; yet it is presumed that they will be found creditable to the different authors, and not unworthy of the Society. Indeed, as far as we can see of them, they are creditable to both; and yet, perhaps, the best of their papers are not yet before us, as it appears there are others, as on "Design," "Elizabethan Furniture," &c., which have been published in another form. The papers in the form before us extend only to January 28, 1846, being in number twenty-eight; some of the subjects of which are—"Carpets," "Harmony of Colours," "Style of Louis XIV.," "Silken Fabrics," "Paper-hanging," "Stained Glass," "Marqueterie," "Geometrical Figures," &c. The members of this Society, as practical men, profess to have little leisure for research; but yet they are undoubtedly disposed for the acquisition of all knowledge that will lead to excellence in their respective departments. A knowledge of the history of an art is indispensable to a professor of the same—not that he may dwell upon its antiquities with a reverence which believes them to be inimitable, but that he may pursue the same paths of excellence which were trodden by those who have acquired enduring fame. We have not the space for any extended notice of these papers, but we may offer a few remarks on a passage from one of them which bears immediately on the utilization of information—the paper was by Mr. Crabb—"On the Nature and Application of Colour for Decorative Purposes." "The manufacturing colourist may derive the most important assistance from the study of works of High Art; and the decorative artist, by extending his considerstion to the several schools. We know that style in Decorative Art is a power over materials and colours by which conception and sentiment can be conveyed. Simplicity of colouring and breadth of treatment form the principle of the Roman and Florentine schools, producing, as in the works of the Caracci, grandeur, with a quiet solemnity of effect, well adapted for noble and dignified purposes; while the brilliancy and splendour of the Venetian are replete with examples fitted for sumptuous decoration and the study of elaborate harmony of colouring." It is necessary that information of this kind should be diffused; but we think that, as is the case in some of the Continental Societies, the value of ancient examples should be made apparent by the modern application of their principles—as, for instance, without copying a design or composition—by producing from it another in the same style, and exhibiting the original and the modification together. This is the manner of all adaptations from Nature, and the only valuable method of assuming a style; and the source of as much originality as can be hoped for in ordinary cases. This Society has our best wishes; its members seem to be actuated by a spirit of inquiry which, if attended by judicious practice, must be productive of the most beneficial results.

THE HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY. By LANZI. Translated by THOMAS ROSCOE. Published by H. G. BOHN, York-street, Covent-garden.

This is the first volume of Lanzi's well-known work, comprehending the history of the Florentine, Sienese, and Roman schools. It is accompanied by a biographical notice of Lanzi, Lanzi's preface to the work, and a portrait of Raffaelle, engraved from that which we ourselves admire beyond all others—the small head covered with the cap, which hangs among the collection of portraits in the Palazzo Vecchio, at Florence. This volume constitutes one of Bohn's "Standard Library," which will comprehend many valuable works in Art-Literature. At the end of Mr. Roscoe's biographical notice of Lanzi we find a note relative to the correspondence of Lanzi, which is in the possession of his nephew at Monte dell' Olmo, and which is mentioned as extremely valuable by his biographer, the Abate Zannoni. To what is to be ascribed this delay in the publication of correspondence which would be welcome to entire Europe? Lanzi was born in 1732, and died in 1810, and even to the end of his protracted life continued to write and to receive letters. Such a correspondence would be most valuable, and at no time could it be more acceptable than now. We have seen, in our own and other languages, editions of Lanzi, but none in a form so convenient as this.

SIR DAVID WILKIE'S SPANISH AND ORIENTAL SKETCHES. Drawn on stone by JOSEPH NASH. Published by HENRY GRAVES and Co.

These sketches are the results of Sir David Wilkie's visits to Italy and Spain during the years 1825—1828, together with some drawings and compositions from his Oriental portfolio. A visit to Spain was, perhaps, not contemplated when he left England in 1825; at least it is certain that any such intention was not generally known. He was anxious to visit the Spanish collections; but he had also a deeper purpose than this: for, having determined on a change of style, he wished in this to take counsel of the admirable Diego Velasquez, whom he himself pronounced to be the origin of everything remarkable that had been done in our own school. These sketches are deeply interesting, as presenting the first form of many of those valuable pictures (known to the public through engravings) which enrich the Royal Collection, and those of many of the most distinguished patrons of Art. The series consists of twenty-six plates, uniform with the previously-published series of "Oriental Sketches." The subject of the frontispiece is 'Washington Irving examining Spanish Records;' the next is 'The Departure of the Guerilla,'—a sketch upon which the artist has dwelt *con amore*, with the intention of immediately painting it. The picture which was realized from it is one of the series painted for George IV., to whom it was submitted at Windsor in 1829. The following sketch, 'The Guerilla's Return,' supplied a picture which is also in the Royal Collection. Another of the series painted for George IV., 'Monks at Confession at Toledo,' is the sketch for the picture known as 'The Confessional,' the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne. This is a sketch of singular intensity—it represents a monk confessing to an elder brother; the figures are

slight in execution, but we have never seen so much expression achieved with so little effort. 'The Pifferari playing Hymns to the Virgin' is one of the most charming of Wilkie's Continental subjects: the picture, which was painted in 1827, is in the Royal Collection. These devout Roman minstrels have supplied subject-matter for artists of all nations; but they have never been more characteristically painted than by Wilkie. As one of the present series, there is a sacred subject drawn according to modern Oriental costume, 'The Saviour at Emmaus;' and the purpose of our great painter is here sufficiently obvious, as he presumes that the costume of the persons mentioned in Scripture differs but little from that of the time of the Saviour; he therefore presents the disciples in the ordinary Moslem costume. On this point Wilkie declared his view in a letter to Sir Robert Peel, written from Jerusalem in 1841:—"In this," he says, "though Paul Veronese, Titian, Giorgione, and Sebastian del Piombo, all Venetians, have, by commerce and immediate intercourse with the Levant, succeeded in giving in their works a new verisimilitude to an Eastern people, yet who is there that cannot imagine that such minds as Raffaelle and Leonardo da Vinci, great as they are, might not have derived a help, had they dwelt and studied in the same land which Moses and the prophets, the evangelists and apostles, have so powerfully and graphically described, and which they would have described in vain to the conviction of their readers, but as witnesses and participators in the events which form the subjects of their sacred writings?" We find also here the original sketch of 'Columbus at the Convent of Rabida,' so well known by the beautiful engraving which has been executed from it. This sketch, at the first conception of the subject, cannot be compared with the picture. In the finished work, figures have been added, and to the principal there is communicated a commanding presence, practicable only to minds of no ordinary calibre. Columbus is here presented with an air of unassuming simplicity; but in the picture he is ennobled, insomuch that the artist has found it necessary to qualify the standard of every other figure. 'The Spanish Posada, or Guerilla Council of War,' is another very remarkable composition. This picture was preferred by George IV. to all the other Spanish subjects of the artist. It is in the Royal Collection. A few Eastern sketches are brought forward among these, and of the whole we can only say that they are in every way worthy of the reputation of the artist. The publication, taken altogether, is one of the cheapest, as well as one of the most interesting and beautiful, of modern times.

THE SELECT WRITINGS OF ROBERT CHAMBERS. Vols. 1 and 2. W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh and London.

There are few names in England that merit higher honour than those of the brothers Chambers, who for many years have furnished the people with literature, not only the cheapest, but the best. Systematically avoiding, in their admirably-conducted journal, all merely political topics, they have been the determined advocates of *movement* in its worthiest sense; they have diffused the elements of every species of knowledge with a liberal and yet judicious hand; they have created a class of readers which, until the publication of their journal, had no existence, because there was nothing for them to read; despite the host of periodicals at the same price, "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal" maintains its highest, because most useful, pre-eminence; the agent of no party—the advocate of no sect—the assailer of no public or private individual—the promoter of no discontent, however momentarily popular; but the steady and uniform friend of improvement—the first to circulate knowledge—to inculcate sound and rational morality—to enlarge the mind without cramping the imagination—to expose public abuses, and to hold up to admiration those great and good individuals who have stepped out of the ranks of conventionality, not to overthrow sects and society for the furtherance of their own purposes, but to separate the chaff from the wheat, giving the dross to the winds, but collecting the grain into their garners! Young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, find something in the unpretending pages of "Chambers's Journal" to please and instruct. It enters the house like a sunbeam, and ever leaves a pleasant memory. The "Tracts for the People"—which have been disseminated by these brothers—are transmitted over the world; and though we felt doubtful, for a time, as to their having remunerative sale, that has been secured by the unprecedented circulation—secured as much by the faith which the public have learned to place in whatever comes from the "magazine" of the brothers, as by the intrinsic worth of the "Tracts" themselves.

Few things indeed are so pleasant, and to literary persons nothing can be more cheering, than to dwell upon the brave and honourable career of these excellent men—from their first outset in life, when they sought to re-establish the fortunes of their family by mental exertion, strict integrity, and the great quality of their country—forethought—to the present time, when they are greeted as prosperous gentlemen—mingling with and advancing the best and greatest purposes of knowledge throughout the world. Our readers know that two of these brothers are identified with literature—William and Robert—but the world can seldom entertain two ideas as connected with the same name; thus they are distinguished as the "*writing* Chambers" and the "*business* Chambers." This sagacious distinction has often amused us, for both "*write*," and both are, technically speaking, "*men of business*." When, indeed, were Scotchmen otherwise? But their qualities of mind are essentially different, and the public will be able to discern this difference, now that the works of Mr. Robert Chambers are for the first time collected and published in monthly volumes. The two already published come to us as friends we have met at intervals, and been always rejoiced to meet again—good pleasant fellows, sometimes treating us to a sentiment, at others to a jest; now exciting a good-natured smile at the expense of some harmless creature, who would forgive us, and smile at our own weakness in return; anon bestowing a lecture, or elevating an incident into an event—sometimes gay sometimes grave, but free from every taint of animosity or bitterness towards a world, through which the author, beloved and respected by all who have the happiness of knowing him, has *toiled* as well as *travelled*. As Mr. Robert Chambers is still in the prime of his days, we expect many such volumes; and we congratulate the public on so much that is of value being rescued from the perishing pages of periodical publication.

Whatever comes from the enormous "house of business" in Edinburgh commands attention and respect; and it is a glorious thing to see what literary men are enabled to achieve, when they pursue a straightforward and honourable course—working together like bees, instead of devouring each other like spiders.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH AND THE COURT OF FRANCE. By MISS PARDOE. Three vols. Published by R. BENTLEY.

Miss Pardoe is known to the public as a most agreeable writer of fiction and travels; some of her works have been translated into the continental languages; and "The City of the Sultan" is a right pleasant book at any season, mingling, as it does, romance, history, and travel—the observation of a woman, with the enterprise of a man. The times of Louis XIV., from their marked and varied character, are exceedingly difficult to deal with; the wars of the period demand a strong and vigorous pencil to depict them faithfully, and the peculiar state of the Court could only be *delicately* rendered by a female pen. Miss Pardoe has encountered the first difficulty as ably as any of our modern historians could have done; she has laboured earnestly to obtain facts; and, if there are occasional evidences of the want of what our acquaintance with Gibbon and Hume lead us to expect in solid and dignified history, we have yet enough to be grateful for, and find much to thoroughly admire, in the delineation of varied character, and the ease and fluency with which the tales of the Court and courtiers are developed. Miss Pardoe has worked with spirit and with care, and her own observations exhibit a depth of thought and train of reasoning which must considerably increase her reputation. She has ever evinced kind and generous sympathies, and here they are frequently called forth; the morality is not lax, but the charity is extensive.

It is always melancholy to note the shipwreck of the once good, and always beautiful; and we never revert to the period of Louis XIV. and our own Charles II. without rejoicing that they are past. Our Journal has space for only a brief notice of volumes, however important in other ways, that do not bear directly upon Art; but we really think Miss Pardoe's history of this very pictorial period will form a useful addition to an artist's library. The volumes are beautifully got up; the illustrations and vignettes are in their degree necessary to the letterpress; and certainly the reader will not complain of the smallness of the type. The vignettes, we believe, are all engraved by Messrs. Measom.*

A HIGHLAND FUNERAL. Painted by GEORGE HARVEY, R.S.A.; engraved by J. F. WILLMORE. Published by HENRY GRAVES and Co.

Scotland owes a large debt to Mr. Harvey; his high genius has consecrated many of its humble scenes and characters—giving common things to pathos, and exciting sympathy for the working-day world of humanity. We have here the funeral of a Highland shepherd—nothing more; yet it is full of the tenderest feeling—it tells a touching story in language that cannot fail to reach the heart. The mournful procession is passing over one of those mountain slopes of dark peat where the sheep have been often gathered; the mourners are afoot, winding along the scarcely trodden pathway, beside a thin brook, about which the brambles have collected; elsewhere there is no verdure: Nature being here as gloomy as the countenances of the funeral guests. The chief mourner is the shepherd's dog, who paces by the cart that contains the body of his master, drawn by a rough pony to its latest rest. The picture is full of eloquent pleading: it is sunset; the light is fading behind the far-off hills; and the crows are taking their homeward flight. The composition has been carefully studied; but no doubt the accomplished painter has seen that which he so powerfully describes. It is engraved with very great ability by Mr. Willmore.

THE TEN VIRGINS. Painted by J. E. LAUDER; engraved by LAMB STOCKS. The Print of the Scottish Society for Promoting the Fine Arts.

This is a print of a right good order: the best the Society has produced—at least, the best we have seen; and certainly calculated to promote the great purpose of the Institution. The artist has very effectively rendered the beautiful parable of our Lord: the wise virgins are proceeding to the marriage feast; while the foolish virgins, whose lamps have gone out, are mourning over the consequences of their own folly in having made no preparation for the future. The story is eloquently and touchingly told; as a work of Art it is of the higher and better class: it cannot fail to extend the reputation of the artist; and, as a whole, it has been well engraved; although in many parts it is deficient of refinement. The sky appears woolly; but our impression may not be a good one. Mr. Stocks has been most successful in the principal figures, on whom the light falls, and upon which the skill of the painter has been chiefly exerted. In this case, at all events, the print cannot fail to give great satisfaction to the subscribers.

WEEDS AND WILD FLOWERS. By GEORGE HARRISON. Publishers, LLOYD BROTHERS and Co.

We last month gave a memoir of this excellent artist; it is now our task to notice his only pub-

* We have to complain of this work and of other works issued by Mr. Bentley, and indeed by other publishers, that, while the names of the engravers are somewhat ostentatiously paraded, those of the artists are altogether omitted; this is an oversight which, to so respected a publisher as Mr. Bentley, need only be pointed out to be avoided. If we can induce our artists generally to draw on wood, we shall achieve a great purpose; but the object will be materially retarded by withholding the reputation that follows good designs, which "the million" are expected to consult, and by which the million may be in a degree influenced. Not only has this error been of late committed in published books; it has had a wider scope. In "Howitt's Journal," and in "The People's Journal," we observe good engravings—"engraved by so and so," but as to who the artist is we are left in total ignorance. This is unwise as well as unjust; the public will attach greater value to a work of which they know the originator as well as the copyist.

lished work—a work, by the way, we suggested to him when seeing the sketches from Nature out of which it arose. There are few things more needed by artists (and quite as much so by amateurs) than accurate models, for introduction into landscapes, of the weeds and wild flowers which grow by the waysides: strange to say, no collection of them has been hitherto made; of garden flowers we have an ample supply, and exotics for reference are plenty enough; but the study of these simple and natural objects is as necessary to the landscape-painter as that of the bones and muscles to the historical painter; yet, when such matters were needed, they were not to be found, or, at best, only in prints and pictures. Mr. Harrison left a valuable legacy to his brethren in collecting these treasures and bringing them within the reach of all artists. The drawings are in lithography, coloured; the compositions are so graceful and true that the prints become pictures, and might be valued apart from their obvious utility. The weeds and wild flowers are introduced, always with regard to their proper localities, but always in connexion with striking and beautiful scenery. Few productions of modern times are calculated to be so practically serviceable.

THE POETICAL LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS; or the Pilgrimage of Love. By THOMAS MILLER. Publisher, DAVID BOGUE.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Thus writes Wordsworth, the great living high-priest of Nature—as it has ever been with all great poets in all ages. To know what our own gifted bards have thought and uttered respecting every flower

"which pranks
Our garden borders, or our common banks,"

must be agreeable to all. All have not, however, the leisure or the means to explore the rich garden of old English poetry. For their benefit at this season of the year—when the dædal earth is about to assume its party-coloured robe, even in this month of April, which owes its own appropriate designation to its unfolding flowers—Thomas Miller comes forward with a garland such as never before wooed lady's wistful eye. Its object is not, like those borrowed from the French, to enable its possessor to compose or interpret "an oriental love-letter," though the "index" will enable such as are so disposed to indulge their fancy in this way; but to make the "flowers fresh in hue and many in their class," which will so soon "implore the pausing step," to converse with the mind of the spectator, and charm it with the thoughts which have welled up in the luxuriant imagination of England's elder bards. No one is better fitted for this, as no one knows better

"That language flowers can speak—
Each hue a word, each leaf a thought."

The manner in which he has done this is worthy of himself. Neither Krummacher nor Herder ever conceived a more graceful apologue or allegory than the first chapter of this book, "Love and the Flowers." When Love set out on his pilgrimage, and when

"The fresh creation looked all charming, mild,
And all the flowery face of Nature smiled;
When odours, such as heavenly zephyrs blow,
From the sweet mouth of the infant world did flow!"

Whatever Love learned from the flowers then, Love will find again now: for neither it "can die," nor can the subjects of his lore.

"Midst all the fading changes of the earth,
Their smiles, at least, live on, immortal in their birth."

The very exterior of the work, by its elegant decorations, gives a foretaste of the beauty both of the interior illustrations by Mr. Andrews, and of the "poetic prose" of Mr. Miller. We feel assured that this will be *the* book not only of *the* season, but of *all* seasons.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART. By F. VON SCHELLING. London, CHAPMAN, BROTHERS.

The philosophers of Germany, like her poets, her painters, and her writers of romance, inhabit an ideal region; which we, of more earthly mould, are slow to arrive at. Perhaps it would be well if some of their fanciful inspirations were occasionally incorporated with our matter-of-fact natures and habits. This little work is the substance of an oration delivered by F. Von Schelling, before the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Munich, so far back as 1807; yet we believe it had not appeared in an English dress till the present translation, by A. Johnson, was put forth. It may be designated as an attempt to prove the relation existing, or supposed to exist, between the plastic Arts and Nature. The question of æsthetics has for some time occupied the minds and pens of the philosophers of Germany, who, thinking they perceive an absolute theory or system of theories in the philosophy of Poetry and the Fine Arts, have raised it to the rank of a science. Wolf, Baumgarten, Winkelmann, Kant, and others, have each undertaken the inquiry, yet with different results; and they who followed these writers have generally adopted their principles, with more or less independence. Schelling's views of Beauty and Art are somewhat difficult to state precisely; but they appear to resolve themselves into this:—That Art, like Poetry, should express intellectual thoughts—conceptions whose origin is the soul only, not by speech, but by form and by shape; that plastic Art stands as a connecting link between the soul and Nature, and can only be received as their vital synthesis or construction.—He has argued his point eloquently and forcibly: we must leave those who will read the oration (and it will well pay the perusal) to decide with how much of real or apparent truth. Yet there is one observation which we think admits of universal assent. "To different ages is accorded a different inspiration—an Art, indeed, which should be in all respects the same as that of former centuries, will never recur; for Nature never repeats herself—such a Raffaelle will never be again"; "but," he adds, and this we are slow to believe, "another, who in a like individual manner, will arrive at the highest in Art." This golden age we shall not see, however, till our artists think and work more by themselves. Originality must assuredly lead, sooner or later, to excellence.

THE HAND-BOOK OF NEEDLEWORK. CHURCH NEEDLEWORK. MY KNITTING BOOK. MY CROCHET BOOK. By Miss LAMBERT. Publisher, JOHN MURRAY.

Miss Lambert may be considered the historian of needlework; but, unlike many historians, her histories are not dry details of mere facts, but records of real interest, connected with an occupation so strictly feminine, that where we do not find a desire to excel in some branch connected with one of the great means of usefulness and cheerfulness in our homes, we are inclined to think the mind cannot be tuned to the right key for domestic harmony. We do not desire to see a woman's existence devoted to the shading of German wool, or the mysteries of "crochet" and "knitting"; but we do desire to see the evidences of female industry widely diffused throughout a house, and, above all, an acquaintance with the effects of light and shade, an harmonious sorting of colours—a knowledge, in fact, of the purest principles of Art—brought into action in all domestic arrangements: so that the eye as well as the ear may be spared all false harmonies. This, in itself a science, is rendered comparatively easy by Miss Lambert's works, especially those on "Church" and "Decorative Needlework." There is one chapter in the latter on Embroidery, properly so called, that claims especial attention from the artist, from the clearness with which it describes the different sorts of embroidery of the past and present, as well as the different styles peculiar to each country. To our fair readers the "Hand-books of Crochet" and "Knitting" are invaluable; no work-table should be without them; and their utility is considerably enhanced by the wood engravings, which simplify the written instructions. The accomplished authoress has changed her name; and the right-thinking *womanliness* of her nature is illustrated in the following passage, which we extract from the preface to the fourth edition of her "Hand-book of General Needlework":—

"I am indebted to my husband for his assistance in some of the historical notices, and again for his permission in allowing my maiden name to appear on the title-page, as being that by which I am generally recognised in my avocation."

The ladies of Great Britain are deeply indebted to "Miss Lambert" for the zeal and pains she has bestowed upon this art; and, while we congratulate her upon her deserved popularity, we congratulate them, also, on having such a teacher—under whose guidance they may *work* in safety, and whose precept and example they may unhesitatingly follow.

BEAUTY'S BATH. Painted by EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.; engraved by SAMUEL COUSINS. Publishers, H. GRAVES and Co.

We have here one of the most agreeable examples we have ever examined of the high genius of Edwin Landseer,—a work a thousand times more worthy of him than all the dogs and horses he has ever painted. A lovely child holds in her arms the little pet with whom she is about to enter the bath; the composition is remarkably simple; it is a pure transcript of beautiful Nature, and a rare proof of the mighty capabilities of Art. The little maiden whom the artist has depicted is the daughter of Sir Robert Peel; the value of the portrait is thus enhanced by association; but, regarded as a mere work of Art, it is interesting in the highest degree. As an engraving, it is perhaps the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mr. Cousins, who has certainly never surpassed it in delicacy and brilliancy of execution.

A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY. Painted by JAMES BATEMAN; engraved by C. W. WASS. Publishers, GAMBART, JUNIN, and Co.

The "distinguished member" is a large Newfoundland dog, luxuriating over a feast, of which a miserable-looking terrier is begging a bone. The story is told with inimitable point; there is positive eloquence in the beseeching look of the poor half-starved beggar, whose history receives illustration from the broken rope around the neck; while the fat aristocrat regards him with ineffable contempt. There is no approach to exaggeration, although the contrast is so forcible as to be independent of explanatory words. The print contains a fine moral lesson; if dogs could read, they might learn mercy; but it may teach humanity—more especially at this time when misery is so much abroad. The picture has been admirably engraved by Mr. Wass: he has preserved with admirable tact the expressions of the countenances of the dogs; while the less important parts have a degree of crispness rarely surpassed. Altogether the print is one of the best of its class.

THOUGHTS AND FACTS CONCERNING THE FINE ARTS IN IRELAND, AND SCHOOLS OF DESIGN. By G. F. MULVANY, Esq., R.H.A. Published in London by CHAPMAN and HALL. Dublin: CUMMING and Co.

The substance of the argument of this pamphlet is in favour of the establishment of Schools of Design in Ireland, but differing in their institution from those in England, inasmuch as being under the direction of the Royal Hibernian Academy—a view which seems to owe its origin to a suggestion of the commissioners who were appointed in 1840 to inquire into the best mode of appropriating the monies for the time withdrawn as a grant from the Royal Dublin Society. These commissioners, having instituted inquiries into the nature, objects, and management of the various literary, scientific, and Art institutions, suggested "that the means and functions of the Royal Hibernian Academy should be extended, and all the Fine Art Schools be placed under their management." Seeing the benefit that has already accrued from the establishment of Schools of Design, there can be no doubt of the advantageous operation of a more extended knowledge of design on the manufactures of Ireland; the only cause for surprise is that the establishment of a School should have been delayed in Dublin, since they have been instituted in third-rate country towns in England. We cannot, however, agree either with Mr. Mulvany or the commissioners, whom he quotes, in advocating the investiture of an Academy of Fine Art with the management of a School of Design, simply because professors of Fine Art are utterly unsuited for the direction of a School of Design. It is necessary that the director or teacher of a School of Design be not only highly accomplished in a particular branch of Art, but that he have such a knowledge of manufacture as to know in how far his conceptions can be realized by the latter. Better to illustrate what we mean, let us refer to the exhibition

of last year at Somerset House—we found there a few designs of some merit; but, having been executed without that indispensable knowledge of manufacture, they were utterly impracticable to the operative. An ornamental design intended to be printed on paper, or painted on a wall, is one thing—but a design for manufacture is another, and so different as to demand another extensive set of acquisitions; and again, so subtle are the changes and fashions of design, that no artist whose attention is divided can hope to arrive at, and sustain excellence. It is clear that Mr. Mulvany writes not under such impressions, which are only those of all professors of manufacturing design, although he says:—"If the painter wishes to turn his acquired power to any particular manufacture, he has to learn how the principles of design can be made available to the material in question. This he must learn from, or in conjunction with, the tradesman. The more he knows of the particular trade in which he would employ his art, the happier will be the result," &c. It is not enough that the artist should merely consult with the tradesman; nor will a little knowledge of manufacture serve him: to succeed and give prominence to the production for which he designs, he must be a professor of design, and nothing else. It is true that the sculptor continually executes works for the goldsmith, but in doing this he never steps out of his legitimate profession. Schools of Design have been, with the best results, established both in England and Scotland, and should have been established in Ireland before this time; but, when they are instituted in that country, it is to be hoped that they will be under the direction of artists who are fully acquainted with the peculiar working of Schools of Design. Mr. Mulvany's pamphlet is very ably and eloquently written: it does him the highest credit; and, although we do not agree with all his opinions, we recommend his publication to the various classes interested in the subject.

THE HIGHLANDER'S HOME. Painted by EDWIN LANDSEER; engraved by B. P. GIBBON. Publisher, M'LEAN.

We have here one of those common incidents of common life, which a man of genius converts into touching poetry. When Mr. Landseer paints such scenes he makes mankind his debtor: he advocates the cause of humanity; he renders Art a great moral teacher—instructing while gratifying. The subject is merely the room of a Highland hut; in which a young father and mother are watching their rudely-cradled babe—sleeping the happy sleep of earliest childhood; the story is so sweetly told; it is a pure and simple bit of nature—nothing more; one can read the very heart of the young mother in her loving eyes; while the rough father seems softened by the sight almost into womanhood. The tranquil joy of the household seems shared by the colly who leans his head against the cradle-foot, by the venerable ram who lies by its side, and the brood of chickens who run to the parent "cluck-cluck." Few works of Art can be contemplated with more unmixed pleasure; the print is a delicious one, and cannot fail to be, as it ought to be, universally popular. As an engraving it is one of the very highest merit—carried to a remarkable degree of refinement, yet bold and brilliant in style, and masterly in execution. Mr. Gibbon deservedly holds rank among the foremost of our English engravers: in this, his latest effort, he has fully established his claim to recognition as an artist of power. The print, altogether, is one that, while it gratifies the many, satisfies the most fastidious connoisseur. The original picture is one of the gems of Mr. Sheepshanks's glorious Gallery of Modern Art.

PORTRAIT OF PETER PAUL RUBENS. Engraved by WILLIAM J. RODEN, from the Picture at Windsor, painted by the Artist. Publishers, HENRY GRAVES and Co.

This engraving from the well-known picture in the Royal Collection is published as a companion to the famous print of 'Vandyke'; it is the portrait always accepted as authority, and which all who admire the great artist desire to receive as such: for it exhibits him in the prime of life and the vigour of intellect. The engraving is one of high merit: it confers honour upon an excellent artist of the Provinces, whose name is far too little known in London. The engraver seems to have caught the spirit of the painter, and to have laboured as if engaged in a work of love. The print is highly wrought, but exhibits remarkable breadth and boldness of treatment; altogether, it is an admirable example of the art.

PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN. In Lithography, by EDWARD DALTON, from a Drawing by Sir WILLIAM ROSS, R.A. Publishers, S. and J. FULLER.

Another—and very agreeable—portrait of her Most Gracious Majesty, reading some charter we presume, although there are present none of the insignia of royalty. The drawing seems to have been carefully copied, the manner of the Court Painter having been very skilfully preserved.

ON PRODUCING WHITE OR NEUTRAL LIGHT BY MEANS OF ORDINARY ARTIFICAL LIGHT. By GEORGE TAIT, Esq., Vice-President of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts.

This is a paper which first appeared in the "New Philosophical Journal" for January, 1847, from which it has been reprinted. The subject of inquiry is the acquisition of such an artificial light as will leave to colours the same value which they possess by daylight. It is scarcely necessary to say that artificial light is very different from that of the sun: by the former, certain colours may be said to be disqualified, as is well known to those whose occupations require them to be employed upon colour by artificial light. The orange tinge, communicated by the combustion of any oleaginous matter, or of carburetted hydrogen gas, affects very much colours that are viewed by such light. "In ordinary artificial light, the rays producing red and yellow appear to occur in the same ratio in which they occur in white light; and, as there is an excess of them over the rays producing blue, all that is necessary to produce white light is to interpose a transparent medium of such a depth of blue as to absorb that excess, allowing such a portion of them to pass as is necessary to neutralise the rays producing blue, all of which have been allowed to pass." The writer proceeds to describe a method of neutralizing the orange quality of artificial light by means of blue-coloured glass—not *stained*, but coloured by French ultramarine white in a state of fusion. We can understand that a proportion of the light will be absorbed by the medium; but, nevertheless, a simple and inexpensive means of procuring a light that would leave to colours their proper value would be a boon to Art and Manufacture.

LIVES OF MICHAEL ANGELO AND RAFFAELLE. London: DAVID BOGUE.

Michael Angelo and Raffaelle are names to stir the life-blood of all who love Art and venerate intellectual greatness. For ages have they stood together on an eminence which no succeeding painter could approach—the wonder and delight of generations: the one, in his person and his works, graceful, spiritual, and tender; the other, majestic and commanding. The productions of Michael Angelo are calculated to inspire the beholder with awe and silence—those of Raffaelle captivate by their sweetness, and awaken the best sympathies of the human heart. The former, while yet a boy, would sit in the highest turret of his father's castle, watching the clouds as they rolled over the hills and valleys of Tuscany; and reading in the stars that immortal destiny which astrologers had predicted he should fulfil: the latter bowed his head gently while old Perugino gave him his blessing, and bade the youth's father "guard his son against the indulgence of too great sensibility." The honours paid to the one, after death, attest the admiration of his countrymen; the triple wreaths of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, adorn the tomb of the other. A history of the lives of two such men must be interesting and instructive to many; the volume before us is therefore most acceptable. The biographical notice of Michael Angelo is from the pen of Mr. Duppa, and was published some years ago, but it is here reproduced, with translations of the Italian extracts which appeared in the original edition. That of Raffaelle, of whom no previous biography at all commensurate with the importance of the subject exists in our language, is a translation of De Quincy's work, well known throughout Europe. The whole has been carefully revised and corrected by Mr. Hazlitt, a competent authority for the undertaking. Our only regret is the inaccuracy of the catalogue of Raffaelle's works at the end of the volume; they are given under numbers which would lead the reader to believe it had been carefully compiled; the picture just purchased for the National Gallery is not named at all, although long known and its pedigree authenticated. Many others of great importance are also omitted; among others we recollect are, 'The Holy Family' of the Escurial, now at Munich; 'La Vierge aux Candelabres,' formerly in the Lucca Gallery; the 'Preaching of St. John,' in the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection at Bowood, &c. The famous 'Transfiguration' also is classed among the cartoons, as if it were a work similarly executed, although it is a picture painted in oil and upon panel.

THE CHILD'S CHEERFUL COMPANION; or Read and be Happy. DARTON and Co.

We do not know who is the author of this pleasant and pretty child's book; but it contains some very useful lessons agreeably put, and would be found a "cheerful" addition to the juvenile library of either boy or girl under seven years old. It is very prettily illustrated.

A POPULAR ATLAS OF THE WORLD. Edited and published by J. WYLD, London.

Mr. Wyld has long been known to the public by his numerous and varied publications on geographical subjects. His "Atlas of the World," the first part of which is now before us, must in every way be *popular*: for we know no work of a like description to be compared with it for size, price, and admirable execution. Maps upon a large scale have hitherto been attainable only by the wealthy; this series will place within the reach of the multitude an excellent atlas, ample and sufficient for every practical purpose. It will be published in twenty-four monthly numbers, each number containing two maps, accompanied by geographical and statistical descriptions; the size of the maps is twenty three inches by twenty-eight.

THE EXCELLENCY OF MAN: deduced from Reason and Revelation. By EDWARD WEST, Author of "Observations by E. W." MADDEN, Leadenhall-street.

Some years ago we remember being greatly pleased with the "Observations," of which Mr. Edward West is now the avowed author. There was an earnestness, combined with depth, truth, and purity, about the "Observations" which gave promise of what the author could achieve when he exerted the powers of his reflective mind—and exercised them—on a given subject.

There has been much written and spoken "cant" upon the fallen nature of man; it has been the text of many to represent the creature "created in God's own image" so degraded and despicable as to be unfit for the heaven which it is the hope of the faithful follower of Jesus to achieve.

Mr. West has taken for his text Pascal's opinion than man should be allowed to know his own value, that "he should not be in love with his own vileness and weakness, but let him love himself, because he has a nature capable of good. Let him hate himself, because this capacity within him is empty and void; but let him not hence entertain a dislike of so noble, so natural a capacity. Let him hate his being; but let him love it too, because he is formed for the possession of truth, and consequently of happiness." Upon this truth Mr. West lays his foundation, and erects a philosophical, as well as a religious, structure, abounding in practical wisdom and earnest benevolence; showing in what the "excellency of man" consists; but not entering as fully as we think he might have done upon the elevating and regenerating character of that atonement which restores man through faith to the position he occupied in the garden of Eden.

We love the book for its abounding in charity, rather than in controversy—for its humanising spirit—for its extensive love—for the honour shown to the high attributes which render man

> "only a little lower than the angels";

and we are not too old to enjoy the outbreaks of the *poetic spirit* which sheds a halo over all that is written. We congratulate Mr. West so earnestly on what he has produced, that we hope he will carry out his ideas still farther, and spiritualise even more than he has done—that which he so thoroughly feels and understands.